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THE SPANISH AMERICAN REPUBLICS,

AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR FAILURE.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Spanish American Republics, since their independence, have exhibited a spectacle full of sorrow to the friends of free institutions throughout the world. Their general history has been one of anarchy and blood, with scarcely a page from which we do not turn in horror and disgust. The partisan struggles which, in our own country come and go like a summer storm, agitating the public mind for an instant, but leaving it all the quieter when past, have been marked in these Republics by a spirit of fierce intolerance, which can only be born of the deadliest antagonism, and of which few among us can form any adequate conception.

The first effort of a triumphant party is not only to crush but exterminate its opponent; and it hesitates not in adopting the extreme measures of confiscation, exile, and death, in the attainment of its objects.

So long as it wields the power, it is absolute, tyrannical, despotic. He who entertains principles or opinions counter to the dominant faction, must guard his words and actions, under peril to property and life.

The consequences are plain and inevitable; hate, distrust, intrigue, revolution. The gall which flows in harmless, inky torrents through an untrammelled press,

and the energy which exhausts itself on the stump, or dies away in idle reverberations in the domes of our legislative halls, here rankles in the heart of the man who feels himself the victim of proscription and oppression, and nerves him for deeds which would chill the blood of our bitterest partisan, after the depletion of a newspaper article or an hour's harangue; and the skill in combination and arrangement, which with us is devoted to no worse purpose than that of packing conventions, dictating the decrees of a caucus, and canvassing a city, finds scope and verge enough in deep-laid, perilous plots against the existing order of things—for whatever the tendency of that order, it wears the garb of wrong.

This intolerance precludes the existence of parties, as we understand them,—the safe-guards of every free commonwealth, and necessary to its healthful existence. Precluded from a free expression of opinions, and shut off from legitimate action, every opposition is driven to move in secret conclave, and its measures bear the form, if they do not conceal the spirit of treason. Discovery is persecution, perhaps death; and scarce a possibility of relief or change is offered, except through that last and most dangerous resort, Revolution.

It is easy to conceive how a system of

detestable espionage on one hand, and a scarcely less detestable system of intrigue on the other, would spring up under such a condition of things. The man of the opposition, however laudable his objects or pure his motives, is of necessity a conspirator ; and every conspirator, is by equal necessity, a prey to suspicion, which, in its turn, where the perils are so great, under some real or fancied necessity, leads to treachery, and entails a long series of bloody revenges.

The disastrous results of these conditions, are not only felt in the general political system, but in every part of the social and civil body. Law, that sacred intangibility, which next to God, merits and should receive the respect and obedience of men, here loses its divinity, and confounded with the tyranny and the worst passions and impulses of the men who should be its impartial ministers, but who wield its terrors for the vilest of purposes, is despised and contemned. That religious deference from which it derives its majesty and force, and without which it degenerates into a pretext, is utterly destroyed ; and society is resolved into a chaos of conflicting elements, where might lords it over right, where life nor property is safe, and where neither honor, virtue nor wisdom can long survive.

It will, no doubt, be conceded, indeed it is evident, that the demoralization of the Spanish American Republics, is the proximate cause of the intolerance which we have pointed out. But whence has this demoralization resulted? The Spanish character is not deficient in the nobler attributes of humanity ; the Spanish people are not less susceptible to lofty impulses than our own, and are perhaps more theoretically, if less practically comprehensive, than we are. There is not in their individual nor in their collective character anything which renders them incapable of exercising the rights, or enjoying rationally the benefits, of self-government. And those of our people who complacently ascribe the general failure of the Spanish Republics, to a radical, psychological defect of the Spanish race, commit a grievous but a very natural error. With the exception of Chili, all of them have been, thus far, undoubted failures. But it should be remembered, that the origin of these Republics was widely different from that of our own. Among all the

impulses to colonization on this continent, we seek in vain for any, of that exalted character which brought our fathers hither. Among all the adventurers who flocked here, our ancestors alone had practically solved the grand problems of civil and religious freedom. Very different was the advent of the little band of self-relying, earnest men, despising and despised of kings, who silently sought a refuge in America, relying on their own right arms and their God for support, —and that of the steel-cased cavaliers, the pride and flower of Spain, impelled by ambition and avarice, sustained by the the proudest monarch of the world, enjoying the full sunshine of royal favor, followed and cheered on by the enthusiasts of a proselyting faith, inflamed by the wildest dreams of conquest, and striking for the dominion of the world !

On the one hand the world saw, taking deeper and wider root, a people jealous of their rights, securing every possible concession in their charters, resisting every encroachment on their privileges, and religiously excluding from their midst the aristocratic forms of the old world, — becoming daily more self-relying and distinct, and more imbued with the spirit, and familiar with the forms, of self-government. The blessings and privileges of freedom came to them, as the reward of long, unwearying, enlightened endeavor ; when attained, like the slowly accumulated competence of the laborer, they knew how to value and how to use them. Our revolution was the consummation of centuries of well-directed, rational effort for freedom.

In Spanish America, on the other hand, amidst the magnificence of the tropics, and the fragments of aboriginal greatness, were diffused a people, reflecting alike the splendors and the corruptions of a powerful court and of an arrogant aristocracy. The highest incentives to action were the favors of artificial and hereditary greatness, or the accumulation, by whatsoever means, of that wealth by which those favors might be purchased. The fame of those whose names fill the earlier pages of the history of this people, is that of conquerors alone. They encountered unprecedented dangers, displayed an energy unparalleled in human achievement, overturned empires, and trod with bloody steps over more than half a continent. Yet it was for the aggrandize-

ment of the crown of Castile and Leon, alone; and the iron men who executed these great deeds, prostrated themselves before the throne of their sovereign, to receive their reward in marquisesates, commands, and grants of lands and mines, and powers almost arbitrary, over the conquered inhabitants of the new world.—After them followed the viceroys, emulating the kings of Europe in their regal pomp; and setting up new courts, amongst a new aristocracy, more rigorous and exacting than the old. Here, in short, were reproduced, in many of their most odious forms, the systems of monarchical Europe, followed by their entire train of corruptions in church and state. Power and wealth, from the first, rapidly concentrated in the hands of the few; and ignorance and superstition brooded with leaden wings over the minds of the many. There were no longer empires to conquer; no more Montezumas and Atahualpas, upon whose humbled shoulders a new Cortez and Pizarro might rise to renown; and the years which followed were marked by none of those startling achievements which lend a lustre to wrong, and throw a glory over crime, blinding us to its enormity, and almost reconciling us to its contemplation. The viceroyalties of Mexico, Guatemala, and Peru were no longer the prize of the brave and daring; they were filled by the arrogant minions of a court, and attained by arts which a Cortez and Alvarado would have scorned to use. A degenerate aristocracy filled the places of the conquistadors, and added the vices of effeminacy and indolence to the crimes of cruelty and oppression.

Under this order of things, nothing beyond a very qualified advance, on the part of the people, was possible. And this advance, such as it was, took place in spite of the obstacles which this very order of things interposed. But it was not sufficiently great to lead to a comprehension of what constituted the primary and essential elements of civil freedom. Truly Republican Institutions are the loftiest developments of human wisdom; and their existence presupposes, not only a general diffusion of, but high attainment in knowledge, amongst the people at large. Their permanence depends upon the general intelligence and morality. In the Spanish

American colonies, it is obvious, such an advance was impossible. They did not even keep pace with the meliorations and improvements, which the lapse of time was slowly but surely bringing about in Europe, and which even Spain herself could not resist. These colonies were borne down and restrained, not only by the weight of an irresponsible local government, imperial except in name; but by that of a decaying and exacting empire on another continent, which forced the life's blood from their veins to sustain its own languid existence,—a double curse, which those colonies most deeply felt, but which they knew not how to remedy. The sense of wrong was keen amongst their people, but their ideas of redress were vague and indefinite; rather the offspring of the instincts of self-preservation and revenge, than the suggestions of reason and experience.

In due course of events, by a series of regular progressions, came on our own revolution,—a struggle for objects clearly defined and well understood. It was successful, and the proximate cause of that great civil and moral convulsion, which burst the ligatures that priestcraft and kingcraft had been binding, fold on fold, for a thousand years, on the passive limbs of Europe, and which we call the French Revolution. Events like these, in spite of viceroys, and edicts of suppression, and the whole machinery of despotism, could not be kept unknown to the world. The Indian brooding over his wrongs in the deep valleys of the Andes, or delving in mines of El Paso in Peru; the Creole on the narrow slopes of Chili, or the higher plains of Mexico, and around the volcanos and broad lakes of Central America, heard the distant tread of revolutions,—and his heart leapt, his eye kindled, and his muscles tightened as he heard. The leaven sank deep in the Spanish American Colonies, and thoughts of change, and high aspirations for the future, too often blackened by envy and hate, and not always unmingled with the wild longings for retribution and revenge, thenceforth filled the minds of their people.—Continental Spain early felt the shock of the Revolution in France; hoary with abuses, and blackened with corruption, yet glorious in recollections, the crumbling fabric of her greatness fell, never to arise

again. Her mission of conquest and propaganda was ended, and all that was, or is, or will be left of her, is her Great Past! Yet in her fall, the colonies, like the ivy around the old tower which the earthquake has prostrated, still clung to the ruins. The power of the viceroys was fresh and strong, while that of the King was weak. They still cherished their allegiance for the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, although profaned by a Bonaparte, and surrounded by foreign bayonets; and exhibited to the world the singular spectacle of an empire vigorous at the extremities while dead at the heart. There was something admirable in the devotion with which they clung to their traditions. Even the colonists themselves forgot for a moment their grievances and wrongs in recollection of their past glories and greatness, and in contemplation of the land of their fathers, the dominions of the Great Charles, prostrate and powerless at the feet of France. Spain, harsh, exacting, cruel, was still their mother country; and so far as patriotism consists in simple love of country, the Spaniard and his descendant is always a patriot. The Creole girl, though centuries intervene, and her ancestral blood has been fed from a hundred diverse springs, still cherishes with pride the lute like liquid pronunciation of her Andalusian ancestors; or in indignant reply to an unacceptable proposal, with the brow of a Catherine, and the lip of a queen, ejaculates, "*Soy una Catalina!*" I am a Cataline girl!

With the restoration in Spain, the feeling of patriotic sympathy among the Spanish colonists died away, and they felt, in the still unrelenting rule of the viceroys, that the reforms which that restoration had brought about in Europe, were not for them. The viceroys, on the other hand, with the colonial aristocracy, and the priesthood — themselves, in their almost unlimited power and great wealth, constituting a most formidably ecclesiastical oligarchy, — saw with alarm the progress of these very reforms. The representative principle had been introduced in Spain; the power of the monarch, hitherto practically absolute, had been limited; the aristocracy reformed; the clergy shorn of its undue privileges; primogeniture abolished; and the great principle of "*Igualdad ante*

la Ley," Equality before the Law, boldly promulgated. They feared the spread of the spirit of liberalism which had worked these marvelous changes at home. Nor were their fears unfounded. In spite of distance, in spite of ages of depression, although ignorance and superstition held almost absolute sway in the Spanish colonies, rays of the new light reached America, and men were found who began to talk boldly of human rights, and to hint at their future recognition. The voice of Freedom, grateful to the rudest ear, had its thousands of listeners. It fell upon the depressed people like strains of music upon the savage, in a whirl of exciting and pleasurable emotions. Vague hopes of an unknown future, shone out upon the clouds which enveloped the present. The more enlightened enthusiasts dreamed of a Utopia about to be realized; the Creole, of a new order of things, in which he should stand equal with the highest; the Indian of the return of those traditional glorious days, when the democracy of Tlascalla, like that of Sparta, had its simple but severe laws, wisely adapted to its own wants and condition, and when their fathers wore no hated foreign yoke; but few, if any, entertained any clear idea of what constituted true Republicanism, or comprehended the process by which its enjoyment might be attained and secured. The best, not to say the wisest among them, like the revolutionists of France, fell into the error of supposing that a people weary of tyranny, and enthusiastic for freedom, were of necessity able to comprehend its requirements, and fulfil its conditions, while they enjoyed its latitudes. Republics are of slow growth; they are, to a certain extent, the results of that high development of humanity which they are, in turn, adapted to perfect. While then the more abstract truths of Republicanism were promulgated with eloquence and force, the means for the attainment of rational freedom were lost sight of, or but imperfectly recognized. Separation from Spain was the first grand practical object kept in view; this accomplished, it was deemed all else would follow.

It has been a subject of remark, with many perhaps of suspense, that the dismemberment of the Spanish empire, and the independence of its American colonies, were so easily accomplished. That it was, in great

part, due to the weakness of the mother country, is indisputable. But there were other causes favoring that result, to which we shall briefly allude.

The aristocratic portion of the Spanish American population, by which is meant not only those who held places or derived importance from their connection with the government, but those, also, whose principles were monarchical and exclusive in their tendency, including the vast body of the richly endowed priesthood, were not only astonished at the spread of liberal principles at home, but feared that the sweeping reforms there effected would extend to America, and reach their own body. They trembled for their prescriptions and privileges. But self-confident and presumptuous, claiming to possess the education, and most certainly possessing the wealth of the colonies and the power which it confers, they saw with less alarm the development and promulgation of liberal ideas in America. And when the cry of "*Separation from Spain*" was raised, they caught it from the lips of the liberals, and made it almost unanimous. In this separation they saw not only their present security, but the perpetuation of their cherished powers and privileges. The viceroy hoped from the reflex and representative of an emperor to become himself a king, to shine with original not borrowed lustre; and the aristocracy to rise from a colonial dependency to a national rank and independence. They looked forward to the establishment of a political and priestly oligarchy, which should dominate over the ignorant masses, with more than their present powers and distinctions. Thus the absolutism, the old intolerances, the prejudices, and corruptions of Spain, born of priestcraft and tyranny, took refuge in America, and made their final stand against the progress of liberal sentiments. The heterogeneous union thus effected, for the accomplishment of the single object of separation from Spain, was successful. Except in Mexico, and some of the seaport strongholds of South America, this result was achieved with scarce a struggle. Spain confided in her colonial officers to maintain the integrity of the empire; and when these failed her, she knew too well her own weakness to prolong a contest which our own revolution had shown her must be

hopeless. Nowhere was the separation effected with greater unanimity, and more easily, than in Central America, and to that country do we more particularly refer, in the paragraphs which follow.

But no sooner was the separation effected, hardly had the mutual congratulations upon that result been exchanged, when the people called, in a voice of thunder for absolute independence, on the basis, so far as they could comprehend it, of the great Republic of the North.

And now commenced that deadly, uncompromising struggle between the two grand antagonistic principles which we have indicated; represented, on one side, by a rich and powerful aristocracy, and a jealous and benefited clergy, and on the other by the people, sensible of their abstract rights, rich only in their devotion, but enthusiastically attached to what they understood to be Liberty and Republicanism; between, in short, what in Mexico and Central America, have been called the *Serviles* and *Liberals*; names which we shall henceforth use in this article for the sake of easy distinction. From a struggle for supremacy, it is easy to perceive, how this contest became one of extermination; for there can be no compromise, no fusion, between principles so implacably hostile as those which now divided the Spanish American colonies. Hence has resulted, in great part, that fierce intolerance which we pointed out and deplored at the commencement of this article; and hence that series of revolutions and counter revolutions which have hitherto distracted the Spanish American States, and in which the great mass of our people see only the rivalry of petty chieftains, and partisan struggles for ascendancy.

Our own revolution was little beyond a contest for the form of Republicanism; its substantial advantages had already been won slowly and in detail, the fruits of a series of popular advances, commencing at Runymede, where the barons broke the sceptre of absolutism, and practically triumphing under the commonwealth, when Cromwell struck down with iron glaive both King and barons. The deadly encounters between the two principles, which with us ran through a period of centuries, in the Spanish American States have been concentrated within the shorter period of years. The

revolution is still going on; the rights of man are not yet fully vindicated; the triumph of Republicanism not yet attained; the downfall of Servilism not yet complete. It is most true the efforts of the Liberals have not always been wisely directed, and that by falling into the excesses of their opponents, they have retarded and imperilled their own success. It is not less true that they had to operate more upon the feelings, and less upon the judgment of the people, than the leaders in our own emancipation; and in the frenzy of excitement, have been forced into the commission of deeds disgraceful to their cause, and which they were the first to deplore. But the odium of the bloodiest and most revolting features of the contest belongs not to them. The whole course of the Serviles has been marked by atrocity. They have shown neither tolerance, generosity, nor mercy; and have given a cast of brutality and barbarism to every struggle in which they have been engaged.

It is not within the scope of this article to go into a detail of the political history of Central America since the separation from Spain, much less of Mexico and the other States, in all of which might be traced the development and working of the principles and causes which we have pointed out. We have to deal only with generalities. It is perhaps enough, in the way of illustration, to point out the success of the Serviles in Mexico in the establishment of an ephemeral empire, under Iturbide. Their triumph however was brief, and with the fall of that short-lived empire, monarchy disappeared forever from the North American Continent.

It is not to be doubted, indeed, it is capable of proof, that the Serviles of Central America originally contemplated the establishment of an independent Kingdom or Monarchy, which should comprise the ancient Vice-Royalty, or as it was called, the Kingdom of Guatemala. But the Provisional Junta which was convoked immediately after the separation, showed a large majority of Liberals, who, in spite of the efforts of the astonished and almost paralysed Serviles proceeded to administer the oath of *absolute independence*, and to convoke a national constituent assembly which should organize the country on the basis of Republican Institutions. The Serviles were now suddenly and painfully aroused from

their self-confident dreams; they found themselves in an impotent numerical minority; the people which they had despised and expected easily to control, had come boldly forward and claimed their rights. In the meeting of the National Assembly and the proclamation of the Republic, they foresaw the destruction of their cherished hopes, and the loss not only of the new privileges and powers which they had hoped to gain from the separation, but of all which they had ever possessed. Under these circumstances they witnessed with anxious envy the establishment of an empire in Mexico; and, distrusting their own strength to resist the popular will, determined to forego a portion of their hopes, to secure the realization of the rest. They sought the incorporation of Central America in the Mexican Empire, and demanded the assistance of the now triumphant Serviles of that country for the accomplishment of that object. The proposition flattered the vanity of Iturbide, and titles and decorations were asked and promised in anticipation of its success. Assured of this support, they took new courage, and with desperate zeal endeavored to turn the tide of popular feeling.

The Constituent Assembly nevertheless met, pursuant to the convocation of the Provisional Junta, in Guatemala, the richest and most populous city of the country; but unfortunately, from having been the seat of the viceregal court, the only city clearly devoted to the Servile interest. It was in fact, and still is, the centre of Servilism; whence all its plans are organized, and whence all its operations are directed. The assembly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Serviles, who with pompous promises and golden dreams of opulence and felicity under the empire, had endeavored to seduce the ignorant and mercenary portion of the people into the support of their plans, and with partial success,—the assembly, to their mortification and chagrin, showed a large majority of Liberals in its constitution. An attempt to corrupt this majority, signally failed; and then was made the first direct and open attack upon the popular party,—the initiative violence in that long series which has since distracted that devoted country, and brought it to the brink of utter ruin. The hall of the Constituent Assembly was blockaded by armed bands, and its deliber-

ations forcibly suspended. A number of the most distinguished members among the liberals, Bedoya, Maida, and others were assassinated, and by treason, violence and blood, Servilism gained its first triumph in Guatemala.

The people of Central America were scattered thinly over a wide country, and from their diffusion prevented from concentrating in support of their representatives. It was weeks after these events, while anxiously awaiting the promulgation of a Republican charter, that the unsuspecting people were startled by the proclamation of the Serviles, proposing the adhesion of the country to the Mexican Empire! Men stood aghast. Their leaders had fallen or were incarcerated in the dungeons of Guatemala; and to crown their distress, treason stalked into their own ranks. Gainza, a weak but popular man, who had presided over the Provisional Junta, seduced by the promises of the Serviles, and delirious with the prospect of a brilliant advancement in the empire, as the reward of his treachery, had joined the triumphant faction.

Stimulated by gold, confused bands of men now invaded the streets of Guatemala and the adjacent towns, invoking death on the leaders of the Liberal party, and demanding the proscription of all who adhered to them. They invaded the houses of the Liberals, and added murder to robbery and pillage. But to give an appearance of formality to the meditated outrage, a spurious convocation was made, at the head of which, with practical irony, was placed the traitor Gainza. This convocation affected to submit the question of incorporation with the Mexican empire, *not* to the people, but to the decision of the municipalities and the army! The day was fixed for the trial, too early however to permit of returns to be received from any except the immediate dependencies of Guatemala. The army, reorganized by the usurpers, and made up of their instruments, stood ready to second and enforce their wishes. Few had the courage to oppose these proceedings, and they did so at the peril of their lives; and, as was to be anticipated, by the votes of a mercenary array, and of the alarmed and trembling municipalities, fraudulently computed, it was declared that the question of aggregation to the Mexican Empire was

carried; and a decree to that effect was at once issued. A force, previously solicited from Mexico, was already on its march, under the command of Gen. Filisola, to effect by foreign bayonets, the consummation of the fraud thus successfully commenced.

As we have said, these movements of the Serviles were for a considerable period scarcely known beyond the immediate vicinity of Guatemala, and were unsustained by the people at large. No sooner did the people recover from their astonishment, than they set themselves to work to oppose the attempted usurpation. San Salvador, the nearest province to Guatemala, and the centre of Liberalism, was the first to hear of the events which we have recorded, and the first to adopt measures of resistance. The oligarchists felt their insecurity, and hastily despatched a force to check the demonstrations in San Salvador. The sturdy republicans of that little province as hastily took the field, and the Servile army, notwithstanding its superior numbers, was met and beaten. For the first time the representatives of the two great antagonistic principles, which we have undertaken to define, met on the battle field—unfortunately not the last. The soil of Central America is drenched in blood, its energies almost exhausted, and the end is not yet.

The shock would have been fatal to the Serviles, and that battle might have secured their downfall for ever. But almost simultaneously with the news of their overthrow came the imperial forces of Mexico. With renewed confidence the Serviles rallied their despairing army, and the fratricides of Guatemala marched side by side with the troops of the empire, upon the victorious Liberals. Suffice it to say, after a long and bloody campaign, by fraud and force, the forces of San Salvador were broken up, and her prostration completed.

With this campaign commenced those atrocities, which, through retaliation and otherwise, have given to Central American warfare a character of savage barbarity, almost unprecedented in history. The mercenaries of Mexico acknowledged no restraint. They despised the soldiery with which they were associated, and when not in active duty, spread terror wherever they were quartered, alike amongst friends and foes. The vilest outrages, rape, robbery,

and murder, were of daily occurrence. Drunken soldiers swarmed the streets and public places of the towns and cities, and wantonly attacked and wounded, often slew, the first they encountered. The black flag of the empire was everywhere the signal of rapine, and blood and murder the synonym of "Viva el Emperador!" The public treasury was exhausted, the rich robbed, and the public charities confiscated to support the foreign and mercenary forces; and the people, no longer enjoying the protection of law, and everywhere the victims of a brutal soldiery, were driven to defend their individual rights, and to revenge themselves in detail upon their oppressors,—thus aggravating the horrors of disorder and anarchy. The public demoralization was complete; and such was the triumph of Servilism!

But that triumph was of short duration. In the midst of these events, came the startling news of the downfall of the empire of Iturbide, before the well-directed energies of the Liberals of Mexico. The forces of Filisola were at once disbanded, and the Serviles again thrown upon their own resources. Finding success in the course originally marked out impossible, they resorted to a new system of tactics. They no longer opposed the meeting of the constituent assembly, but sought to bend it to their purposes. To this end, they exerted their utmost skill and energy. They aimed to establish a practical dictatorship, which should some day, by an easy transition, resolve itself into their cherished form of a Monarchy.

The deliberations of the Assembly terminated in the adoption of the Constitution of 1824. It was, however, contested, chapter by chapter and section by section, but vigorously and triumphantly sustained by the Liberals. The guarantees of individual rights, the representative principle, and the liberty of the press, were tacitly concurred in by the Serviles, because they feared to oppose them. But they were the first to be assailed and overthrown when the Serviles subsequently attained the ascendancy. The plan of Federation contained in the new constitution met with their most determined hostility; and, looking to centralization, they as vehemently opposed the recognition of the local and internal powers, and qualified sovereignty of the several states. In this they were

sustained by many of the Liberals themselves, who, thought these provisions were not adapted to the present wants of the country.

The new Constitution was, nevertheless, accepted, and the Serviles seem for a while to have abandoned their unpatriotic opposition and insane designs. The enthusiasm of the people was at its height, and to oppose it was madness. In spite of many radical defects, and of many formidable assaults, this Constitution lasted for a whole decade, and exercised a most beneficial influence upon the country; and had the people at large possessed that general intelligence which prevailed amongst our own people at the time of their independence, and which, while it gave them a clear insight into their wants and requirements, preserved them from the arts and sophistry of demagogues and designing men,—then, no doubt, it would have been reformed and perpetuated, and given peace, happiness, and prosperity to the country. "Even as it was," observes a Central American writer, "no one, whatever his prejudices, could fail to perceive the advance in the manners and customs, and the change in the spirit of the people of Central America, during the ten years of freedom of the press which this Constitution secured."

But it did not endure. With an uneducated but excitable people, unacquainted with their duties, and without a clear knowledge of their prospective or immediate requirements, on the one hand, and a large and powerful faction, deadly hostile to every form of Republicanism, on the other, it was impossible for it to stand. In vain did the enlightened leaders of the liberal party labor to sustain it. Their ancient foes sowed wide and deep the seeds of local discord, and by all possible means endeavored, but too successfully, to bring the Federal and State Governments in conflict.

The Constitution of 1824 disappeared, and darkness and anarchy again settled over Central America. Subsequent events must form the subject of another article, in which we shall trace the further course of that implacable contest between Servilism and Liberalism, the origin of which we have pointed out, and which, *aggravated by foreign intervention*, is still going on in most of the Spanish American Republics, and of which discords and revolutions are the deplorable fruits.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

MR. E. G. SQUIER, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE American People have not hitherto busied themselves with the affairs of European nations. Notwithstanding their sympathy with republican reformers, and protection and favor extended to refugees and exiles, they have not, as yet, offered to interfere, or to arbitrate with authority, between nations or parties on the other side of the Atlantic. Their forbearance has been dictated by motives of prudence, for the most part. The policy of Washington was held to be a necessary and strictly prudential policy; necessary for the safety and unimpeded growth of the *young* Republic, and prudent in view of the uncertainty as to what might be the wishes and intentions of the people themselves, in other countries, where the doctrines of liberty and human right had not then, and perhaps may not for ages to come, obtain a solid footing with the multitude. The neutrality of America has been, also, carefully maintained, in order that the emigration of republicans to this country may not be impeded by any jealousy on the part of the European powers.

In return for this forbearance on our part, it has been our expectation, and demand, that the European powers should reciprocate, by abstaining from interference between ourselves and sister republics upon the northern American Continent. It has been expected and demanded, that the powers of Europe shall abstain from pushing conquests upon the northern continent. England alone has chosen to make herself an exception to the rule. For many years, by a system of alternate intrigue and violence, she has been possessing herself of the richest parts of the continent, south of Mexico.

In the Texas affair, England overshot her

mark, by a too hasty recognition of that republic; a measure by which she hoped to ingratiate herself with the Texans, and promote her own schemes of conquest, but by which she justified Texas, and deprived herself of the wished for opportunity of interference. Nevertheless, by the seizure of Roatan, an island which commands the Gulf of Honduras, by her attempts upon the Island of Tigre, upon the other side, by which she hoped to become undisputed master of the Pacific coast, and by her occupation of the Mosquito country, to say nothing of the Balize, she has already made a clear manifestation of her designs; which are no less, than to master all communications between the two oceans, and finally to regulate, for her own advantage, the trade between Europe and Asia, and between the two shores of the New World. The regions of which Great Britain has already possessed herself are some of the richest in the world, and exceed in extent, the entire area of New England.

England, we are credibly informed, will not object to the purchase of Cuba by the United States! No, indeed! she is willing to concede that, if she is permitted quietly to possess herself of territories of much greater value to herself. England does not wish to purchase, or possess, Cuba; since if she did so, it would be necessary for her to liberate the Cuban slaves. That Island would thus become a bill of expense to England. But to possess territories not encumbered with a species of property, which it is the present necessity of England to destroy, whenever it falls under her power, she is sufficiently eager. The operations of England in India are too far removed to be taken cognizance of by the people of America. The favorite doctrine

of the Balance of Power is indeed fully illustrated there,—England in one scale, and the rest of the world in the other—but it is quite out of our range of vision. In America, on the contrary, we can see and understand the operation of this mighty quibble.

The natural remedy, on our part, is, of course, to adopt the same doctrine. America in one scale, and all the world in the other. While the people of America are the most industrious and peaceable, they are at the same time the most warlike and adventurous in the world. The best armies, the best officers, the largest resources, the greatest ardor and perseverance, will of course be acknowledged ours;—our land rings from end to end with martial sounds; every American is the defender of freedom and of his country, and he needs only to adopt from England her favorite doctrine of the balance of power,—the right of seizing and holding, whatever can be seized and held,—to make him the scourge and terror of the world. Americans, and Republicans generally, dislike a defensive position. It is safer to aggress than to apologize. It is better to be over jealous and regardless of one's own rights and interests, even to the degree of encroachment, than to appear, or to be, remiss and timid; and it is not a little to be wondered at, that, with all our imitations of the manners and opinions of the better class in England, we have not carried our imitation a step farther, to be consistent, and adopted her political doctrine, of conquest and balance of power. We submit it to the serious consideration of our fellow citizens, whether it might not be well for us, her humble imitators, and younger brothers, to carry our imitation of England, the model country of the world, a little further?—England is *very* successful; why should not we be *more* so? We have more men, more money, and a better position; our successes might be proportionately greater. Jestings apart, we are bound by honor, as well as by paramount interests, to stave off all attempts of a foreign and uncongenial power, to fasten upon the southern part of this continent. Were the great railroad, projected by Mr. Whitney, completed, we might suffer the insult, to be spared the trouble; but as we are situated at present, it is really alarming to see our only safe

communication with California and Oregon, commanded by the forts and navies of our sole rival; and annoying indeed it is, to learn from common rumor, that an English minister at Washington not only has the assurance, (to use a mild phrase,) to warn our government against a modification of the tariff, least it might occasion "unpleasant feelings," or disagreeable sensations, we forget which, in the susceptible bosom, (pocket?) of Mr. Bull, but soon after to hear of "influences," Heaven save the mark! attempted by this very formidable plenipotentiary, to oust our American Chargé d'Affaires from the very point which he has defended, with all the patriotism and gallantry of a true American, against the aggressions of Great Britain herself.

England seems of late to have an almost ubiquitous presence in our affairs. First we hear of her in Texas, trying to effect a separation of that Republic from its natural allies. A few months after, British ships made their appearance, a little too late, at San Francisco, after the American flag had been run up. Now she is at Roatan, and has seized upon the island that commands the Gulf of Mexico, and the trade between New York and California. Rumors now come to us, that the Disunionists of the South are on very friendly terms with Great Britain, and that that very respectable power is quite favorable to their designs; nay, that Southern English proprietors have advised the separation. Soon after we hear of gentlemanly cautions to our government, against altering our tariff, and of the unpleasant feeling such a measure might excite in England, &c., &c. This is really being a great deal too busy. It excites "unpleasant feelings,"—very!

Come we now to the subject of this article, namely, to the life and conduct of a gentleman, who has been made, by circumstances and his proper duty, the representative of American rights, and of the American doctrine, in regard to foreign conquest on this continent.

The subject of this notice was born in the town of Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, on the 17th of June, 1821. He is consequently, not yet 30 years of age, but the spirit of the American people is the spirit of youth, and it is natural and becoming that the enthusiasm, the courage and the progressive spirit of the nation

should be represented by those forward and fortunate spirits to whom youth is only an advantage.

Mr. Squier is the sixth in descent from Samuel Squier, the friend and Auditor* of Oliver Cromwell, and afterward his first lieutenant. The sons of Samuel, to wit, Philip and Samuel, emigrated to America after the restoration, and settled first in Boston, but removed afterward to Connecticut. They were among the first, and the most active and influential, in resisting the aggressions of the mother country.

Philip Squier, the great grandfather of the present representative of the family, was an officer under Wolcott, in that most brilliant military enterprise of our colonial history, the capture of Lewisburgh; his son Ephraim Squier, was among the earliest and most efficient movers in the Revolution. He was the next neighbor and bosom friend of Colonel Knowlton, (who afterward fell at Harlaem heights,) and fought by his side, second in command, at Bunker's hill. Ephraim Squier and Knowlton were among the last of those sturdy patriots who defended the memorable retreat from Bunker's hill, when the rear of the American army, after expending their last shot, was slowly forced from the heights by the superior force of the British. He served also as a captain, in that devoted Connecticut regiment, which made its way through the forest of the Kennebec, under Arnold, and emerged in the dead of winter, half naked and almost famished, before the astonished garrison of Quebec. He, too, was one of that little band which fought out the live long winter day, amid the storm of battle and the elements, against overwhelming odds, in the narrow streets of the rock-built city. That expedition was perhaps the most boldly conceived and bravely executed of any undertaken during the war, and had a great effect upon the country, and upon the enemy, by showing the spirit and resolution of the colonists.

At Saratoga, the remnant of this force again met the enemy, with better success. The Connecticut regiment moved down from the hills of Stillwater, and made that famous charge upon the British camp which turned the fortunes of the day.

Sharing in the confidence and personal friendship of Putnam, Webb, and Parsons, and entrusted by Washington with secret services of danger and responsibility, Captain Squier served out the war, and then returned to his farm; where he resumed his original and humble calling, happy in the consciousness of having discharged his duty to his country. He died in 1842, at the advanced age of ninety seven years. He was a man respected and beloved by those who knew him.

The father of our friend is, and has been for the last twenty years, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, well known by his pious labors in the northern part of this state and of Vermont. His circumstances did not allow him to give his children an expensive education, and as is customary in such cases, his son was permitted to earn his own education, by instructing others in winter, and doing the work of a farm laborer in the summer's vacations. He thus acquired what he knows, by his own well applied industry; and has prudence and industry,—the best inheritance of his fathers,—much more to thank, than fortune.

Our friend distinguished himself, at school, by the same insight into human nature and aptitude in dealing with men,—a quality supported by courage, and a thoroughly cheerful and active temperament,—which has since been the cause of his remarkable success as a diplomatist. For an American diplomatist, who has to contend with so much dull cunning and pretentious pride, we can think of no qualities more admirable than a cheerful, and peculiarly American, self-reliance, and contempt of exterior and superficial distinctions. To this Mr. Squier adds a facile and agreeable style, in speaking and writing, well adapted for the detail of public business and for political argument. An almost intuitive talent in the mathematics and geometry were all that was needed to make our friend what he has since become, the topographer, and the political defender, of regions hitherto but little known, but which are now beginning to attract the attention and excite the cupidity of several powerful nations.

Weary of the laborious and inactive life of a teacher, Mr. Squier qualified himself for the duties of a civil engineer, but was

* See Appendix, A.

prevented by the financial disasters of 1837-8 and 9, from turning this new knowledge to account. In 1841, without money and without friends, he went to seek his fortune in the city of Albany, and there became a writer for the daily press, and wrote for the party of prison reform, in their paper, the "New York State Mechanic." He became, though not recognized as such, the virtual editor of that print: which exercised a great influence in accomplishing the objects for which it was established. The very able documents prepared by the commission of the State Mechanics' Association, with the sanction of the Executive, on the state of our prisons, were principally from the hand of Mr. Squier. From these reports the principal arguments in favor of prison reform were chiefly taken by the press. In the organization of the Mechanic Societies Mr. Squier discovered that talent by which he was afterward distinguished as a party manager, in the great election of 1844. During the whole of this time, while undergoing great responsibility and performing labors that would have destroyed any but the most active constitution, corresponding for several papers, and writing extensively for the Monthly Magazines, and even attempting to establish for himself a literary magazine, in Albany, our friend struggled with every degree of poverty and privation.

The struggle of the mechanics for prison reform proved to be successful, and the paper, having been established solely for the attainment of that object, was discontinued. Mr. Squier, being consequently without employment threw together a mass of information which he had collected, into a volume upon China. The British proceedings at Canton exciting at that time much attention, the work sold well, but, as usual, with small profit to its author.

Up to this time, although known as an inflexible whig, Mr. Squier had taken no open part in politics. Sundry spicy articles of his, for the newspapers, anonymously published, had, indeed, attracted some attention, and the secret of their authorship leaked out among the managers. This was in 1843, just previous to the great struggle of '44. Van Buren was employing the entire force of his party to secure a second nomination, and both parties pre-

pared themselves for one of the severest political contests which this country ever witnessed.

The State elections of the Spring of 1844 were esteemed to be of vital importance, from the prestige which it was supposed their result would give to the successful party. The struggle was to be begun in Connecticut, and Van Buren had resolved to carry that little state, in order to show that the objection of *non-availability*, made against him, was unfounded; and to show, farther, that his anti-tariff letters had not weakened him in the North. From want of efficiency in the Whig organization and Whig press, in Connecticut, that State had for many years given loco-foco majorities, and the abolitionists, now become a party, had drawn around them a considerable number of conscientious Whigs. Under these circumstances, the active Whigs of Connecticut determined to redeem their State, and to strike the first victorious blow. It was absolutely necessary that a fearless and efficient press should be established. In seeking for an editor they fixed upon Mr. Squier, and invited him to Hartford; where, in the month of November, he issued the first number of the Hartford Journal, with the words, "Henry Clay, our first, last and only choice," inscribed above its columns. Mr. Squier engaged in this work with an energy and impetuosity which surpassed all expectation, and even gave offence to the timid and the moderate. The struggle on the side of the Whigs was no longer one of defence, as had been customary; the editor of the "Hartford Journal" did not understand, or would not practise, the soft arts of an apologist. The measures of the opposite party were vehemently attacked and condemned. The young men of the State were roused, and the entire State organized in Clay clubs, by the advice and under the ordering hand of the leader in that brilliant conflict. The Western custom of "stump speaking" was now introduced in New England, and during the whole winter, political meetings were held almost weekly in every township and even in every hamlet of the State. Our editor was also the original suggester of these meetings. He devoted the best hours of the day to editing his paper, and rode out nightly to

some meeting, within eight or ten miles of Hartford. A canvass of the State was made, so complete that on the night previous to the election, on the second of April, it was announced with confidence, not only that a majority would be given for the Whigs, but even the very number of that majority, within 100 votes; a result, the most perfect ever known, and absolutely surpassing in accuracy the enumeration of a census. The knowledge of this result was attained by the personal correspondence of our editor, in whose desk might be seen, on that evening, the written evidence of the result. Practical politicians will understand by what enormous labor it must have been collected. We may see, by this instance, how the qualities of men are transmitted from father to son, and what inestimable service might have been rendered by such an agent in the cause of liberty, in the time of the Revolution. During the whole of this contest, the democracy struggled with the energy of desperation. The experienced agents of Van Buren, skilled in his artful tactics, swarmed everywhere; but they were forced by the tactics of our editor into a defensive position, which in politics is, perhaps always, a disadvantageous one. Meanwhile, the journal was scattered broad-cast among the people; its press rested not night nor day; it was to be found in almost every house in the State, and is conceded to have been the most efficient instrument in that extraordinary contest.

The course of these events was closely observed by politicians, of all parts of the Union; on the final result depended all their hopes for the future. If the locofocos triumphed, and upon those broad, national, issues, which had been brought forward at the first, and upon which, by mutual consent, the campaign was to be conducted, it was conceded that the nomination and election of Van Buren were inevitable. If the Whigs succeeded, on the other hand, their success in the nation was deemed to be certain. It was, therefore, not without high hope on one side, and perturbation on the other, that the announcement was copied from the "Journal," a few days previous to the election, that "the result was no longer doubtful, and that it was now certain that the Whigs would carry the State, by a majority of at least 4,000 votes." The election showed the

largest popular vote ever cast in the State of Connecticut, and confirmed the predictions of our editor.

Those whose political recollections go back to that time, will remember the wild enthusiasm with which the result in Connecticut was received by the Whigs of the Union. Nor will those who were present forget the deluge of flowers which fell upon the delegation of Whig Young Men from Connecticut, who occupied the place of honor, in the great Whig National Convention of Young Men, which met at Baltimore the May following, when they were escorted in triumph through the streets of that city.

It was universally conceded at the time, that to the system of tactics and organization which was introduced by the editor of the "Journal," and to the influence of that paper, the Whig successes in Connecticut were, in great part, attributable.

This struggle settled the question, and locofocoism, although it triumphed in the Union, was too thoroughly beaten to make much fight in Connecticut, at the Presidential election.

Early in 1845, Mr. Squier accepted an offer to become the editor of the "Scioto Gazette," published at Chillicothe, in Ohio—the former State paper, and the oldest newspaper beyond the Alleghanies. In going to Ohio, he was greatly influenced by a desire to investigate the antiquities of the Mississippi Valley, of which the accounts were as yet vague and imperfect. For this, the intervals of a weekly newspaper allowed him ample time. He then became acquainted with a gentleman who had paid some attention to the subject, and afterwards engaged with him in the systematic investigation of the monuments of the entire West. The results of these researches are now partially before the public, in the first volume of the "Contributions to Knowledge," published by the Smithsonian Institute.

In the fall of 1846, Mr. Squier was elected Clerk to the Ohio Representatives, and resigned his editorial duties. He then devoted himself wholly to scientific pursuits.

These brought him early in connection with many eminent men, of kindred tastes, both in this country and in Europe.—Among these was the late Albert Gallatin,

with whom he corresponded, and was on terms of intimacy, up to the period of Mr. Gallatin's decease. Before the publication of the great work on American Antiquities, of which he was the author, he was elected a member of many learned societies here and abroad, besides receiving the honorary degree of A. M. from the University of New Jersey. Mr. S. may take a just pride in numbering such men as Humboldt and Jomard amongst his correspondents.

Humboldt says, that, "with Dr. Morton's *Crania Americana*, the work of Mr. Squier constitutes the most valuable contribution ever made to the archeology and ethnology of America."

The Smithsonian Institute has just published the results of Mr. S.'s Exploration of the "Aboriginal Monuments of New York," and an eminent publishing house have in press a more philosophical work on the monuments and mythological systems of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, by the same author,—which takes a more comprehensive view of the matters of which it treats, than any work hitherto attempted.

After the election of General Taylor, and with a view to the further and more successful prosecution of archeological inquiries, his friends urged upon the President the appointment of Mr. S. as Minister to Central America,—a country fruitful in remains of the highest order of aboriginal arts. And, with a liberal comprehension of the matter, and acting upon the same enlightened policy which sent Botta to Nineveh, and Washington Irving to Spain, General Taylor made the appointment, during the first month of his administration. This was the *first* diplomatic appointment made by General Taylor. Among the gentlemen exerting themselves in behalf of Mr. Squier,—and the application was made on grounds superior to mere party considerations,—may be named Prescott, the historian of Spain; Sparks, Everett, Gallatin, Irving, Stephens, Potter, Lieber, Morton, Bradish, Butler, Trumbull, Anthony, (of R. I.), Bebb, (of Ohio,) Lawrence, &c., &c.,—"an array of supporters," says the National Intelligencer, in announcing the appointment, "as we happen to know, at once imposing and irresistible."

The *political* importance of the mission confided to Mr. Squier, has but lately become apparent to the people of the United States, and it is unnecessary, upon the present occasion, to say, what all the world knows, that Mr. Squier became the *first* defender of American interests and honor, in that part of the world, and was the first to rouse the people of the United States to a sense of the importance of maintaining the integrity and independence of the Republics of the Isthmus against the open aggressions and secret designs of Great Britain.

In the intervals of his official duties, Mr. Squier pursued his favorite investigations, with signal success. The results will, by and by, be given to the public. A number of interesting monuments have already arrived in the United States, and are deposited in the Smithsonian Institute.

A variety of articles on matters connected with these researches have appeared in the scientific journals of this country and Europe. Several papers on New Mexico, the Traditions of the Algonquins, American Ethnology, &c., including a Review of the Mosquito question, have appeared in this journal.

As a true representative of free institutions, Mr. Squier has exerted a powerful conciliatory influence upon the people of the Southern part of this continent, and the formation of the new Confederation of the States of the Centre, is due to his direct exertions.

A review of the country, its topography, and resources, together with a report on the route, and practicability, of the proposed canal, constituted one of the preliminary despatches sent by our Chargé d'Affaires to the Department of State, at Washington. It has been ordered to be printed, by Congress, and will shortly appear. We venture to call the attention of those entrusted with the delicate task of appointing men to foreign missions, to the importance of selecting those who are able and willing to collect and transmit such information; and, above all, to secure and retain the services of such as are zealous for Republican institutions, and active in promoting amicable and profitable intercourse between our own and the sister Republics of the Continent.

APPENDIX.

A.

Like Cromwell's "auditor," this revolutionary worthy was no idle adherent of the cause which he espoused. He was among the very first to improve, and carry out, that local organization, which under the form of "Committees of Public Safety," exercised so important an influence in concentrating public opinion, and in securing that concert of action, without which the revolution would have been a failure. The canvass of his own town, made by the old soldier, is still in existence, and gives the name and political bias of every person capable of bearing arms in the township. The patriots who could be entrusted with the confidential communications of the superior or Metropolitan Committees are specially noted, and not less than six gradations of patriotism are indicated before arriving at the ultimate *Tory*. The danger to be feared from the Tories, it seems, was estimated by their intellectual abilities, rather than by their position, doings, or by their activity. Thus "J. B." is marked, "able man, not active, but must be looked to." "R. M. rank but noisy—a coward, no fear of him." Only one was designated as "able, rank, and fearless," and it is worthy of remark that he was seized the very night when the resolution "to resist to the death" reached the Town Committee of Safety.

It is a singular fact, that although the colonists were, for some years before the outburst, on the verge of revolution, yet, it was not until "the blood of their brethren cried aloud to heaven," that they entirely threw off their loyalty. Thus, we find the old soldier under notice, as late as August 1774, proposing and carrying, in general "town meeting," the following preamble and resolutions, which as an interesting and instructive illustration of revolutionary times, we insert entire:—

DECLARATION.

"We, the good people of Ashford, of the County of Windham, and Colony of Connecticut, being seriously affected with the consideration of the alarming situation of the American colonies and plantations in general,

and being roused by the late unconstitutional attempts on the province of Massachusetts Bay, by blocking up the harbor of Boston in particular; and considering that province as only suffering first in the cause of liberty,—(God only knows which will be next!); and being unable to conceive how any creature, although a king, can be invested with a power to destroy sacred liberty, the richest gift of a kind Creator,—

"*Voted*, That we be loyal and true subjects of his Majesty, George the 3rd., and as such, resolve to defend virtuous Liberty, the bulwark of the English constitution, and we declare, that in so doing, we do seek the preservation of his Majesty's crown and dignity, and the well-being of every true Englishman.

"*Voted*, That we heartily commiserate with our distressed brethren at Boston, and are willing to cast in our mite, to help, relieve, comfort and assist them, and to encourage them to hold out; reminding them also, that struggles for Freedom are glorious struggles!

"*Voted*,—That we will unite in the good measures that may be adopted by the General Congress to meet at Philadelphia, in September next, and do the utmost in our power to encourage industry and our own manufactures!!

"*Voted*,—That we do now appoint a Committee, to correspond and confer with similar Committees of the towns of this or the neighboring colonies, respecting the matters aforesaid, and to take subscriptions for the benefit of our distressed brothers of Boston, and to transmit the same to the Overseers of the outraged inhabitants of said town.

"*Voted*,—That the Town Clerk be directed to transmit a copy of the above proceedings to the Selectmen of Boston, and to the printer of the New London Gazette, directing him to print the same."

The above was passed in full meeting without a dissenting voice. The sympathy of the good people of Ashford, for their Boston brothers, was of a practical kind; and their understanding of what constitutes true independence is shown in their resolution, "to encourage industry and *their own manufactures*." The apostles of the fallacy mis-called "Free Trade" would have found few followers among the sturdy, sound-thinking, republican yeomanry of revolutionary Connecticut.

Some time ago, Thomas Carlyle published, in *Frazer's Magazine*, an article, entitled, "Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Cromwell," which was reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, in this country. That these letters were *genuine*, we have the testimony of the family of Mr. E. G. Squier, by whom a portion of the letters were communicated to Mr. Carlyle. "Auditor Squier," who figures largely in these letters, is the identical Samuel Squier, the ancestor of our Chargé. Mr. Carlyle, in a letter to that gentleman, remarks, in his rough, humorous, way, upon the transmission of certain qualities or the traits of the "rebel," which he detects in his correspondent.

A very specious critic in some London magazine, undertook to show that these same "Thirty-five Letters" had been palmed off upon Carlyle for a jest, and were utterly modern, and fabricated for the express purpose of gulling the English "Hero worshipper." It is highly agreeable to ourselves to be made sure of their authenticity.

To freshen the recollection of the reader, we reproduce two of the most important of these letters; for the rest, our want of space obliges us to refer the curious to the originals in *Littell*.

NO. XXXV.

"Cornet Auditor Squier, it would appear by my correspondent's recollections of the lost *journal*, was promoted to be lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby fight: 'he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,'—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing autumn. Here, next spring, 1645–6, while the service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squier at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

3 March, 1645.

"SIR,—In reply to the Letter I got this morning—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had got-

ten you your Commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it to you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you knew my mind thatwise. But so if you will,—I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

"Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Praysend me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide.*] Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind.—Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you.—Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Squier, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a pen and sword; very rude indeed; with these words: 'Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron;' that is Squier's endorsement on this last remaining letter from Oliver Cromwell; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squier, to quit the army after all.

NO. III.

"To Mr. Samuel Squier [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squier.]

London, 3 May, 1642.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I heard from our good Friend W. [*Wyman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

"Say to your Friends that we have made up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles; and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man and his people.

"I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From your friend,
O. C."

WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL FREEDOM OF TRADE?

CHAPTER III.

It has been shown that the system of Adam Smith looks to concentration with *local* division of labor; the artisan and the agriculturist taking their places by the side of each other. Concentration involves increase of population, the division of land, and the combined action of man. It has also been shown, that the system of the modern British school looks to the dispersion of population and the *territorial* division of labor, the people of one part of the world confining themselves to agriculture, while those of another part devote themselves chiefly to the transport and conversion of the products of agricultural labor. The machinery of conversion is thus centralized, and *centralization* and *depopulation* go always hand in hand with each other. Depopulation is accompanied, necessarily, by diminution in the number of owners and occupants of land, and diminished power of combination among men.

Both are called free-trade systems, yet they differ in every point. The cornerstone of the one is found in *the power of production*, while that of the other is found in *the necessity for trade*. To ascertain which is the real free-trade one is the object of this enquiry.

The amount of injury resulting from interference with perfect freedom is dependent upon the importance of the matter, or thing, interfered with. The prohibition to walk would be seriously inconvenient, whereas a similar prohibition of dancing would be unimportant. All men require to do the one, while to none is it necessary to do the other. All men have labor to sell, while few require to purchase nutmegs. The trade in land, whether by purchase and sale, or by arrangements for its occupation, is immense, while that in silks is comparatively small. Land and labor

are the great instruments of production, while nutmegs and silks are among their products. An interference with trade in the former to the extent of one per cent. would be more injurious than one amounting to a hundred, with trade in the latter.

The system of Dr. Smith looks to freedom of trade *in the instruments of production*, while that of the modern British school limits itself to freedom of trade *in their products*, as we propose now to show. That done, it will not be difficult to determine which is the real free-trade school.

The slave does not sell his labor, nor does he choose his master. The land he cultivates is undivided. He and his fellow slaves work together in gangs, and voluntary association is unknown. He is a *creature of necessity* and as such is man universally treated by Mr. McCulloch.

The freeman sells his labor and chooses his employer. The land he cultivates is divided from that of his neighbor man. He combines his efforts with those of his fellow-men for the accomplishment of almost every object in life. He is a *being of power* and as such is man universally regarded by Dr. Smith.

The first poor cultivator is surrounded by land unoccupied. *The more of it at his command the poorer he is.* Compelled to work alone, he is a slave to his necessities, and he can neither roll nor raise a log, with which to build himself a house. He makes himself a hole in the ground which serves in lieu of one. He cultivates the poor soil of the hills to obtain a little corn, with which to eke out the supply of food derived from snaring the game in his neighborhood. His winter's supply is deposited in another hole, liable to injury from the water which filters through the light soil into which alone he can penetrate. He is

in hourly danger of starvation. At length, however, his sons grow up. They combine their exertions with his, and now obtain something like an axe and a spade. They can sink deeper into the soil; and can cut logs, and build something like a house. They obtain more corn and more game, and they can preserve it better. The danger of starvation is diminished. Being no longer forced to depend for fuel upon the decayed wood which alone their father could use, they are in less danger of perishing from cold in the elevated ground which, from necessity, they occupy. With the growth of the family new soils are cultivated, each in succession yielding a larger return to labor, and they obtain a constantly increasing supply of the necessities of life from a surface diminishing in its ratio to the number to be fed; and thus with every increase in the return to labor the power of combining their exertions is increased.

If we look now to the solitary settler of the west, even where provided with both axe and spade, we shall see him obtaining, with extreme difficulty, the commonest log hut. A neighbor arrives, and their combined efforts produce a new house with less than half the labor required for the first. That neighbor brings a horse, and he makes something like a cart. The product of their labor is now ten times greater than was that of the first man working by himself. More neighbors come, and new houses are needed. A "bee" is made, and by the combined effort of the neighborhood the third house is completed in a day; whereas the first cost months, and the second weeks, of far more severe exertion. These new neighbors have brought ploughs and horses, and now better soils are cultivated, and the product of labor is again increased, as is the power to preserve the surplus for winter's use. The path becomes a road. Exchanges increase. The store makes its appearance. Labor is rewarded by larger returns, because aided by better machinery applied to better soils. The town grows up. Each successive addition to the population brings a consumer and a producer. The shoemaker wants leather and corn in exchange for his shoes. The blacksmith requires fuel and food, and the farmer wants shoes for his horses; and with the increasing facility of exchange more labor is applied to production, and

the reward of labor rises, producing new wants, and requiring more and larger exchanges. The road becomes a turnpike, and the wagon and horses are seen upon it. The town becomes a city, and better soils are cultivated for the supply of its markets, while the railroad facilitates exchanges with towns and cities yet more distant. The tendency to union and to combination of exertion thus grows with the growth of wealth. In a state of extreme poverty it cannot be developed. The insignificant tribe of savages that starves on the product of the superficial soil of hundreds of thousands of acres of land, looks with jealous eyes on every intruder, knowing that each new mouth requiring to be fed tends to increase the difficulty of obtaining subsistence; whereas the farmer rejoices in the arrival of the blacksmith and the shoemaker, because they come to eat on the spot the corn which heretofore he has carried ten, twenty, or thirty miles to market, to exchange for shoes for himself and his horses. With each new consumer of his products that arrives he is enabled more and more to concentrate his action and his thoughts upon his home, while each new arrival tends to increase his *power* of consuming commodities brought from a distance, because it tends to diminish his *necessity* for seeking at a distance a market for the produce of his farm. Give to the poor tribe spades, and the knowledge how to use them, and the power of association will begin. The supply of food becoming more abundant, they hail the arrival of the stranger who brings them knives and clothing to be exchanged for skins and corn; wealth grows, and the habit of association—the first step towards civilization—arises.

The little tribe is, however, compelled to occupy the higher lands. The lower ones are a mass of dense forests and dreary swamps, while at the foot of the hill runs a river, fordable but for a certain period of the year. On the hill side, distant a few miles, is another tribe; but communication between them is difficult, because, the river bottom being yet uncleared, roads cannot be made, and bridges are as yet unthought of. Population and wealth, however, continue to increase, and the lower lands come gradually into cultivation, yielding larger returns to labor, and enabling the tribe to obtain larger supplies of

food with less exertion, and to spare labor to be employed for other purposes. Roads are made in the direction of the river bank. Population increases more rapidly because of the increased supplies of food and the increased power of preserving it, and wealth grows still more rapidly. The river bank at length is reached, and some of the best lands are now cleared. Population grows again, and a new element of wealth is seen in the form of a bridge, and now the two little communities are enabled to communicate more freely with each other. One rejoices in the possession of a wheelwright, while the other has a windmill. One wants carts, and the other has corn to grind. One has hides to spare, while the other has more shoes than are required for their use. Exchanges increase, and the little town grows because of the increased amount of trade. Wealth grows still more rapidly, because of new modes of combining labor, by which that of all is rendered more productive. Roads are now made in the direction of other communities, and the work is performed rapidly, because the exertions of the two are now combined, and because the machinery used is more efficient. One after another disappear forests and swamps that have occupied the fertile lands, separating ten, twenty, fifty, or five hundred communities, which now are brought into connection with each other; and with each step labor becomes more and more productive, and is rewarded with better food, clothing, and shelter. Famine and disease disappear, life is prolonged, population is increased, and therewith the tendency to that combination of exertion among the individuals composing these communities, which is the distinguishing characteristic of civilization in all periods of the world, and in all nations. With further increase of population and wealth, the desires of man, and his ability to gratify them, both increase. The nation, thus formed, has more corn than it wants; but it has no cotton, and its supply of wool is insufficient. The neighboring nation has cotton and wool, and needs corn. They are still divided, however, by broad forests, deep swamps, and rapid rivers. Population increases, and the great forests and swamps disappear, giving place to rich farms, through which broad roads are made, with

immense bridges, which enable the merchant to transport his wool and his cotton to exchange with his now rich neighbors for their surplus corn or clothing. Nations now combine their exertions, and wealth grows with still increased rapidity, facilitating the drainage of marches and thus bringing into activity the richest soils; while coal mines cheaply furnish the fuel for converting limestone into lime, and iron ore into axes and spades, and into rails for the new roads that are needed to transport to market the vast products of the fertile soils now in use, and to bring back the large supplies of sugar, tea, coffee, and the thousand other products of distant lands with which intercourse now exists. At each step population and wealth, and happiness and prosperity, take a new bound; and men realize with difficulty the fact that the country which now affords to tens of millions all the necessities, comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life, is the same that, when the superabundant land was occupied by tens of thousands only, gave to that limited number scanty supplies of the worst food: so scanty that famines were frequent and sometimes so severe that starvation was followed in its wake by pestilence, which, at brief intervals, swept from the earth the population of the little and scattered settlements, among which the people were forced to divide themselves when they cultivated only the poor soils of the hills.

We have here that order of things which "necessity imposes," and which is, nevertheless, "promoted by the natural inclinations of man."* Unhappily "human institutions" have every where "thwarted natural inclinations," and thence has arisen the necessity for such enquiries as the present.

The picture here presented is that of increased productive power resulting from increase of population, facilitating the development of that first of all "the natural inclinations of man," the love of association, and every act of combined exertion involves an exchange of labor for labor. The husband provides the food and the wife prepares it for the table. The owner of a horse lends it on one day to the owner of a plough, and on another borrows the plough

* See quotation from *Wealth of Nations*, p. 134, ante.

itself. The farmer ploughs the land, and his neighbors assist to make the crop. The grist miller grinds his grain, and the cotton miller aids him in converting his flour into cloth. On one day he hauls timber for the carpenter, and on another the carpenter repairs his barn. The blacksmith shoes his horses, and he feeds the smith.—The railroad owner aids him in going to market, and the store keeper assists him in converting his surplus produce into iron.—The little capitalist carries his small accumulations to the savings bank, which lends them and other savings to the man who desires to build, and by him they are divided among the laborers, the brick makers, the stone cutters, the masons, the carpenters, the lock makers, the hinge makers, the glass blowers, and the numerous other persons whose combined efforts are required for the production of the house. The large capitalist associates with his fellows in the creation of a bank, which facilitates the exchanges of coffee, sugar, tea, cotton, flour, ships, land, and houses. Combination of action is thus seen in every act of life, and the more perfect the power of association the larger must be the power of production, and the larger the amount of trade, *for every act of combined exertion is an act of trade.*

This habit of voluntary association is the essential characteristic of self-government. Without that, it can have no existence. In this country, the type of the whole system is found in "the bee :—" the union of the old settlers to put up a log-house for the newly arrived family. Starting from that point, it may be found in every operation of life. The logs are to be rolled, the roof of the barn is to be raised, or the corn is to be husked. Forthwith, all assemble, and the work which to the solitary laborer would have been severe, and often impossible, is made "a frolic" of, and an hour or two of combined exertion accomplishes what otherwise might have required weeks, or months. Does the new settler want a horse, or a plough, or both? One neighbor lends him the first, and another the last, and he soon obtains a horse and a plough for himself; whereas, without such aid he might have toiled in poverty for years. A place of worship is needed, and all, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists and Presbyterians, unite to build it; its pulpit to be occupied

by the itinerant preachers of the wilderness. The church brings people to the neighborhood, and promotes the habit of association, while the lesson taught therein promotes the love of order: and in a little time the settlement is dotted over with meeting-houses, at one of which Baptists, and at another Presbyterians, meet each other, to listen to the man whom as their teacher they have united to select.—Is one of these houses burnt, the congregation find all others of the neighborhood placed at their command until the loss can be repaired. Next, we find them associating for the making of roads, and holding meetings to determine who shall superintend their construction and repair, and who assess the contributions required for the purpose. Again, we find them meeting to determine who shall represent them at the meeting of the county board, or in the Assembly of the State, or in the Congress of the Union. Again, to settle where the new school-house shall be built, and to determine who shall collect the funds necessary for the purpose, and select the books for the little library that is to enable their children to apply with advantage to themselves the knowledge of letters acquired from the teacher. Again, they are seen forming associations for mutual insurance against horse thieves or fire; or little savings' funds, called banks, at which the man who wishes to buy a horse or a plough can borrow the means necessary for the purpose. Little mills grow up, the property of one or two, and expand into larger ones, in which all the little capitalists of the neighborhood, shoemakers and sempstresses, farmers and lawyers, widows and orphans, are interested: little towns, in which every resident owns his own house and lot, and is therefore directly interested in their good management, and in all matters tending to their advancement; and each feels that the first and greatest of those things is perfect security of person and property. The habit of combined exertion is seen exercising the most beneficial influence in every action of life, and it is most seen where population and wealth most abound: in the states of New England. There, we see a network of association so far exceeding what is elsewhere to be seen as to defy comparison. The shipwright, and the merchant, and the

more advanced and less active capitalist, unite with the master in the ownership of the vessel; and all unite with the crew in the division of the oil which is the result of the cruise. The great merchant, the little capitalist, the skillful manufacturer, the foundry-master, the engineer, the workman, and the girl who tends the loom, unite in the ownership of the immense mill: and millions of yards of cloth are furnished to the world by this combined effort on the part of individuals who, if they worked alone, could not have supplied thousands. The property-holder of the city, and the little capitalists, are everywhere seen combining their exertions for the construction of roads and the building of steamboats, by the use of which the habit of union is increased. In every relation of life, the same tendency to combination of action is seen to exist. Everywhere, man is seen helping, and governing himself. That he may do this effectually, wealth is necessary, for men cannot live near each other while forced to cultivate the poorest soils. Wealth thus produces union, which is seen most to exist where wealth most exists: more in the east than in the west, and more in the north than in the south. Union in turn produces wealth which grows more rapidly in the north and east than in the west and south; and thus wealth, combined action, and power of self-government, with a constant increase in the respect for laws which they themselves have made, manifested alike by individuals and by States whose population counts by millions, and corresponding increase in the return to labor, are seen constantly advancing; each helping and helped by others.

Every act of combination here described is an act of trade. That trade may grow, it is necessary that man should be enabled to act in accordance with that natural tendency of the human mind which leads him to desire to associate with his fellow-man, and thus it is that the love of society leads to increase in the power to produce, with necessary increase in the power to exchange. That he may gratify that natural desire, increase of population is needed. The people of towns and cities combine their efforts far more readily than those of the most densely peopled country, and those of Massachusetts

and Rhode Island do so with infinite facility compared with those of Texas or Arkansas; and they in turn enjoy the advantage resulting from the exercise of this power to a much greater extent than do the people of the Rocky mountains.

That combination may exist there must be diversity of employment. It is only occasionally that the farmer can aid his brother farmer. Both raise nearly the same commodities, and both desire to exchange for cloth and iron. The sugar planter and the cotton grower are in the labor market at one and the same time, seeking aid for the purpose of securing their crops, and can of course render no assistance to each other. The furnace master, on the contrary, can mine his coal or his ore in winter, when the farmer and his sons, their horses and wagons, are otherwise unemployed, and then when summer comes, they can return to work on the farm. The blacksmith and the carpenter can suspend their work in harvest time. There is, in fact, scarcely a day of the farmers' life in which he cannot advantageously combine his efforts with those of his neighbors, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher, the miller, the tanner, the weaver, and the road maker, for the improvement of their common condition. With every increase in the density of population, we should, therefore, find increase in the ratio of production to population, with constant increase in the power of individuals and of communities to exchange their labor and its products for those of other individuals and communities, accompanied by a constantly augmenting increase in the number of exchanges effected.

Combination of action and increase of trade are thus the natural results of increased population, and increase in the power of voluntary association. It cannot exist to any extent among a scattered people wholly employed in agriculture.

"In the lone houses and very small villages which are scattered about in so desert a country as the highlands of Scotland," says Dr. Smith, "every farmer must be butcher, baker, and brewer, for his own family. In such situations we can scarce expect to find even a smith, a carpenter, or a mason, within less than twenty miles of another of the same trade. The scattered families that live at eight or ten miles distance from the nearest of them, must learn to perform themselves a great num-

ber of little pieces of work, for which, in more populous countries, they would call in the assistance of those workmen. Country workmen are almost everywhere obliged to apply themselves to all the different branches of industry that have so much affinity to one another as to be employed about the same sort of materials. A country carpenter deals in every sort of work that is made of wood; a country smith in every sort of work that is made of iron. The former is not only a carpenter, but a joiner, a cabinet-maker, and even a carver in wood, as well as a wheelwright, a ploughwright, a cart and wagon-maker. The employments of the latter are still more various. It is impossible there should be such a trade as even that of a nailer in the remote and inland parts of the highlands of Scotland. Such a workman at the rate of a thousand nails a-day, and three hundred working days in the year, will make three hundred thousand nails in the year. But in such a situation it would be impossible to dispose of one thousand, that is of one day's work in the year."

When, on the contrary, population has increased and the power of combination has risen, the habit of association is great, and the division of labor almost infinite. Its effects are thus exhibited by Dr. Smith:

"It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint-labor of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller,

the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country? How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world? What a variety of labor, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land-carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the

great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages."

With every step of increase in the power to exchange labor for labor, the necessary result of increased population, the habit of voluntary association increases, the slave cultivating the undivided land of others, passing into the freeman who cultivates his own, and land becoming more and more divided, and thus the trade in land grows with every increase in the power to exchange labor and its products.

The first poor cultivator, the slave of his necessities, occupies such spots as his small means will permit him to use. He has yet acquired no power to compel the land to yield him what is needed for his comfortable subsistence. With the acquisition of the spade he turns under, and thus expels, the wild grass, substituting for it the oats, or the barley, or the rye, as he deems one or the other best fitted for his purpose. In the outset he requires much land, because but small portions can be made to yield to his demands any return whatsoever. With the growth of his wealth, and the acquisition of axes and ploughs, other portions, however, become productive; and, by degrees, he finds, on a few acres, more continuous employment for his time than, in the outset, was found upon a thousand. His family, too, has grown. If all continue to cultivate the whole quantity, there will be great waste of labor. The territory he has occupied covers several square miles; and the time required to walk to and from their work will be so much deduction from that which should be given to the cultivation of the soil, or of their own physical and mental powers. Each takes his share, and each builds himself a house. Each cultivates his own land, and each calls upon his brothers for aid in harvest, in building a barn, or rolling logs, or quarrying stone. All are separate, but all are therefore interested in making roads by which all may be enabled to unite. While all lived in the same house, their labors were wasted in bringing home the fruits of the field, and they had no leisure for making roads. Now

that all work separately, and that each man eats on his own land the rye or the oats needed for his support, each feels more and more the advantage to be derived from increasing the facility of obtaining the aid that may be required; and thus the division of land consequent upon the increase of wealth in the form of spades and axes, tends to produce increase of wealth in the form of roads, thereby increasing the *power* of union, while diminishing the *necessity* therefor. Each labors on his own land, and each labors faithfully, because laboring for himself. Each makes or procures from elsewhere, some machine calculated to increase the powers of himself and his neighbors; and all combine, at times, to procure those things which, important to all, are beyond the means of any.

If we look to Attica in the days of her prosperity, we see a tendency to the division of land, and the union of men. If we look to her in the days of her lowest poverty, we see Herodes Atticus universal proprietor, and universal builder, while union among men has ceased to exist. If we look to Rome in the days of Servius, we see a vast body of small proprietors enriching themselves by the cultivation of their own land. If we look again, we see universal poverty, the numerous little and prosperous proprietors being replaced by Scipios and Pompeys, owning vast tracts and overwhelmed by debts, while disinherited men have become slaves. So, again, if we look to Gaul, or Africa. Everywhere throughout the world, the tendency to division of land and combination of action among men has grown with the growth of wealth: while poverty has produced its concentration in the hands of a few proprietors, and disunion among its occupants. We see this now exhibited on a large scale in the south of Spain, where a few grandees have replaced the honest, industrious and enlightened Moors, who combined their exertions for bringing into activity the best soils of their own land, and for fashioning their products; thereby enriching their country and themselves.

The great business of mankind is the production of food, and the raw materials of commodities and things necessary to enable man to enjoy the conveniences, comforts or luxuries of life. That he may do this, the Deity has given him the com-

mand of a great machine in which exist all the elements of production, waiting only the application of the physical and mental powers with which he has been endowed, to render them available for his purpose. The gift was accompanied with the command to labor, that he might have food for himself and his children; to labor, that he might have clothing and shelter; to labor, that he might acquire knowledge; to labor, that he might enjoy leisure and repose. It is a great laboratory, in which combination of effort yields largely, but can scarcely have existence when population is small and men cultivate the poorer soils. To combination division is essential, and where that does not exist, the progress of cultivation is always slow. Hence the wretched condition of all commons, and of all lands upon which exists the partial right of common, as on most of those of France, under the system of *vaine pature*.* Starting from the point of absolute barbarism, when all land is held in common, it will be found that cultivation improves with every approach towards absolute ownership. Thus, it is better now in every part of England than in any part in the days when men were serfs, and had in land no property whatsoever. It is better where short leases exist than where all are tenants at will. It is better where long leases exist than where they are short, and the highest cultivation is invariably found where the owner and occupant are one and the same, and where there exists every inducement to the most perfect economy of time and labor. It is thus far better in Cumberland, where heads of families are generally proprietors of a few acres, than in Wilts or Dorset, where it is held in large masses, and cultivated by hired laborers. This may again be seen in the high cultivation of the peasant proprietors of the valley of the Arno; in the rich fields and the neat and comfortable houses of the small landholders of Belgium; and in the high prosperity of the same class in Norway. The division of land, and its cultivation by the owner for his own profit, are the necessary consequences of the growth of wealth; and with

* The lands of France being unenclosed, cattle are turned loose upon them in the autumn, and thus each man in a neighborhood is enabled to exercise a partial right of common over his neighbor's land, a system that is found most injurious to the progress of agriculture.

each step in this direction agriculture becomes more and more a science, furnishing employment for minds of the highest order, and yielding the largest returns to their exertions. It ceases to be the labor of the slave, and becomes the refined and elegant occupation of the gentleman, who gives to the direction of a small estate all his faculties, and obtains a liberal reward for permitting a portion of its proceeds to be applied to its improvement; while to those who execute with their hands what he plans with his head, large wages are afforded; and he finds in this employment greater happiness than was enjoyed by those of his predecessors whose thousands of acres were scratched by serfs to enable them to pay the ransom to his captor on the field of battle.

Such is the tendency of things when wealth and population grow. War and waste produce a reverse effect, and land concentrates itself in fewer hands. Hence it is that the age of barbarism, dignified with title of that of the Feudal System, has been seen to inflict upon the world the right of primogeniture, another of the weak inventions by which man endeavors to set aside the great laws of nature; but over which she invariably triumphs when men remain at peace.

These views are in perfect accordance of those of Dr. Smith who thought that nothing could be "more contrary to the real interest of a numerous family than a right which, in order to enrich one, beggars numerous children." Nothing, in his opinion "could be more completely absurd than the system of entails."

"They are founded," says he, "upon the most absurd of all suppositions, the supposition that every successive generation of men have not an equal right to the earth, and to all that it possesses; but that the property of the present generation should be restrained and regulated according to the fancy of those who died, perhaps five hundred years ago. Entails, however, are still respected, through the greater part of Europe; in those countries, particularly, in which noble birth is a necessary qualification for the enjoyment either of civil or military honors. Entails are thought necessary for maintaining this exclusive privilege of the nobility to the great offices and honors of their country; and that order having usurped one unjust advantage over the rest of their fellow-citizens, lest their property should render it ridiculous, it is thought reasonable that they should have another. The common law of England, indeed,

is said to abhor perpetuities, and they are accordingly more restricted there than in any other European monarchy; though even England is not altogether without them. In Scotland, more than one-fifth, perhaps more than one-third part of the whole lands in the country, are at present supposed to be under strict entail.

"Great tracts of uncultivated land were in this manner not only engrossed by particular families, but the possibility of their being divided again was as much as possible precluded for ever. It seldom happens, however, that a great proprietor is a great improver. In the disorderly times which gave birth to those barbarous institutions, the great proprietor was sufficiently employed in defending his own territories, or in extending his jurisdiction and authority over those of his neighbors. He had no leisure to attend to the cultivation and improvement of land. When the establishment of law and order afforded him this leisure, he often wanted the inclination, and almost always the requisite abilities. If the expense of his house and person either equalled or exceeded his revenue, as it did very frequently, he had no stock to employ in this manner. If he was an economist, he generally found it more profitable to employ his annual savings in new purchases than in the improvement of his old estate. To improve land with profit, like all other commercial projects, requires an exact attention to small savings and small gains, of which a man born to a great fortune, even though naturally frugal, is very seldom capable. The situation of such a person naturally disposes him to attend rather to ornament, which pleases his fancy, than to profit, for which he has so little occasion. The elegance of his dress, of his equipage, of his house and household furniture, are objects which, from his infancy, he has been accustomed to have some anxiety about. The turn of mind which this habit naturally forms, follows him when he comes to think of the improvement of land. He embellishes, perhaps, four or five hundred acres in the neighborhood of his house, at ten times the expense which the land is worth after all his improvements; and finds, that if he was to improve his whole estate in the same manner, and he has little taste for any other, he would be a bankrupt before he had finished the tenth part of it. There still remain, in both parts of the united kingdom, some great estates which have continued, without interruption, in the hands of the same family since the times of feudal anarchy. Compare the present condition of those estates with the possessions of the small proprietors in their neighborhood, and you will require no other argument to convince you how unfavorable such extensive property is to improvement.

"If little improvement was to be expected from such great proprietors, still less was to be hoped for from those who occupied the land under them. In the ancient state of Europe, the occupiers of land were all tenants at will. They were all, or almost all, slaves, but their slavery was of a milder kind than that known among the ancient Greeks and Romans, or even in the West Indian colonies. They were supposed to belong more directly to the land than to their master. They could, therefore, be sold with it, but not separately. They could marry, provided it was with the consent of their master; and he could not afterwards dissolve the marriage by selling the man and wife to different persons. If he maimed or murdered any of them, he was liable to some penalty, though generally but to a small one. They were not, however, capable of acquiring property. Whatever they acquired was acquired to their master, and he could take it from them at pleasure. Whatever cultivation and improvement could be carried on by means of such slaves, was properly carried on by their master. It was at his expense. The seed, the cattle, and the instruments of husbandry, were all his. It was for his benefit. Such slaves could acquire nothing but their daily maintenance. It was properly the proprietor himself, therefore, that in this case occupied his own lands, and cultivated them by his own bondmen. This species of slavery still subsists in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and other parts of Germany. It is only in the western and southwestern provinces of Europe that it has gradually been abolished altogether.

"But if great improvements are seldom to be expected from great proprietors, they are least of all to be expected when they employ slaves for their workmen. The experience of all ages and nations, I believe, demonstrates that the work done by slaves, though it appears to cost only their maintenance, is in the end the dearest of any. A person who can acquire no property can have no other interest but to eat as much and to labor as little as possible. Whatever work he does beyond what is sufficient to purchase his own maintenance, can be squeezed out of him by violence only, and not by any interest of his own. In ancient Italy, how much the cultivation of corn degenerated, how unprofitable it became to the master, when it fell under the management of slaves, is remarked both by Pliny and Columella. In the time of Aristotle, it had not been much better in ancient Greece. Speaking of the ideal republic described in the laws of Plato, to maintain 5000 idle men (the number of warriors supposed necessary for its defence), together with their women and servants, would require, he says, a territory of boundless extent and fertility, like the plains of Babylon."

We see thus that Dr. Smith's whole system looks to increased freedom of trade in labor and land, the great instruments of production. The base on which it rests is that land, being the great source of all production, the labor which is applied to its cultivation is that which is most productive of "the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of life." He desired therefore to increase the quantity that might be given to cultivation, by diminishing that required for transportation, and he saw that when the laborer took his place by the side of the food, he not only diminished the necessity for transporting the food itself, but he also aided in the conversion of other raw materials into commodities ready for use, so as to fit them for cheap transportation to distant countries, thus increasing the power to trade both abroad and at home. It was obvious to him that the more men worked in combination with each other the more productive would be the labor of each, and the greater would be the number whose labors might be applied to the work of production. The necessary consequence of this would be that while each might consume more, each would be enabled to accumulate more rapidly, and each step in the progress of accumulation would be but the prelude to a new and greater one, and that thus would wealth grow more rapidly than numbers, facilitating still farther the progress of population, and causing to increase still more rapidly the habit of association, and the power to produce, to consume, and to accumulate.

Increase of produce necessarily involves increase of trade, for there are more commodities in which to trade. So likewise with increase of accumulation, for the investment of savings involves the exchange of food and clothing for the labor employed in clearing and draining lands, the building of houses and mills, the opening of mines, and the erection of furnaces. The more men work in combination with each other, the greater will be the power to produce, and the greater, necessarily, must be the power to consume and to accumulate, and thus it is seen that, with the growth of population and wealth, the trade in labor and land, and in the products of both, tends to increase more rapidly than population, and each is seen to be helping, and helped by, the other.

It has been shown that the work of cul-

tivation is invariably commenced upon the poorer soils, and that it is only with the growth of population and wealth that the richer soils—the heavily timbered lands, the flats and the swamps,—can be cleared or drained. So long as the farmer has to depend on distant markets, he must apply himself to the production of those articles of which the earth yields but little in return to labor, and which therefore command a high price, and will bear transportation, and so long he must continue unable to clear and drain the richest soils. He cannot raise potatoes, or turnips, of which the earth yields by tons, for he has no market on the land, and they will not bear transportation. Concentration makes a market on the land for the products of the land, as the mechanic placed among the food consumes largely, and is a customer to the farmer for those products of which the earth yields largely in return to labor. The system of Dr. Smith tended to bring the mechanic to the food, and thus to increase the power to produce and the power to trade.

The soil that is constantly cropped for the supply of distant markets becomes exhausted, and its occupant is compelled to fly to lands still more distant, with constant diminution in the return to labor. The system of Dr. Smith looked to placing the consumer by the side of the producer, enabling the farmer to obtain large crops to be consumed on or near the land, the refuse of which could be returned to the land, thus increasing instead of diminishing its productive powers, and thereby facilitating the growth of population, the power of combination, the power to trade, and the amount of trade.

With increase in the power of production the power of accumulation necessarily increases, and with each step in the progress thereof the demand for labor increases, and the laborer acquires more and more the power to determine for himself to whom he will sell his labor and what shall be its price. The value of present labor increases as compared with the proceeds of accumulated labor, called capital, and while the productiveness of labor is constantly increasing, the *proportion* which can be claimed by the owner of landed or other capital is constantly *decreasing*, leaving to the laborer a constantly increasing proportion, with consequent increase in the facility of converting the laborer working for others

into the little capitalist working for himself—owner of a little farm, or of a machine of some description calculated to render his labor more productive. Division of land is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the system of Dr. Smith, which looks everywhere to increase in the freedom of man, and to increase in the power of voluntary association, the combination of the exertions of the mechanic and the occupant of land for the purpose of increasing the productive power of labor and land, being, in his estimation, the one thing needful for the improvement of the condition of man.

The following view of the effect of the division of land in increasing production, is from a recent writer, who, being a believer in the theory of over-population, may be regarded as excellent authority:—

“The one thing needful is obviously to make land yield the largest possible surplus, after adequately remunerating the cultivator; and that small farms can afford a larger surplus than similar portions of a large one, is evident from the fact of their paying higher rents. Further proof may be found in Flanders and Lombardy, when the densest populations in Europe, and those in a large proportion *town* populations, are maintained in comfort by land divided among small farmers. How this end is attained, is surely of comparatively little importance; even if it were true that the implements and methods of small farmers are clumsy and defective, that they disdain the aid of science, and require twice as much labor as would suffice under a different system, it would still be manifest that they possess some advantage which more than compensates for all these drawbacks. In spite of their adherence to old practices, they manage to get more from the land than the large capitalist with all his improvements, and after receiving sufficient for their own consumption, they have a large residue for sale. (They thus have more trade without the family, as the trade within the family increases, and this is evidence that the system is the one that constitutes freedom of trade.) They might, perhaps, do better still by imitating some of the methods of the large capitalist; but even as it is, they do better than he does, and their plan must, on the whole, be better than his. Nothing can be more unjust, however, than to stigmatize the culture of small farms as necessarily rude and inartificial. The small holdings of the Flemish peasantry not only bear heavier crops than lands of the same quality in the best farmed districts of England or Scotland, but the land is kept much cleaner, is much better drained, and much more abundantly manured. It may be true that in Great Britain large farmers are

almost the only improvers; but this is because few except large farmers have leases, and consequently any motive for improvement. When small farmers have any hold on the land, as in Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, and France, they combine to raise funds for any project that promises to be generally beneficial. In this way channels many miles in length are made for irrigation or drainage; and a dozen owners of three or four cows, or occupiers of as many acres, combine to make cheeses as large and fine as any that Cheshire can produce; and even to establish a beet-root manufacture, the most extensive and scientific of all modern agricultural operations. Mutual coöperation thus places within the reach of small farmers almost every advantage possessed by their wealthy rivals. The principal difference in their modes of procedure is, that the former being less able to purchase extensive machinery, employ a larger relative quantity of labor. This, however, is the reverse of disadvantageous either as regards themselves or the public. The agricultural class constitute the nerves and sinews of a nation, and its increase so generally deprecated by political economists, only becomes an evil when it encroaches on the nourishment which might be reserved for other classes. If additional agricultural laborers can procure subsistence without detracting from that of other people, their existence is a material advantage. If by the labor of two men the produce of a piece of ground can be so much augmented as to furnish ample subsistence for both, and yet leave as great a surplus as when only one cultivator was employed, the double application of labor increases both the strength and the wealth of the country. If the surplus be greater than before, it increases also the income of the proprietor of the land. Now, this, and much more than this, takes place on small farms. Labor there is much more productive than on large ones. Most of the work is done under the master's eye, and much of it done by his own hands, or those of his family. All the laborers have motives for exertion unknown to hired servants, or at least are subject to a vigilant supervision which a larger landholder cannot exercise. They bestow on their work a care, patience, and assiduity, which cannot be purchased at any price; and these qualities much more than compensate for any waste of labor caused by bad tools or injudicious arrangement. The produce of the soil is so much increased in consequence, as not only to provide for the consumption of the additional cultivators, but to leave a larger quantity remaining than if fewer laborers, without the same motives for industry, had been employed. If, then, the merits of a system may be judged of from its results, the subdivision of farms would be favorable instead of injurious to agriculture. It

would certainly occasion a change of practice, and would cause more labor to be employed, but it would increase the power of labor in a greater degree. A larger proportion would thus become applicable to the payment of rent, and to the consumption of the non-agricultural part of the community; provisions would grow cheaper, but landlords, notwithstanding, would receive incomes as large, if not larger, than at present."*

This is strong, but how much stronger would it not have been had its author been satisfied that with the increase of production, the landlord would be entitled to claim a smaller *proportion* as rent, and that while the *amount* of his rent would be increased, the laborer would retain not only a larger *quantity* but a larger *proportion* of the increased quantity. Every one knows that the more rapid the increase of capital in the form of cleared lands, ploughs, harrows, mills, and furnaces, the greater is the necessity of the capitalist for the laborer, and the higher the price of labor, and experience teaches us that that price is always such as to give to the laborer a larger proportion of the product. In former times, the owner of land took two-thirds, and production was then very small. Later, he was compelled to be satisfied with one-half, but more recently it has been estimated at only one-fourth. In former times, the rate of interest was from ten to twenty per cent, whereas it is now but five, and such is the movement in every community in which the wealth increases in its ratio to population.

Of the effect of this an idea may be formed from an examination of the following Table, in which the facts are compared with the theory of Mr. Ricardo, upon which is based the whole modern English politico-economical system :

	RICARDO'S DOCTRINE.			OBSERVATION.		
	Total production.	Power of Land.	Power of Labor.	Total production.	Power of Land.	Power of Labor.
First period	100	—	100	30	20	10
Second "	190	10	180	70	42	28
Third "	270	30	240	120	60	60
Fourth "	340	60	280	180	80	100
Fifth "	400	100	300	250	100	150
Sixth "	450	150	300	330	120	210
Seventh "	490	210	280	420	140	280
Eighth "	520	280	240	510	155	355
Ninth "	540	360	180	620	170	450
Tenth "	550	450	100	740	180	560
Eleventh	550	550	00	870	190	680

* Thornton, on Over-population, p. 331.

The *quantity* divided among the owners of land increases as the *proportion* diminishes, while the laborers obtain an increased *proportion* of an increased quantity.*

It will be obvious to the reader that the power of the laborer to accumulate capital must increase with each and every step in this direction, and equally so that when the laborer goes to the food, the tendency will be towards the acquisition of a piece of land, the cultivation of which may enable him healthfully and profitably to employ his hours of leisure. "Its cultivation," says Mr. Thornton, from whom we continue to quote :—

"costs him nothing, but serves rather as an amusement for the leisure of himself and family, enabling all but the very youngest to make themselves useful. Abundance of manure is found in the refuse and scraps of all kinds that would otherwise be thrown away. Nothing is wasted, and habits of thrift and industry are formed. The produce being proportioned less to the extent of the ground,

* This proportional law of distribution, proving the perfect harmony of the interests of the laborer and capitalist, was first published by the author of this article, in 1837. It is now adopted, and published as his own, in his *Harmonies Economiques*, by Mons. Bastiat, who says of it :

"Such is the great, admirable, consoling, necessary, and inflexible law of capital. To demonstrate it is, as it appears to me, to strike with discredit the declamation, with which our ears have so long been dinned, against the *avarice* and the *tyranny* of the most powerful instrument of civilization and of *equalization*, that results from the exercise of the powers of man. * * * *

Thus the great law of capital and labor, as regards the distribution of the products of their joint labors is settled. The *absolute quantity* of each is greater, but the *proportional part* of capital constantly diminishes as compared with that of labor.

"Cease, then, capitalists and laborers, to look upon each other with eyes of suspicion and of envy. Close your ears to those absurd declaimers, of whom nothing equals their pride if it be not their ignorance, who, under the promise of future harmony, begin by exciting present discord. Recollect that, say what they may, your interests are one and the same—that they cannot be separated—that they tend together towards the realization of the general good—that the sweats of the present generation combine themselves with those generations that have past—that it is right that each who has united in the work should have a portion of the remuneration—and, that the most ingenious as well as the most equitable division takes place among you by virtue of providential laws, and by means of free and voluntary arrangements, without requiring the aid of a parasitic sentimentalism to impose upon you its decrees, at the expense of your well-being, your liberty, your security, and your *dignity*."

than to the care and attention bestowed upon it, is infinitely greater than a large occupier could have obtained from the same space; and beside the direct addition which it makes to the laborer's means of existence, enables him to keep pigs, poultry, &c., at little or no expense. He enjoys a variety as well as an abundance of articles of diet, which, even if he possessed their value in money, it would be scarcely possible for him to buy, and he has besides a resource on which he may rely when other means of livelihood temporarily fail. A day laborer is always liable to be thrown out of work by a number of causes, when, if he is entirely dependent on wages, he may become involved in inextricable difficulties, whereas with the help of a stock of food of his own raising, he might easily struggle through his embarrassment. The occupancy of a little land does away with much of the precariousness, which is the worst feature in the laborer's condition; and this is particularly the case when the land is the laborer's own property, as it would not improbably become, in circumstances such as those supposed, when he might often be able to save a little money. He then feels himself sufficiently independent not to be over anxious about the future; but not so much so as to grow careless of obtaining work, or of satisfying his employer. On the contrary, finding that he has been admitted into a higher order of society, he uses every exertion to maintain his new position. Men of this class are commonly the most diligent and trustworthy, as well as the most respectful servants."*

This is in accordance with every-day experience. As the laborer becomes a little capitalist he feels himself animated by HOPE, and his exertions increase, while he becomes more careful and economical, and thus it is that with every increase in the ratio of wealth to population there is seen an improvement in the moral, as well as in the physical condition of man. He acquires the habit of combining his exertions with his neighbor, and with each such combination his powers of production increase, and therewith there is an increase in the power to trade. We see thus that it is in the direction of concentration—that of placing the consumer of food in the midst of the producers of the food—that we must look for freedom of trade, and in that direction it was that it was sought by Adam Smith.

With the growth of the habit of combination, schools are established at which

children are cheaply educated, books and newspapers increase in number, the intellectual condition is improved, and men are enabled to employ their labor more advantageously, with further increase in the power to produce, and in the power to trade. The habit of union produces a habit of peace and love of harmony, and the power of self-protection increases, with diminished necessity for employing men in the unproductive labor of carrying swords or muskets, and also diminished necessity for collecting taxes for their maintenance, the consequence of which is that capital grows with increased rapidity, and with it there is an increase in the power to produce, and in the power to maintain trade. With each such step wealth increases in its ratio to population and the laborer is enabled to demand a still increased *proportion* of the increased product, and to become, with still increased facility, a capitalist, the individual and the community exercising from day to day more perfectly the form of self-government. Thus it is that the system taught by Adam Smith tends to the improvement of the physical, moral, intellectual, and political condition of man, while with each step in the progress of improvement there is increased power to maintain trade.

This order of things it is which in every country is "promoted by the natural inclinations of man,"* and "if human inclinations had not thwarted those natural inclinations, the towns could no where have increased beyond what the improvement and cultivation of the country in which they were situated could support."† The artisan and the laborer would have been every where seen placing themselves where food was cheap, and "the beauty of the country, the pleasures of a country life, the tranquility of mind which it promises, and wherever the injustice of human laws does not disturb it the independency which it really affords," would have been every where found to have "charms that more or less attract every body."‡ There would thus have been made every where a market on the land for the products of the land, and "the inland or home trade, the most important of all, the trade in

* Thornton, on Over-population, p. 334.

* Wealth of Nations, Book III. Chap. I.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

which an equal capital affords the largest income," and creates the greatest employment for the people of the country, "would not have been considered as "subsidiary only to the foreign trade."*

Such was the political economy of Adam Smith, and it is impossible to read his book without a feeling of admiration for the man who saw so clearly, and so early, the course of policy that most tended to increase the happiness and respectability, the strength and independence, of men and of nations. He believed in the advantage resulting from division of the land, and pointed distinctly to the course which tended to its accomplishment. He felt with "the small proprietor," knowing "every part of his little territory," and viewing it with "all the affection which property, especially small property naturally inspires, and who on that account takes pleasure not only in cultivating it, but in adorning

it," and is therefore, "of all improves the most industrious, the most intelligent and the most successful."*

The whole system of Dr. Smith looks to increase in the *power to trade* resulting from increase in the power of man to gratify his "natural inclination" for association with his fellow men. That of his successors looks, as will now be shown, to increased *necessity for trade*, and diminished power to trade resulting from a necessity for diminution in the power of man to gratify his "natural inclination" for marriage, and for association with his fellow-men. In the school of the one, commerce is regarded as the handmaid of agriculture. In the other, "Commerce is King," and it is that commerce with distant nations which was regarded by Dr. Smith as yielding the smallest returns to the labor and capital employed.

* Wealth of Nations, Book IV. Chap. I.

* Ibid. Book III. chap. IV.

SONNETS TO FILL BLANKS.

NUMBER ONE.

THIS is a "SONNET," made to fill a blank ;
First of a "Series," writ for the Review,
To please the publisher, "who would greatly thank"
An author friend, "to furnish one or two."
A Shakspeare Sonnet, three quatrains and a couplet ;
In form correct, in sense mere prose, good Reader,
With not a grain of poetry to trouble it,
(Save the above line,) no more than in a "leader."
Post script. A favorable opportunity,
Is offered here, to warn all "earnest souls"
That the first quality of a sonnet is *unity*,
Which they'll not find in Wordsworth, nor in Bowles.
Here, Mr. Publisher, don't stare,—be civil,
Send me this sonnet to the (printer's) devil.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

PART III.

The trial of Burr.

WE now enter on a period of Jefferson's administration which excites intense interest and curiosity, and has connected it with the fortunes of a man, whose great talents and address had foreshadowed for him a reputation of the most enviable exaltation, when the path to renown was crossed by his evil genius. That man was Aaron Burr, and his evil genius was Thomas Jefferson. It was a grapple between giant champions, whose resources of mind were too vast, and whose enmity, mutually and bitterly entertained, was too deeply rooted, to terminate the struggle with other than appalling consequences to one party, or to both. In one case, however, mind was aided by power, and vast political and official influence, and, as might be supposed, these united, overwhelmed the weaker antagonist.

Aaron Burr was a native of the State of New Jersey, and one of the early graduates of Princeton College. His earliest exhibitions of character pointed to those traits, which were afterwards developed in his eventful career. He was impetuous, restless, persevering, and willful. Soon after graduating, he joined the Revolutionary army, under Montgomery and Arnold, and accompanied those generals in their awful and dreary march across the wilderness to Quebec. His indifference to fatigue and hunger, and his strict impartiality as an officer, sharing with his soldiers the privations of the march, and openly condemning an opposite conduct in Arnold, gained him the admiration and deep affection of the men, while it elicited the commendation and respect of a majority of the officers. After the siege of Quebec was formed, Burr volunteered his services as aid to Montgomery, and was by that officer's side, when he fell. He caught the

dying patriot in his arms, and in defiance of the storm of grapeshot which roared around, maintained his post of affection and duty, until proper assistance was obtained. Burr was the only one of Montgomery's suite who escaped on that fatal day.

Returning from Canada, he became an inmate of Washington's military family, at headquarters near New York, and participated in all the actions which occurred between the American and British armies around that city. But his intercourse with the Commander-in-Chief soon became restrained and unpleasant, and resulted in a mutual personal aversion, which lasted during Washington's lifetime; but for which no particular reason was ever assigned. In consequence, when the disaffection broke out against Washington, among the army officers in 1777, and it was contemplated to supersede him with Gates, Burr actively and openly took sides for the latter. This opposition, added to previous unpleasant passages, only served to increase Washington's prejudices. In long subsequent years, during the first Presidency under the Constitution, this dislike was bitterly evidenced, and the depth of Washington's aversion fully developed. A deputation of the Democratic members of Congress, appointed by a caucus, thrice waited on the President, with a request that he would appoint Burr, minister to France. They were thrice peremptorily refused, Washington declaring each time that he would never appoint one to office in whose integrity he had no confidence. This anecdote should not, however, be rashly taken as irrevocable and infallible evidence against Burr. It was known that, from the first, Burr had expressed himself freely and harshly as to the qualifications of the Com-

mander-in-Chief, that he had condemned his movements around Long Island and New York, and that he had severely criticised the plan of the battle of Monmouth, in which battle Burr commanded a brigade in Lord Stirling's division. These facts were well known to Washington, as well as the partiality entertained by Burr for Gates; and, in the absence of any tangible cause ever assigned by the General or his friends, we are forced to conclude that a shade of personal pique and rancor may have influenced the usually strict and admirable equanimity even of this illustrious and revered personage. He would, indeed, have been more than mortal, could he have entirely subdued all such feelings — feelings common to the best as well as to the worst of men.

In March, 1779, Burr tendered his resignation to the Commander-in-Chief. It was accepted by Washington, in a letter the most complimentary and flattering to Burr's military ambition. He subsequently was admitted to the practice of the law in Albany, and in the spring of 1782 was married to Theodosia Prevost, widow of Colonel Prevost of the British army, and mother of that Theodosia, who afterwards became so distinguished in connection with her father and husband, and whose mysterious and melancholy fate, while giving rise to many awful and fanciful conjectures, blighted and crushed the sole remaining earthly hope of her solitary and suffering parent.

The history of Burr's political career in New York, and in the Senate of the United States; his contest with Jefferson for the Presidency, and his duel with Alexander Hamilton, are well known to every general reader, and have been elsewhere alluded to in this essay. He left the chair of the Vice-President in March 1805, and closed his connection with the Senate with one of the most eloquent and affecting valedictories ever made on such an occasion. "The whole Senate," says Mr. Davis, in his memoir, "were in tears, and so unmanned that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come to order, and choose a Vice-President *pro tem*. One Senator said that he wished the tradition might be preserved, as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed. Another being asked, the day

following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea; it might have been an hour, and it might have been but a moment; when he came to his senses, he seemed to have awakened as from a kind of *trance*."*

Bending beneath the weight of heavy afflictions, and pursued, both by the Democratic and Federal parties, with a vengeance that seemed to compass nothing short of his life, Burr, now fallen from his high estate, became a wanderer and a desperado. The envy and rancor of Jefferson were fully aroused against him, in consequence of their recent rivalry, and the democratic party, of course, sided with Jefferson. He had slain Hamilton in a duel the year before, and the federal party panted for the blood of their idol's murderer; for as *murderer* he had been denounced and indicted in New York. His mind and temperament were too ardent, and his ambition too insatiable and restless to remain inactive. The domestic circle afforded him no comfort. The charm of his home, once his delight and happiness, had fled. The wife of his youth, the devoted partner of his joys and his adversities, was cold in the tomb. His daughter, sole pledge of their love, was married and removed into a distant State of the South. His property, suffering for want of attention during his ostracism, had melted away, leaving him distressingly in debt. His early friends avoided him, as one contaminated or proscribed, whose approach was a shadow of evil, and whose touch was death. Professional pursuits were out of the question. Law business was not to be intrusted to a fugitive from the law. Political advancement was forever closed to his efforts. No party would recognise him who was alike abhorred by democrat and federalist; — the object of Jefferson's hatred, and whose hands were stained with the blood of Alexander Hamilton. Thus bereaved and branded, Burr became another Ishmael. Every man's hand was against him; it was no wonder that his hand should soon be turned against every man. His manner, his conduct, his conversations, his very looks were watched with the eye of suspicion. He fled from the haunts of

* Vol. 2nd, p. 363.

man and sought the wilderness, in hopes there to create some employment calculated to appease his restlessness, and turn aside the gloomy fate which threatened to overwhelm him. Even here he was not beyond espionage. The friends and parasites of the jealous and inflamed President kept their eyes on him, and sent frequent reports to Washington. If he sojourned at the house of any man, that man was from that day marked. He staid a short time with General Dayton. Dayton welcomed him as an old revolutionary soldier, failed to abuse hospitality by communicating with the President, and, as a penalty for his *contumacy*, was subsequently indicted, along with Burr, as a conspirator. It was the same in the case of John Smith. He responded to the invitation of Herman Blannerhasset, who was anxious to join in his land speculations, and paid a visit to the famous island in the Ohio. Blannerhasset, narrowly escaping with life, was afterwards stigmatized as a traitor, plundered of his wealth, and became a melancholy wanderer. He lounged a few days at the Hermitage, and even enlists its honored tenant in his scheme of invading Mexico, in case of war with Spain.* The lion nature of Andrew Jackson had not then been aroused, and the emissaries of Jefferson approached him with monitory voices. They succeeded for the moment, and he writes an anxious letter to Burr. Burr replies to his satisfaction, and then the awakened lion raises his defying mane; and, for once, the *proscribers* falter, and are ignominiously baffled in their selfish machinations. They succeeded in ruining every body else, who had held the remotest connection with this hapless exile.

The grand juries of Kentucky twice lodged accusations against Burr. He was honorably acquitted on both occasions. On both of these occasions he was defended by Henry Clay, who was afterwards so far duped by *false testimony* in the hands of Jefferson, as to repent his efforts, and then openly affronted, (by refusing to speak to), Burr at the New York City Hall.† And yet it is a fact well authenticated that the very document in possession of Jefferson, and on which rested the evidence of Burr's *treason*, had been mutilated by

General Wilkinson, and he so acknowledged at Richmond.* At this time there was a strong probability of hostilities between Spain and the United States, and it was known that the President had instructed the commander of the forces to *drive* the Spaniards beyond the Sabine. It had become a popular sentiment, even then, that in case war was begun it should end only by the conquest of Mexico. To this project no one was more intensely wedded than Andrew Jackson, as evinced both by a letter to Governor Claiborne, produced by General Wilkinson as an appendix to his testimony on the Burr trial, and by his sympathy with Aaron Burr. Burr was a military man by nature, and his greater ambition was to excel in military achievements. He was more tenacious of his revolutionary, than of either his political or professional fame. He was evidently fired with the scheme of invading and conquering so splendid a country as Mexico, with its ancient treasures, its mines, and its magnificent cities; and the more so, that he might thus retrieve his fallen fortunes. He was not friendly enough to the Government to ask or obtain honorable service, with such prominence as he courted, under its direct auspices. His plan, as disclosed on the trial at Richmond, evidently was to raise an independent force, to be near the scene of action, and to be prepared to strike a grand blow on the first opening of hostilities. With this view, he must have entered into communication with General Wilkinson; for as that officer was already in high command, and enjoyed the boundless confidence of his government, Burr was too sagacious to have attempted his seduction, by offering him peril and uncertainty, for safety and certainty. This tallies with the *testimony* of General Eaton, not with his inferences. It is not contradicted by that of Commodore Truxton, or Dudley Woodbridge, who was to have furnished the boats intended to convey the expedition. Nor would Burr without a clear understanding with Wilkinson, have undertaken to pass the whole American army with less than one hundred ragamuffins. This project of invading Mexico, under the countenance, and not by orders, of the Government, was certainly not *intended* as

* Vide Memoirs of Burr, Vol. 2d, Page 382.

† Vide Prentice's Clay, page 34.

* See Am. State Papers, [Mis.] vol. 1st. p. 542.

treason, which consists only in "levying war against the United States." or aiding and comforting the enemies of the country. It certainly was a rash and reprehensible movement, and if designed to have been pursued independently of the Government, it was a punishable offence, but not treason. The more reliable conclusion is that Burr, unfriendly to Jefferson, and bitterly persecuted by him, endeavored to use Wilkinson as an instrument for opening hostilities; for, under his orders, Wilkinson might do this at any time, and thus bring the whole within the shelter of the Government. The plan was to proceed under the apparent authority of the Government, without directly asking its connivance. And if, it may be remarked, General Wilkinson, who was clearly playing a double part, (perhaps it might not be unfair to say a treble part,) intended to play the traitor towards Burr, it is certain that he played his hand well. Burr never suspected him until after his interview with one Swartwout, whom he had sent to Wilkinson with the letter in cipher. As soon as he had made the discovery, he abandoned the idea, turned attention again to the Washita purchase, and resolved to await a more favorable crisis. This lucky discovery saved his life. Being thus guarded, he directed himself to other projects, less questionable. If Burr had been proven to have been at Blannerhasset's island, when the boats started down the Ohio, the *overt* act would have been made out, and in all probability the Government would have obtained a conviction.

By this time, however, Jefferson had fixed his talons on Burr, and appearances seemed to justify the conclusion that the blood of his ancient rival would be soon spilled to satiate his jealousy and rancor. He had been informed of Burr's movements months before; but merely to *suppress* the mischief, was no part of the tactics he had prescribed for his conduct. Burr was allowed to continue his preparations, and Jefferson looked on supinely, in the hope that some plain act which might be tortured into *overt* proceeding, should have been unwarily committed. His design was not so much to quell disaffection, as to secure his prey. At length a communication from General Wilkinson induces him to believe that the time has come, and he issues the

order for the destruction of the boats and property of the expedition at the island, and for the arrest of Burr. The first is done forthwith; and in a short time, the main victim being stopped near Fort Stoddard, on the Tombigbee, is conveyed by a military escort to the city of Richmond, Va., and placed on trial for his life.

The proceedings of this famous trial have been long embodied as a part of the national history. A more important state trial never occurred, not excepting even that of Warren Hastings. All that was interesting or romantic in Burr's previous history; all that could charm the fancy in connection with Blannerhasset and his beautiful island home; all that was magnificent and inspiring, as regarded the ancient country of the Aztecs and the Montezumas, were concentrated and thrown into this trial. There were startling rumors, too, that many, among the highest and most popular, would be hurled from their proud positions as the testimony progressed. Added to these, it was known that Jefferson had enlisted ardently in the prosecution, and would move his whole official influence to crush the man who had once competed with him for the Presidency. The odds against Burr were truly appalling, and his chances for escape seemed to be completely blocked. Against the powerful personal influence of an implacable enemy; the machinations of two enraged political parties, to whom he was alike odious; the whole artillery of the Government, and the prejudging voice of an aroused and indignant nation, was opposed a single individual stripped of power, and of property, and of home; abandoned by friends, and from whom even relatives shrunk with trepidation. In all America *one only* heart throbbed in unison with his own; but that *one* heart—devoted—fixed—changeless; sensitive alike to his joys and his sorrows, was to him more than *all* America, or all the world. It was the heart of Theodosia, "sole daughter of his house!"

Throughout the whole period from the arrest until the discharge of Burr, and his departure for England, the conduct of Jefferson was obnoxious to grave criticism, and evinced a want of magnanimity unworthy of his great fame and his exalted station. True taste would have suggested to him a dignified neutrality of action, especially in view

of his official prerogative of pardon, should the accused be brought in guilty; but more than all, in view of his past relations with the distinguished prisoner. He chose to pursue a course less delicate; aided the law by personal exertions, and mingled officially in the prosecution by employing eminent counsel to assist the District Attorney for the United States. It is said that he expended more than an hundred thousand dollars of the public money in aiding this prosecution. His letters to the District Attorney, Mr. Hay, are full of the most ireful and splenetic effusions against the judge, the counsel for defence, and the prisoner. He even condescends to charge the *federalists*, as a party, with sympathising in the treasons and troubles of Aaron Burr. "The *federalists* make Burr's cause their own, and exert their whole influence to shield him from *punishment*.*" "Aided by no process or facilities from the *federal* courts, but frowned on by *their* newborn zeal for the liberty of those whom *we* would not permit to overthrow the liberties of their country, we can expect no revelations from the accomplices of the *chief* offender. Of treasonable intentions, the judges have been obliged to confess there is a probable appearance. What loophole they will find in the case, when it comes to trial, we cannot foresee. Eaton, Stoddart, and Wilkinson, will satisfy the *world*, if not the *judges*, of Burr's guilt. The nation will judge both the offender and *judges* for themselves. If a member of the Executive or of the Legislature does wrong, the day is never far distant when the *people* will remove him. They will see then, and amend, the error in our Constitution which makes *any* branch *independent* of the nation. They will see that *one* of the great co-ordinate branches of the Government, setting itself in opposition to the other *two*, and to the common sense of the *nation*, proclaims impunity to that class of offenders which endeavors to overturn the Constitution, and are themselves protected in it by the Constitution itself; for impeachment is a *farce* which will not be tried again. If *their* protection of Burr produces this amendment, it will do more good than his condemnation."† In this last letter,

four points are very clearly made. It is evident that he intends to cast an ungenerous slur at Chief Justice Marshall, the *federal* judge, offending; it is evident that, in conducting Burr's trial, having despaired of doing anything in Court, he intends to play the game out, to arouse the anger of the *nation* against the *errors* of the Constitution; it is evident that he insinuates an attack on the *independence* of the Judicial department of the Government; and it is evident, that in the ebullition of his partisan acerbity, he casts a censure on the Senate of the United States, because their *impeachment* of Judge Chase, at a previous session, did not terminate in his displacement. Now with all due deference to the opinion of our distinguished subject, we must be permitted to say, that in our opinion, Burr's projected invasion of Mexico, by itself, would have done much less harm than this proposed degradation of the Judicial Department of the Government. We have no sympathy with Jefferson's views on this question, and hold them to be wholly irreconcilable with his professed democracy; for, to our view, his plans would ultimately have led to a centralization of all power in the hands of the Executive. The time may come when a *popular* President, and a subservient Senate, may place in judicial seats mere instruments of Executive will. This is one way in which despotism may approach, and not an improbable one; quite as probable as in military form. We have seen, thus far, sufficient evidence to convince us, that Jefferson, despite his favor for democratic principles, leaned towards a policy which strengthened the Executive arm of the Government, and weakened the judicial arm. But besides claiming for the Executive an ultimate judicial authority, looking to entire supremacy, as we have shown some pages back, he, on this occasion, demanded, and had nearly obtained, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and usurped the right to seize, impress, and imprison witnesses. These arbitrary acts and demands are in full accordance with the spirit of his letters just quoted; and go to illustrate, that public liberty is not always safest in the hands of ultra democrats. Danton and Robespierre conversed speciously, and harangued eloquently, about the liberties of France, when the *Place de Louis Quinze* was

* See letter to Bowdoin, vol. 4th, p. 72. Jef. Corres.

† Letter to Giles, vol. 4th, p. 73 and 74.

reeking daily with the blood of slaughtered victims, and the guillotine dealing its death strokes by the minute. We do not mean to say that Jefferson would have been, under like circumstances, either a Danton or a Robespierre. But we mean to say that, in his Presidential conduct on this occasion, he was arbitrary, vindictive, and unjustifiably bent on shedding the blood of Aaron Burr. Nor can we at all concur in his harsh and vituperative censures on Chief Justice Marshall. That eminent judge may have experienced uncommon embarrassment at this trial, and, in consequence, exhibited more than usual hesitation and inconsistency in delivering legal opinions. The array of learned counsel, the vast importance of the cause, the enlightened audiences ever present, and the distinction and acknowledged legal acumen of the prisoner himself, very naturally contributed to produce both embarrassment and occasional inconsistency. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any judge to have had occasion to seek so earnestly for the truth, both as to law and evidence; and none ever presided with more dignity and impartiality, in the most responsible station in which one can be placed. Old and previously settled principles of law were more than once battered down by refined argument. New principles and points were sprung and discussed, with an ability seldom if ever displayed on any former occasion. Every point of law was jealously disputed, on one side or the other, and the nicest discrimination was necessary to distinguish between mere forensic powers and profundity of argument. Judge Marshall proved equal to all these requisites.

The conduct of Jefferson, on this occasion, is liable to reprehension on still another ground. He exhibited a degree of intolerance, and impatience at being crossed, that argued downright Jesuitism. Among the counsel for Colonel Burr was old Luther Martin of Maryland, one of the framers of the Constitution. He manifested a deep and sincere zeal in the cause of his client, and, when warranted, did not scruple to charge home cuttingly on the *real* prosecutor — Thomas Jefferson. He especially animadverted on the President's presuming to withhold *any* papers necessary to the defence of Burr, and declared that Jefferson's papers were no more sacred than

those of his client, who had been robbed of the same by order of the Government. This, together with the charge of violating the New Orleans post office, in the person of General Wilkinson, although believed to be true, stung Jefferson to the quick, and roused his fierce resentment. His rage might have been justified, had he suggested a less exceptionable means of vengeance. But passion and the pride of power blinded him. On the 19th of June, he thus writes to Mr. Hay:—"Shall *we* move to commit Luther Martin as *particeps criminis* with Burr? Graybell will fix on him misprision at least. And, at any rate, his evidence will serve to *put down* this unprincipled and impudent *federal bull-dog*, and add another proof that the most *clamorous* defenders of Burr are his accomplices."* We cannot imagine any language more exceptionable than this, when uttered by a high dignitary of state, nor any course of conduct so really mean and unfair on the part of a chief magistrate. It shows the effervescence of an over-wrought party bitterness, and betrays a willingness to abuse power by using it for purposes of private revenge. It is well known that Burr was acquitted, both as to treason and to misdemeanor. The verdict was proper, and the only one that could have been justly rendered under the circumstances. After months of long testimony and tedious legal arguments, the counsel for Burr had moved that the further progress of the trial be arrested, inasmuch as it had been proved that Burr was not present when the *overt* act, as charged in the indictment, had been committed, and that, therefore, all other testimony was irrelevant. This motion threw consternation and surprise among the prosecutors, and produced one of the most learned, discursive, and powerful legal arguments to be found in the whole course of judicial proceedings. Wirt characterized it as "a bold and original stroke in the noble science of defence, and as bearing marks of the genius and hand of a *master*." He stated his objections to the point, and enforced them in one of the most splendid forensic displays ever recorded. It will stand a favorable comparison with Burke's celebrated *chef d'œuvre* in the great case

* Vol. IV., p. 87, *Corres.*

of Warren Hastings before the British Parliament. Independent of its power as an argument, it stands unrivalled in point of eloquence and emphasis of delivery. After having described Burr and Blannerhasset; coupling the first with all that was dangerous and seductive, and the last with all that was interesting and romantic; painting vividly the beautiful island on the Ohio—its blooming shrubbery—its gorgeous palace—the noble library which opened its treasures to the master—the celestial music which melodized its recesses, and charmed “the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom;” after dwelling on its quiet, rural scenes, and its domestic innocence and loveliness, interrupted and perverted by the arrival of Burr,—he scouts the idea that Blannerhasset can *now* be made principal instead of accessory, and closes with the emphatic appeal: “Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination he has courted; and having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.” But splendor of oratory and majesty of description did not meet the issue, or answer the case. The defence held obstinately to the naked and resistless principle of the law, and its inevitable application to the point submitted. It involved all, it reached and covered the whole merits of the case, but the Chief Justice did not waver. He walked boldly up to his duty, and charged the Jury that *such was the law*. Of course, a verdict of “Not Guilty” was the consequence.

It might have been supposed that this elaborate and painful trial, its exposures and its mortifications, and this verdict, would end the matter, so far as contentment, under the consciousness of duty honestly discharged, was concerned. The law had had its fair operation, the prosecution had staked all, the defence had risked all, and the jury had pronounced. But Jefferson had been deprived of his vengeance, and the event rankled within his bosom. His anger and dissatisfaction found vent, and, strange to tell, his grandson’s has been the hand to parade his weakness and his vindictiveness before a curious world. A letter to Mr. Hay, found on page 102, vol. 4th, of the work before us, contains this

remarkable and petulant language: “The event has been—(*Here follows a number of stars, quite significant*);—that is to say, not only to *clear Burr*, but to prevent the evidence from ever going to the *world (!!!)*. It is now, therefore, more than ever indispensable, that not a *single witness* be allowed to depart until his testimony has been committed to writing. The whole proceedings will be laid before *Congress*, that *they* may decide whether the defect—(*viz., the omission to convict, we suppose,*)—has been in the evidence of guilt, or in the law, or in the *application* of the law, and that *they* may provide the proper *remedy for the past* and the future. * * * *This criminal, (that is, Burr,) is preserved* to become the rallying point of all the disaffected and the worthless of the United States, and to be the pivot on which all the intrigues and conspiracies which foreign governments may wish to disturb us with, are to turn. If he is convicted of the misdemeanor, the Judge must, *in decency*, give *us* respite by some short confinement of him; but we must expect it to be very short.”

We must award to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph a more than usual share of candor and concern for the public, in thus surrendering the worthy object of his veneration to the *scarifiers* of political journalists and reviewers. But we must again object to his taste. It would have been better to have altogether suppressed *such* a letter to his confidential friend and agent; but it was a grievous error to curtail and *star* it. The inferences liable to be drawn from its general tenor will be far more unfavorable to his grandfather than would the part of the sentence omitted. But the whole letter is objectionable,—especially the parts we have quoted and italicised. It exhibits the discontents of a mind laboring under tormenting disappointment at having lost its *victim*. It unfolds the desire of its author to dishonor the Constitution by threatening to appeal from a *Judicial Tribunal* to *Congress* and to the *people*. It shows that Jefferson was capable of undermining, or endeavoring to dishonor, a *judicial officer*, because, instead of laboring to convict and hang an accused person, as the President evidently wished he should do, he had, with the guard of a jury, sternly administered *the law*. It proves that Jef-

feron, in the fury of thwarted vengeance, was willing to urge on Congress to act *retrospectively*, or fall on some "remedy for the past," which would still enable him to pursue and destroy his enemy. It accuses the Court and Jury of deliberately *preserving a criminal*, that he might incite "the disaffected and the worthless" against his country. Now we protest utterly against the inculcation of such principles, and must hold the language and intent as eminently seditious in tendency. We feel at liberty to denounce, and repudiate, such teachings, let them emanate from what source they may. Because Jefferson is claimed as being the apostle, *par excellence* of democracy; we do not choose to receive from him, under this assumed sanction, maxims that would have startled Napoleon in the days of his greatest power, and would drag an English King from his throne. It will not do to panegyrize *Republican liberty* under federal administrations, and then, in its name, grasp at powers which were never dreamed of in connection with *Federal usurpations*. The sedition law of '98, so much complained of by the nation, could work its mischiefs only under the sanctions of a judicial tribunal. The Executive had very little to do with its operations. But if Jefferson's recommendations at this time had been carried out; if the *Habeas Corpus* had been suspended; if the inculcations gleaned from his various letters had been reduced to practice, the Executive would have been *supreme* in legal and civil matters, as it is already in military affairs. Here is another and striking proof, that they who boast most speciously of genuine democratic principles, are not always the safest persons to be trusted with power.

In connection with this trial of Aaron Burr is mixed up another affair, which although somewhat collateral to the main issue, yet serves to show how determined Jefferson was to bring about a speedy conviction of the prisoner. Among those who had been violently arrested in New Orleans by order of General Wilkinson, and dragged to Richmond to testify against Burr, was a Dr. Erick Bollman. This man was a German, and was distinguished for character, science, and enterprise. In 1794, in company with a young South

rolinian, he crossed the Austrian frontiers, made his way into Moravia, and resolved to undertake the desperate effort of liberating Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz. By means of his profession, he gained some communication with the captive, who was said to be gradually sinking under the effects of confinement. After repeated efforts they contrived to enable Lafayette to quit his prison, but it was only a momentary release. He was soon retaken, and along with his heroic friends, again buried in the depths of his dungeon. So great was the resentment against Bollman and his coadjutor they were chained by the necks to the floor of the apartments they severally occupied. After six month's confinement, however, Bollman and Huger were released at the intercession of a powerful and influential nobleman. Bollman became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and in 1806, in some way, was connected with the schemes of Colonel Burr. In December of that year he was arrested, and told for the first time, that he was *particeps criminis* with a traitor at the head of several thousand troops, and whose design was to levy war against the United States. Indignant at being thus wickedly connected, and totally disbelieving all *treasonable intent* on the part of Burr, he solicited, on his arrival in Washington, a personal interview with President Jefferson. He there made a full revelation of the whole plan and schemes of Burr so far as he knew them, utterly repudiating all designs of any attempt to disturb the Union. But he had unwarily committed himself to an artful diplomatist, who cared little about his disclaimers or impressions, so that he could use him in gathering any fact that might subserve his purpose of indicting, convicting, and hanging, Aaron Burr. A short time after this interview, and in order to make matters doubly sure, Jefferson addressed a note to Bollman, adroitly worded, and solicited him to put in writing what he had communicated verbally, but pledging his "*word of honor*" that the same "should never be used against Bollman," and "that the paper should never go out of his hands." To this proposition, Bollman very artlessly and unhesitatingly, but most thoughtlessly, assented. It was the seal to his ruin and ostracism. It was scarcely given be-

fore a pretext was set up that it involved matters which seriously implicated the author in Burr's misdemeanors, and that sufficient cause for indictment by the grand jury existed. Bollman was a prisoner, confidently relying on the President's *word of honor*. In June 1807, he was summoned before the grand jury at Richmond, as a witness against Burr, his testimony being predicated on what he had divulged to the President. By this time he had been apprized of the snare set for him, and he refused to testify in a cause where he might inculcate himself. But Jefferson had planned his tactics. He had privately despatched to Mr. Attorney Hay, a full pardon for Bollman, in order to deprive him of that plea. Bollman not having been indicted or tried, denied that he needed any pardon, and refused it with indignation in open court, as a "*badge of infamy*" proffered him by Jefferson. The District Attorney repeatedly thrust it at him, and, to Bollman's great surprise, referred undisguisedly to the document he had penned for the President, on *his word of honor* that the same should not be used against him, and *never go out of the President's hands*. At this time, Bollman charges, it was not used against him only, but actually was in the hands of Mr. Hay, who had allowed General Wilkinson to read it also. The existence of such a paper became so notoriously public, that it was even sent for, and demanded by the grand jury, sitting on the case of Aaron Burr.*

Now, let these transactions be construed as they may, the most charitable and indulgent will find much to condemn in the conduct of Jefferson. One *fact* is clear and unquestionable. Jefferson certainly broke deliberately his *word of honor*, and without assigning any reason to palliate the violation. In his zeal to convict Burr, Jefferson had withheld papers necessary to the defence; had sanctioned the most violent outrages on personal liberty, to com-

pel the attendance of witnesses; had violated the law by removing the accused beyond the limits of the territory in which the crime was alleged to have been committed; had opened the doors of the national treasury to engage assistant counsel in the prosecution; had turned prompter and prosecutor himself; had refused to attend court on a subpoena *duces tecum*; had offered, by dangerous stretches of power, to break up the defence by imprisoning on a doubtful charge one of the leading counsel, and had done all that he dared to do, to gain the cherished object of his desire. But all this was better than betraying the confidence of an injured man, a prisoner and in his power. Candor, as a reviewer, calls on us to place the brand of unqualified reprehension on such conduct.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it may not be inappropriate to mention, that Burr always denied, that treason against the United States, or the dismemberment of the Union, ever formed any part of his design in these movements. He denied it first, when questioned seriously, to Andrew Jackson. He denied it, in the confidence of client and counsel, to Henry Clay. He denied, under the seal of devoted friendship to Senator Smith, declaring, "if Bonaparte with all his army, was in the western country for the purpose of accomplishing that object, they would never again see salt water." He denied it indignantly on his dying bed, exclaiming, "I would as soon have thought of taking possession of the moon, and informing my friends that I intended to divide it among them." A careful perusal of the evidence adduced on his trial, and an impartial review of all the facts and circumstances of his case, satisfies us that Burr was sincere in the above declarations. The precise objects he had in view, will, in all probability, never be ascertained. His ambition and restlessness led him into many wild schemes, and perhaps many censurable errors, but we are nevertheless satisfied, that he was a persecuted man, and the victim of a malignant proscription.

* See Extracts from Bollman's pamphlet, p. 389. Burr's Memoirs.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

HENRY C. CAREY.

"POLITICAL economy," says Mr. Mill, —one of the most philosophical and candid of the modern school of foreign writers on this subject—"reasons from assumed premises — from premises which might be totally without foundation in fact, and which are not pretended to be universally in accordance with it."

It is not to be wondered at, that those who begin their reasoning from such points of departure, should fall out by the way; and that occasion should be found for the frank declaration of Mr. McCulloch, the highest living authority of that school—"The differences which have subsisted among the most eminent professors of political economy, have proved excessively unfavorable to its progress, and have generated a disposition to distrust its best established conclusions."

It is not to depreciate the claims of the science that we have cited these humiliating confessions by its learned Doctors. They furnish us sufficient explanation, and, in some measure, justification, for the indifference with which its present teachings are regarded by the class who pride themselves upon being called practical men. It requires no small assurance, with such avowals staring them in the face, in enduring print, for the pundits of this distracted sect, to stand up, as they do, and call upon statesmen and legislators in the name of the whole, to listen to their voice, as if it were accordant and unanimous—to accept their guidance in the conduct of the most important operations of government, affecting the material, intellectual, and moral well-being of millions, as if they were all agreed; and in this advanced stage of the world's history, mankind ought to have become too wise to hesitate about deferring to their authority. If we would translate their conduct and their pretensions into language, it would be something like this: "We have started

from various and conflicting hypotheses,—each man of us framing his own,—of what we regard as the way of the world's going on, in the business of accumulating, distributing, and consuming wealth. These may be totally without foundation in fact, and are not pretended to be universally in accordance with it. We have discoursed of value, of profits, of rent, and the like general terms with which our science is conversant. We have not agreed at all in defining them, and the differences between us have not been merely verbal, but fundamental, reaching to the essential properties of things, and the widest consequences in action. We have found out, some of us, laws in virtue of which, the race of man is in a constant and fatal course of progressive deterioration, in those physical comforts which our studies concern themselves about. It is marching on to increasing famine and misery. This discovery is the peculiar merit of our modern school—the new Academy. This, which it was not given Adam Smith to see, has been reserved for our eyes, and it lies at the foundation of our recent teachings, shaping and coloring them all. We have, consequently, discarded as erroneous and heretical, much, very much, that Adam Smith inculcated, and we have refrained from the exposure of many of his errors, lest we should impair the superstitious worship paid to his name,*—that name in which we now call upon you to let things alone—to abstain from any effort to protect the industry of your people, against

* Francis Horner, one of the first contributors to the Edinburgh Review, and a thorough-paced advocate of the so-called Free Trade policy, wrote, in 1803, to a friend who had recommended to him to bring out an annotated edition of the *Wealth of Nations*. "I should be reluctant to expose Smith's errors, before his work has produced its full effect. We owe much at present to the superstitious worship of Smith's name, and we must not impair that feeling till the victory is more complete."

the adverse legislation of foreign states, and the death grapple of foreign private competition. This we teach, with one accord, as a rule of universal application, *attempt no protection, and let the world wag.*"

Such are the dictates of the prevailing school of foreign economical writers. The plausibilities of each have vogue with his coterie of adherents. The practical truth that is in each has gained for him the support of a certain number of practical men—their speculations have ceased to be the occupation of mere students, and have passed into action. They come to us now from across the Atlantic, backed by the authority of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and with the weight which attaches to the strong common sense supposed to be the basis of the English character, and represented by the profession and example of the British Lords and Commons. There was a time when it might do for us, whigs and protectionists, to rely upon the instinctive detection by our people of the errors in fact, and fallacies in reasoning, which are involved in the defence of the Foreign Trade policy, which calls itself *Free Trade*. Every individual has his notions upon this general subject. It is impossible that he should have made his way to man's estate, in this trading world, without having generalized the results of his observation into certain formulas—little snatches of proverbial philosophy—by which he is governed in his private conduct, as well as in his judgment upon public measures. Time was, perhaps, when we might trust to these, for working sound conclusions in the general mind, and keeping it obstinately right, in spite of the lectures of the professors in our colleges, and the solemn treatises of the systematic economists. That time, we apprehend, has passed. The time never was, when we could rely upon contemptuous sneers at theorists, or the attempted refutations by members of Congress and editors of newspapers, who theorized equally with them, but less logically, and have struggled to maintain sound positions by unsound arguments, and brought weakness instead of strength to the cause they labored to serve. Of this there has been more than enough—more than either business or policy will permit us to remark upon. What we have wanted was systematic instruction in true political economy, to meet and overcome systema-

tic instruction in false—When thousands of educated young men are sent out every year from our colleges into the arena of active life, to exercise the power which knowledge always possesses over ignorance, every one of whom has had carefully instilled in him the dogmas of the foreign economists, and the reasonings by which they are supported, it is surely time that we should have an American system, presented equally, formally, fully, and logically. These young men cannot well have a faith made up of shreds and patches. It must be a consistent whole. The hour has been crying out for the man who should do this great service, and, in our judgment, the man has come, in the person of Mr. Carey,—the text-book, in his writings.

The name of Mr. Carey is not a new one in economical literature, nor is its reputation merely American. On the contrary, as we shall have occasion to show before concluding this notice, it is quite as well known, and we regret to indulge a suspicion, more highly and worthily appreciated upon the Continent of Europe than in our own. In the year 1837, he published Part First, of his *Principles of Political Economy*, treating of the laws of the production and distribution of wealth. This was followed in 1838 by Part Second, "of the causes which retard increase in the production of wealth, and improvement in the physical and moral character of man," and, in 1840, by Part Third, "of the causes which retard increase in the numbers of mankind," and Fourth "of the causes which retard increase in the political condition of man." The distinguishing characteristic of this work, in its manner, is the elaborate and extensive collection and comparison of *facts*. Travellers, Historians, Statisticians, are laid under contribution, and no principle is advanced without large citations, from every quarter, to prove or to elucidate its truth. Mr. Carey went upon the notion that the science could only deserve that name, in so far as it was founded upon the observation of facts and carried forward by induction from them. He has felt himself bound at every step to show, not the versimilitude but the verity itself, of his statements—not that the conclusions were likely to be true merely, that they followed by just course of reasoning—but that the reasoning was just and com-

plete, because its results were borne out by visible experience in what we may style, the second series of facts. It is not difficult for us to reason with the precision of syllogism, if we can be absolutely sure, that all facts have been observed and taken into account,—that have relation to the matter. But that we have, in point of fact, taken them into account, is only to be learned by bringing the conclusion from time to time to the test of comparison with facts, of as many different series, as there are stages in the process of ratiocination. The whole philosophy of the matter is involved in the remark that “truth is stranger than fiction.” Fiction *must* look like truth or it is *felo de se*. Truth is under no such law, and perpetually shows itself in novel and unexpected forms, which have no prototype and consequently no similitude.

We shall see pretty soon to what issue the habit of Mr. Carey’s mind has conducted him. Meantime, it occurs to our recollection, that in a series of the work published shortly after its appearance, this feature was deprecated as a fault. The reviewer thought it would have been better to lay down the principles in due method, and leave it to the reader to see that the facts *must* be in accordance with them. That course has been extensively pursued by other writers, and with striking results. It is a circumstance which Mr. Mill had in mind, probably, when he wrote the sentence which we began this article by quoting.

The leading feature in which the doctrines of this work of Mr. Carey differs from those of Malthus, Ricardo, senior, and the modern school of foreign Economists in general are,

1. The demonstration that land, like every other commodity, owes all its value to labor, and that rent, instead of being, as defined by Ricardo, “that compensation which is paid to the owner of land for the use of its original and indestructible powers,” is only interest upon the capital which has been expended upon and about it, in bringing it to its existing condition. That, consequently, the profits resulting from investments in land obey the same laws as those affecting capital in other forms.

2. “That as population and capital in-

crease, and as cultivation is extended over the inferior soils, labor becomes more productive, and there is a constant diminution in the *proportion* claimed by the owner of capital, whether applied to the improvement of land or to the transportation or exchange of commodities, accompanied by a constant increase in the proportion retained by the laborer, and a constant improvement of his condition.

We have chosen the second law, in the words of Mr. Carey, from page 141 of his 1st volume, for the purpose of bringing distinctly into view the phrase which we have put into italics. It is repeated on the next page in the statement of the laws applied to capital, with the addition, that further capital is accumulated with greater facility, and that though the *proportion* of the capitalist is diminished, yet that smaller proportion yields him a *constantly increasing quantity* of commodities, and thus a smaller amount of labor is required to recover a given amount of income.

It requires but little reflection to convince one, that this is the permanent, inflexible, law of human progress.

It is apparent that every improvement in the machinery of production is such in virtue of the fact that it diminishes the quantity of labor necessary to attain the possession of a given commodity. Let it be an axe, or a tin kettle, which will serve the purpose of illustration as well as any more complex and costly product of labor. It is equally plain that the improvement once achieved, axes and tin kettles of equal quality must henceforth forever command a less price in labor than before. A given amount of labor will, under the influence of competition, command more of them than before; in precisely the proportion that the labor cost of their production,—including, of course, the distributive charge upon each axe or kettle requisite to compensate the interest, and wear of the capital or accumulated labor invested in the machinery,—has decreased. But what is capital but the aggregate sum of the axes and kettles already in existence? The relative power of labor, in respect to capital, the proportion which it can command of the fruits of their joint exertion and use—the value and dignity of man, as compared with things, is advancing in ceaseless progression with the increase of population and

of wealth. That the return to the capitalists, for the use of the accumulated labor of himself, or those whom he represents, in virtue of purchase or inheritance, also increases *absolutely*, though relatively diminishing, is shown by considerations which we are not careful to reproduce here. In this day, when so many are attempting the artificial reconstruction of society, upon the notion that the physical and moral condition of the laborer is deteriorating, that aspect of the law which looks to his advantage, is the most interesting.

In this very year of grace, 1850, Mons. Fr. Bastiat, membre correspondant de l'Institut, representant du Peuple, &c., one of the most prominent economical writers of France, who is glorified by his admirers as the French Cobden, has given to the world, at Paris, a book which he styles *HARMONIES ECONOMIQUES*. It is devoted, more than to any thing, to the elucidation and enforcement of the law of which we have been speaking, and which Mr. Carey gave to the world for the first time. Bastiat uses it, and the inferences manifestly deducible from it, with crushing force against the communists and socialists, who are perplexing his nation with fear of change. He writes, as Frenchmen are prone to do, in the heroic vein, and in a highly rhetorical manner, but it must be confessed, with general adroitness of argument and felicity of diction. On page 280 of his book, he comes to the formal annunciation of this law in the following terms: "J'ose poser, comme inébranlable, quant à la distribution de ce bien-être, l'axiome suivant." "*A mesure que les capitaux s'accroissent la part absolue des capitalistes dans les produits totaux augmente et leur part relative diminue. Au contraire les travailleurs, voient augmenter leur part dans deux sens.*"* "SUCH," he continues, "IS THE GREAT, THE ADMIRABLE, CONSOLING, NECESSARY AND INFLEXIBLE LAW OF CAPITAL. To demonstrate it, it seems to me, is to overwhelm with discredit the declamations which

have so long assailed our ears, against the AVIDITY, the TYRANNY, of the most powerful instrument of civilization and of EQUALIZATION, which human powers produce."

Mons. Bastiat is, we think, well warranted in his assertion. If Mr. Carey had done no more in this world than supply that demonstration, he would have made as large a contribution to Political Economy, as any, the most eminent, of his predecessors; larger than any of his contemporaries—one large enough, it might fairly be supposed, to draw an acknowledgment from a man who has availed himself of his labors so extensively, and prizes them so highly, as Mons. Bastiat. He has copied his very arrangement from Mr. Carey—he has used his language, his illustrations, and tables of figures, repeatedly; he has scarce an idea, which is not to be found in the work of which we are speaking, and yet the solitary reference to his creditor is this: At page 404, he cites from Mr. Carey's book an extract from the proceedings of the South Australian Association, and proceeds, "The association, believing that this disaster, (the ruin of the Colony of Swan River,) arose from the cheapness of land, advanced the price of theirs to twelve shillings per acre. But," adds Carey, from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "in his introduction, addressed to the Youth of France, he unblushingly arrogates for himself the entire originality of his views—compares them with those of Malthus, Ricardo, &c., and dismisses Carey's among "a crowd of other systems of a less general scope, that I shall not mention."

It will have been observed, by the reader who is acquainted with the modern school of English economists, that the two laws we have noted, as the remarkable feature of Mr. Carey's work, are sufficient to establish a wide discrepancy between his views and the speculations of Ricardo, Malthus, and their followers, although he was as yet so far misled by their authority, as to concede, that in the commencement of cultivation, when population is small and land abundant, the best soils are alone cultivated, and that with the progress of population men are driven to those of successively inferior quality. The theory of Rent, which is based upon this assumption, was hailed, when first promulgated, as the great

* "I have dared to lay down as an axiom that cannot be shaken, the following rule in relation to the distribution of wealth. 'In proportion as capital increases, the share of the capitalist in the sum of products, increases absolutely, while it diminishes relatively. The laborer, on the contrary, sees his share augmented, as well relatively as absolutely.'"

discovery of the age. A new school arose, all of whose theories were founded upon its truth, and who have corrected what they deem the errors of Adam Smith, by the fresh light, and broader vision, which this acquisition has afforded them. Ricardo taught that "the natural tendency of profits is to fall; for in the progress of society and wealth, the additional quantity of food required is obtained by the sacrifice of more and more labor." He held, too, that rent being paid by reason of the necessity of resorting to soils of progressively lower degrees of fertility, and necessarily advancing as the difference between the best lands, thus first cultivated, and those last brought into use, increases, the share of the laborer in the products of agriculture will be diminished, while that of the landlord will be increased. That, consequently, as the average rates of profits and wages, in all employments, tends to a level, the condition of the laborer and the landless capitalist grows more and more inferior to that of the landlords, with a continual tendency in both to become ultimately his slaves.

Mr. Carey, examining the historical records of the long settled nations of the earth, and comparing the conditions of man, capital, and land, as described in reliable accounts of contemporary societies in different stages of industrial progress, discovered that their theories were at war with the facts. When his analysis had detected the law which governs the division, in different periods of the progress of national wealth, between the laborer and the capitalist, of the fruits of their co-operative action, it supplied him with a corrective, and demonstrated the existence of a counter-acting force, the modifications due to whose influence did much towards harmonizing the results of error with observed facts. There was sufficient vitality in the partial truth, to preserve the falsehood mixed up with it from destruction. It enabled him, also, to fortify his faith against the dreary forebodings of Malthus, who, pursuing the doctrine of Rent, "the great glory of the school of Ricardo," to its legitimate conclusions, proved that the Divine command, "increase and multiply and replenish the earth," was but an injunction to the race to hurry on to starvation—an invitation to suicide. He found

that the laws of capital provided for its growth in a more rapid ratio than that of population, and that the course of this world was so ordered, that its natural progress was towards ever increasing comfort, and virtue, instead of destitution, misery and vice. It was made clear to his comprehension that the cause of Rent was not that assigned—that land, instead of bearing a larger value than the labor expended in bringing it into its existing condition—a monopoly price—always represented a less value in exchange, and could at all times and in all places, be purchased by the equivalent of less labor than that which had been employed in its improvement. But, while thus discarding the theory of Rent in its formula and its consequences, he had not emancipated himself from the falsehood assumed as truth, with which it starts. True, he had perceived that "The soils first cultivated are *very frequently not those of the highest fertility*." It is well known that the rich bottom lands of the west, covered, as they are, with large timber, are not those most sought after. The settler prefers that which is somewhat inferior, but which is clear and ready for cultivation. Timber is, therefore, an objection to him, and he will take land of second or third quality, ready for use, rather than No. 1, that requires to be cleared."*

But he every where impliedly treats such cases as exceptional and receives it as the general rule that men first cultivate the superior soils, and are driven by necessity to those of successively lower fertility.

The fiction is perpetually repeated, under circumstances, where, to one who, having under his guidance learned the truth, now reverts to his earlier work—it would almost seem to indicate a wantonness of perverse phraseology—an affectation of paradox.

To recur to a former quotation :

"As population and capital increases, and as cultivation is extended over the inferior soils, further capital is accumulated with greater facility," &c.

Substitute *superior* for *inferior*, in the italicised member of this sentence, and the

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. 1, p. 38.

proposition carries conviction to the sense as soon as it strikes the eye or ear. What was before incongruous and discordant, becomes harmonious—almost self-evident and a truism. It was precisely to this substitution that Mr. Carey's subsequent enquiries after *facts* conducted him.

It is difficult to conceive a proposition, which being sheer fiction, possessed more the appearance of truth, than that men in the midst of an ample supply of fertile and unappropriated lands, will always in the first instance subject to cultivation those only which are capable of yielding the largest return. It is not strange that the declaration should have been accepted so readily, as a manifest fact. Truth is stranger than fiction. The strong conviction with which it impressed the minds of the foreign economists, is evinced in the unflinching boldness with which they met and embraced every inference logically deducible from it. With them, in relation to this fundamental error, the *reductio ad absurdum* signally failed. When it led them to an absurdity, they received the absurdity without hesitation, and incorporated it forthwith into their creeds. The more startling are the principles of doctrine and practice to which it conducts them, the more do they magnify the importance of the discovery. They have vindicated their honesty as well as their faith, in such measure as is seldom given to writers upon any matter of mere terrestrial concernment.

In the year 1848, Mr. Carey published *THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE*. His examination of history, and observation of contemporaneous facts, had satisfied him that the premise assumed by the modern school has no existence as a fact,—that it never has existed in any country whatsoever; and that it is contrary to the nature of things that it should have existed or can exist. On the contrary, he shows the original settlers "invariably occupying the high and thin lands, requiring little clearing and no drainage; those which can yield but a small return to labor: and as invariably travelling down the hills and clearing and draining the lower and richer lands, as population and wealth increase."

"Passing thus, at every step, from the poor to the better soils, the supply of food, and of

all other of the necessities of life, increases daily, and men consume more while accumulating wealth with constantly increasing rapidity. The danger of famine and disease passes away. Increased returns to labor and daily improving condition, render labor pleasant, and man applies himself more steadily as his work becomes less severe. Population increases, and the rapidity of its increase is seen to be greater with each successive generation, and with each is seen an increase of the power of living in connection with each other by reason of the power of obtaining increasing supplies from the same surface; with each is seen an increase in the tendency to combination of action, by which their labors are rendered more productive—their wants increased—the desires and the facilities of commerce augmented: tending to produce harmony, and peace, and security of person and property among themselves, and with the world; accompanied by constant increase of numbers, wealth, prosperity and happiness."

It is not our purpose to make any citations from the beautiful and convincing demonstration by which this text is supported. It consists in elaborate historical examination of the progress of settlement and cultivation, in the United States, Mexico, South America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, India, &c. This is the first and essential point in Carey's method of treating a subject. That having been established it is proper to explain the rationale of the phenomena, and to exhibit their consonance with what might be anticipated by theorizing, and how the facts could or should have been discovered by sagacious conjecture,—reversing the method of the English economists,—that of reasoning "from assumed premises which might be totally without foundation in fact."

Nor is it our purpose to detail the conclusions to which this discovery has opened the way, with one remarkable exception, presently to be noticed.

We pause here to give audible expression to the astonishment which cannot well fail to be felt by every reader, that when the imaginary discovery or elucidation of a single supposed fact should have given such high reputation to its authors;—should have founded a new school of economists, which continued for forty years with ever fresh glorification of the brilliancy and importance of the theory of rent,—its *refutation* should have excited so little sensation, and

especially in the native country of the man to whom the world owes this great obligation. How comes it, that after being led astray for forty years in a wilderness of delusion, with perpetual beating of drums and sounding of trumpets in honor of our guides, the voice of congratulation and praise should be so low and feeble for him who restores us to safe paths,—that after wandering among quagmires and pit-falls in Stygian gloom, broken only to reveal “gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire,” lowering upon the traveller—sights and sounds unholy, besetting him on every side—obedience to the very commandments of God, denounced as leading infallibly to night and the pit—how comes it that there are no thanks for him who leads us to cheerful scenes and bright prospects,—who vindicates the ways of God to man, and opens to his race the vista of Hope and of Progress? We can find no answer honorable to our countrymen. “The Past, the Present, and the Future,” which has found no reviewer in America, has found them in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and elsewhere on the Continent and in England. The principles of political economy introduced into no College in the United States,* have been translated into Swedish and made the textbook of the University of Upsal. A chapter on the philosophy of commercial crises from a continental author, (M. Coquelin) avowedly founded, and with due acknowledgment, upon Carey’s work, is translated and published in the *Merchant’s Magazine*, to be read by bankers and merchants of his own country, to whom the original is less known than the Koran.

It has not yet been remarked, but such is the fact, that up to the period of the composition of “The Past, Present and Future,” indeed until about half of that work had been written, Mr. Carey was with the rest of the economists, a zealous advocate of what they denominate Free Trade and an opponent of protection. The prepara-

tion of this book opened to his mind the philosophy of concentration. It instructed him that in the natural progress of things, in the course of *real* Free Trade, the consumer of food takes his place side by side with its producer, and that both share the fruits of the common mother earth, most largely, while she gives them in the greatest profusion where there is the least waste in the machinery of exchange. That the loss from the use of the machinery of exchange, is in the ratio of the bulk of the article to be exchanged, food standing first in the scale, which diminishes until we come to fine laces and cutlery. It became apparent to him that

“In the regular course of human affairs, the man who makes the shoes eats the food provided by the man who desires to wear them; and he does so because it is easier for him to bring the awl and the lap-stone, by aid of which he can make one thousand pair of shoes, than it is for the farmer to carry to him the food necessary for his support while doing it. This tendency struggles incessantly to develop itself, and is seen on every occasion making its appearance, but it has almost invariably been crushed; the effect of which has been that the people of the United States are now far more widely scattered, and far less wealthy, than they otherwise would have been. They have *been compelled* to use a vast quantity of inferior machinery of exchange, in the form of roads and wagons, in place of the superior machinery of steam-engines and mills; and they have *been driven* to begin on poor soils in the west, yielding ten bushels of wheat to the acre, when otherwise they might have worked their way down into the rich soils of the river-bottoms further east, portions of which may, at all times, be bought for far less than the cost of production. Pennsylvania abounds in bottom-land that can be cultivated, when the farmer can find a market at his door for milk and cream and butter; but, in the meantime, her citizens go west to seek other lands that may produce something that will bear carriage to the distant markets of the world. It is now obvious what has been the reason of this, (the Tariff Policy,) the single case in which the policy of the Union has appeared to depart from the direction of perfect freedom of trade. We have always deemed such interference as erroneous, but are now satisfied that the error has been with us.

“Man everywhere *must* commence with the poor soils, and the richer ones *cannot* be cultivated until the commerce and produce are brought together. Whatever foreign interference tends to prevent this union, tends to com-

* Since writing the above, we have been informed that “Carey’s Political Economy,” and “the Past, the Present and the Future,” have been adopted as text-books—in some New England College—think you, where the sons of the cotton manufacturers are educated, or in Pennsylvania, amidst the coal mines and the iron mills?—not a bit of it, but in the University of Virginia, where the children of the Abstractionists are congregated.

pel men to scatter themselves over poor soils, to prevent increase in the reward to labor, and to prevent advance in civilization; and *resistance to such interference is a necessary act of self-defence*. The article of chief consumption is food, of which rich soils would yield larger quantities in return to *half the labor* required on the poor ones; and half the difference would convert into cloth all the cotton and wool produced, and make the iron used, in the Union. Such being the case, the exports required to pay for English labor are so much absolute loss, while the great machine itself, (*the earth*), suffers in the loss of labor that would double it in product and in value."—*Past, Present, and Future*, pp. 117 and 118.

Here we have the philosophy of Protection, deduced in logical sequence, from the principles of Free Trade, by a writer on systematic economy, pursuing his investigations *alio intuitu*, and singular only in this, that he has sought to learn and to augment his favorite science in the true spirit of Bacon, and has the candor and courage, when accurate observation and sound induction have led him to the discovery of a previous error, to proclaim the fact and accept and enforce the antagonistic truth.

Retaining all his former convictions, in favor of the justice and policy of Free Trade, he has found the way to attain it, and advocates Protection for the sake and in the spirit of Free Trade. He comes forth against the foreign economists, furnished at all points with weapons from their own armory and shouting their own battle-cry—death to all interference with the liberty of man to employ his industry in such manner as his instinct of self-interest may dictate.

The people of the United States have not this liberty. It is denied them, not by the positive prohibition of their own Government, but by the refusal and neglect of that Government to interpose between them and the Colonial policy of England. That liberty must be recovered. We must conquer a peace. We must achieve perfect freedom of trade through perfect protection. Mr. Carey adopts, in this regard, the sentiment of the motto of Massachusetts:

"Ense petit placidum sub libertate quietem."

He regards the whole system of indirect taxation as mere petty larceny. As a revenue system, it is the plunder of the poor

for the sake of sparing the rich. He believes that if we desire to preserve peace, arrest the process of dispersion, and promote concentration upon rich soils, "it can only be done by increased protection, by aid of a *tariff that is not for revenue*—a tariff whose direct object shall be that of establishing the right of every man to determine for himself where he will live and how he will employ his labor or his capital, or both."

In the brief sketch we have thus given, it has been our principal object to show the progress of an enlightened and honest mind towards the truth, and incidentally to do something towards redeeming the study of political economy from unjust obloquy, by showing that prosecuted in the right spirit, it conducts to conclusions in perfect harmony with their observation and experience. Such men will not undervalue the advantage of weaving scattered facts into a connected system, of exhibiting their relation to each other, and the *rationale* of their existence, of generalizing the history of the phenomena, connected with the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth in comprehensive laws. The progress of an individual in knowledge as well as his facility in making a ready application of it to the solution of the various practical questions which the exigencies of life present, depends upon the extent to which he has condensed it from particulars into generals. A man may learn and remember an indefinite number of the properties of the circle, and may be able to demonstrate them geometrically, or he may carry them all in his memory, and all other possible properties, (if any such there be,) which have escaped attention, wrapped up in the brief formula $2ax - x^2 = z^2$ and evolve them when necessity requires. Every one can see which is the most convenient mode of packing away a given amount of knowledge.

It need not be supposed that a work of economical instruction is necessarily dry because it is methodical. We know few books more entertaining than "The Past, the Present and the Future." A young lady might read it, without suspicion that she was becoming indoctrinated in anything serious enough to be called scientific, and would probably be greatly surprised to discover that she knew more of political economy than is to be found in the arm-chairs of most Professors. A few extracts,

all that our limited space allows, must suffice as a specimen of the style of the book :

"In 'the good old times' of Ivanhoe and Richard, when fertile land was abundant and people rare, the Saxon hogs roamed the woods, living upon acorns produced from oaks that Cedric lacked the means to fell. Later, half-starved sheep fed upon the lands incapable of yielding grain, but cows and oxen were few, because the fine rich meadow was covered with wood and so saturated with moisture as to be inaccessible. Maids of honor then luxuriated on bacon, and laborers banqueted upon 'the strength of water-gruel,' as did sixty years since many of the people of those northern counties,* which now present to view the finest farms in England, the rich soils composing which were then awaiting the growth of population and of wealth. A piece of fat pork was, in those days, an article of luxury rarely to be obtained by the laborer. Even within a century, the bread consumed by a large portion of the people was made of barley, rye, and oats, the consumption of wheat being limited to the rich; the quantity produced being small. It is now in universal use, although so recently as 1727 an eight acre field of it, near Edinburgh, was deemed a curiosity. As late as 1763, there was no such person as a public butcher known in Glasgow. It was the custom of families to buy a half-fed ox in the autumn and salt down the meat as the year's supply of animal food. The state of things there, is an index to that which existed in the Lothians, and in Northumberland and other counties of the north of England, where may now be seen the most prosperous agriculture of Britain. At that time men cultivated, not the best soils, but those which they *could* cultivate, leaving the rich ones for their successors: and in this they did what is done now every day by the settlers of Illinois and Wisconsin."—*The Past, the Present, and the Future*, page 55.

"Wealth tends to grow more rapidly than population, because better soils are brought into cultivation; and it does grow more rapidly, whenever people abandon swords and muskets, and take to spades and ploughs. Every increase in the ratio of wealth to population is attended with an increase in the power of the laborer as compared with that of landed or other capital. We all see that when ships are more abundant than passengers, the price of passage is low—and *vice versa*. When ploughs and horses are more plenty than ploughmen, the latter fix the wages, but when ploughmen are more abundant than ploughs, the owners of the latter determine the distribution of the product of labor.

When wealth increases rapidly, new soils are brought into cultivation, and more ploughmen are wanted. The demand for ploughs produces a demand for more men to mine coal and smelt iron ore, and the iron-master becomes a competitor for the employment of the laborer, who obtains a larger proportion of the constantly increasing return to labor. He wants clothes in greater abundance, and the manufacturer becomes a competitor with the iron-master and the farmer for his services. His proportion is again increased, and he wants sugar, and tea, and coffee, and now the ship-master competes with the manufacturer, the iron-master and the farmer; and thus with the growth of population and wealth there is produced a constantly increasing demand for labor; and its increased productiveness, and the consequently increased facility of accumulating wealth are followed necessarily and certainly by an increase of the laborer's proportion. His wages rise, and the *proportion* of the capitalist falls, yet now the latter accumulates fortune more rapidly than ever, and thus his interest and that of the laborer are in perfect harmony with each other. If we desire evidence of this, it is shown in the constantly increasing amount of the rental of England, derived from the appropriation of a constantly decreasing proportion of the product of the land: and in the enormous amount of railroad tolls compared with those of the turnpike: yet the railroad transports the farmer's wheat to market, and brings back sugar and coffee, taking not one-fourth as large a *proportion* for doing the business as was claimed by the owner of the wagon and horses, and him of the turnpike. The laborer's product is increased, and the proportion that goes to the capitalist is decreased. The power of the first over the product of his labor has grown, while that of the latter is diminished.

"Nothing is more frequent than references to those 'good old times,' when the laborer obtained food more readily than at present, but no idea can be more erroneous. The whole quantity of food at this time consumed in England is at the lowest estimate sixty times as great as in the days of Edward III., while the population is but little more than six times greater. Divided among the whole people, the average per head would be ten times as great, in quantity, without taking into account the difference of quality. In those days of barbarous wassail, the waste among the nobles and their followers was prodigiously great. In our day economy prevails everywhere, and it prevails necessarily, for as the standard of living rises with the increase of production, the *proportion* that falls to the land, or to capital in any other form, tends to decrease. Increase of wealth tends therefore to beget economy, and economy begets wealth; and the more fertile the soil cultivated the greater will be

* Eden.

the power of the laborer, and the greater the necessity for economy on the part of those who represent landed or other capital, and who do not themselves work. The proportion now consumed by the wealthy and their attendants—by those who consume and do not produce, is very small compared with what it was in those 'good old times,' and therefore the proportion going to the laborer is very large, while the quantity to be divided is so greatly increased. The great mass of the present large product goes directly to the tables of those who work, while a very small proportion of it is prepared for the tables of those who do not work, and even of that a large portion is eaten at last by people whose position in society renders employment desirable. The Queen eats less in weight than the man who mines the coal that is used in her palace. Lord John Russell consumes less than any London porter, and Sir Robert Peel is, we doubt not, outdone by most of his servants.

"Of the mass of food provided for the people of England, nine-tenths are eaten by the laboring class. If any be disposed to deny that this view is correct, let them endeavor to satisfy themselves what else becomes of it. That the whole is eaten is certain. That the class who do not labor is small, and that they cannot consume much more, per head, than others, are equally certain; and if so, it must be obvious that the proportion which their consumption bears to the quantity consumed must be very small indeed; and equally so that what they do not eat must be eaten by the great class who labor.

"Such is likewise the case with clothing. The quantity consumed is thousands of times greater than it was at the period to which we have referred, and it is chiefly consumed by the class who work. Ladies and gentlemen *buy* more than colliers and farm-laborers, but they do not *wear out* as much. They change frequently, but their cast-off clothes pass from hand to hand and are worn out by those who work. In no part of Europe is the mass of rent, or of profits of capital employed otherwise than on land, so great as there: yet in none do the people who pay the rent, or those profits—those who work—enjoy so large an amount of the conveniences, comforts, and enjoyments of life. In none is there so great a tendency to an increase of the laborer's proportion,—of his power over the product of his labor,—while in none is the quantity to be divided so great. In none, therefore, is there so great a tendency to elevation and equality of physical, moral, intellectual and political condition, because in none do wealth and population grow so rapidly, facilitating the cultivation of the lower and more productive soils. In no time past has there been so rapid an increase as now. Never has the tendency

to cultivate those soils been so great, and ye never has the product of labor increased in so great a ratio: and never has the proportion of the landlord so rapidly diminished."—*Ib.* p. 66.

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"Such is the course of events, when man is allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations, which, however, he rarely is. When men are poor, they are compelled to select such soils as they *can* cultivate, not such as they *would*. Although gathered around the sides of the same mountain range, they are far distant from each other. They have no roads, and they are unable to associate for self-defence. The thin soils yield small returns, and the little tribe embraces some who would prefer to live by the labor of others rather than by their own. The scattered people may be plundered with ease, and half a dozen men, combined for the purpose, may rob in succession all the members of the little community. The opportunity makes the robber. The boldest and the most determined becomes the leader of the gang. One by one, the people who use spades are plundered by those who carry swords, and who pass their leisure in dissipation. The leader divides the spoil, taking the largest share himself, with which, as the community increases, he hires more followers. He levies black mail on those who work, taking such portion as suits his good pleasure. With the gradual increase of the little community, he commutes with them for a certain share of their produce, which he calls rent, or tax, or *taille*. Population and wealth grow very slowly, because of the large proportion which the non-laborers bear to the laborers. The good soils are very slowly improved, because the people are unable to obtain axes or spades with which to work, and to make roads into the dense forests. Few want leather, and there is no tanner on the spot to use their hides. Few can afford shoes, and there is no shoemaker to eat their corn while making the few that can be bought. Few have horses, and there is no black-smith. Combination of effort has scarcely an existence. By very slow degrees, however, they are enabled to reduce to cultivation better lands, and to lessen the distance between themselves and the neighboring settlement, where rules another little sovereign. Each chief, however, now covets the power of taxing, or collecting rents from the subjects of his neighbor. War ensues. Each seeks plunder, and calls it 'glory.' Each invades the domain of the other, and each endeavors to weaken his opponent by murdering his rent-payers, burning their houses, and wasting their little farms, while manifesting the utmost courtesy to the chief himself. The tenants fly to the hills for safety, being there more distant from the invaders. Rank weeds grow up in the rich lands thus abandoned, and the

drains fill up. At the end of a year or two, peace is made, and the work of clearing is again to be commenced. Population and wealth have, however, diminished, and the means of recommencing the work have again to be created. Meanwhile the best lands are covered with shrubs, and the best meadows are under water. With continued peace, the work, however, advances, and after a few years, population and wealth, and cultivation, attain the same height as before. New wars ensue, for the determination of the question which of the two chiefs shall collect all the—so-called—rent. After great waste of life and property, one of them is killed, and the other falls his heir, having thus acquired both glory and plunder. He now wants a title, by which to be distinguished from those by whom he is surrounded. He is a little king. Similar operations are performed elsewhere, and kings become numerous. By degrees, population extends itself, and each little king covets the dominions of his neighbors. Wars ensue on a somewhat larger scale, and always with the same results. The people invariably fly to the hills for safety. As invariably the best lands are abandoned. Food becomes scarce, and famine and pestilence sweep off those whose flight had saved them from the sword of the invader. Small kings become greater ones, surrounded by lesser chiefs who glorify themselves in the number of their murders, and in the amount of plunder they have acquired. Counts, viscounts, earls, marquises, and dukes now make their appearance on the stage, heirs of the power and of the *rights* of the robber chiefs of early days. Population and wealth go backward, and the love of title grows with the growth of barbarism.* Wars are now made on a larger scale, and greater 'glory' is acquired. In the midst of distant and highly fertile lands occupied by a numerous population, are rich cities and towns offering a copious harvest of plunder. The citizens, unused

to arms, may be robbed with impunity, always an important consideration to those with whom the pursuit of 'glory' is a trade. Provinces are laid waste, and the population is exterminated, or if a few escape, they fly to the hills and mountains, there to perish of famine. Peace follows, after years of destruction, but the rich lands are overgrown: the spades and axes, the cattle and the sheep are gone: the houses are destroyed: their owners have ceased to exist: and a long period of abstinence from the work of desolation is required to regain the point from which cultivation had been driven by men intent upon the gratification of their own selfish desires, at the cost of the welfare and happiness of the people over whose destinies they have unhappily ruled. Population grows slowly, and wealth but little more rapidly, for almost ceaseless wars have impaired the disposition and the respect for honest labor, while the necessity for beginning once more the work of cultivation on the poor soils, adds to the distaste for work, while it limits the power of employing laborers. Swords or muskets are held to be more honorable implements than spades and pickaxes. The habit of union for any honest purpose is almost extinct, while thousands are ready, at any moment, to join in expeditions in search of plunder. War thus feeds itself by producing poverty, depopulation, and the abandonment of the most fertile soils; while peace also feeds itself, by increasing the number of men and the habit of union, because of the constantly increasing power to draw supplies of food from the surface already occupied, as the almost boundless powers of the earth are developed in the progress of population and wealth." — *Ib.* p. 83.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of a series of Essays under the title of the *Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial*, contributed by Mr. Carey to Skinner's *Agricultural Magazine*, the *Plough*, the *Loom*, and the *Anvil*, and which we understand are shortly to be collected in a volume. This work is the supplement, what preachers sometimes call the practical application, of doctrines developed in his former publications.

In it he makes an elaborate examination of the statistics of production and consumption in the United States, and contrasts the results in the several periods in which the protection policy has prevailed with those in which it was abandoned. He demonstrates by detailed and authentic official statements of the Treasury Department through the entire series of years from 1816 to 1849, that the productive

* It is amusing to trace with each step in the progress of the decay of the Roman Empire, the gradual increase in the magnificence of titles: and so again with the decline of modern Italy. In France, titles became almost universal as the wars of religion barbarized the people. The high-sounding titles of the East are in keeping with the weakness of those by whom they are assumed, as are the endless names of the Spanish grandee with the poverty of the soil cultivated by his dependents. The time is fast approaching when men of real dignity will reject the whole system as an absurdity, and when small men alone will think themselves elevated by the title of Esquire, Honorable, Baron, Marquis, or Duke. Extremes always meet. The son of the duke rejoices in the possession of half a dozen Christian names, and the little retailer of tea and sugar calls his daughter Amanda Malvina Fitzallan-Smith, or Pratt: while the gentleman calls his son Robert, or John.

power of the country has increased under every protective tariff and diminished under the compromise act and the tariff of 1846, and that with every increase of productive power, the power of importation and consumption has increased also.

This done, so far as statistics can do it, in the first three chapters of the book, the remainder is devoted to an exposition of the philosophy of protection—the explanation of how it is that protection tends to increase production and consumption, why it is that protection is required and how it affects each of the great industrial interests. It treats specifically and separately on the influence of the protective policy, on commerce, on population and emigration, on the farmer, the planter, and the capitalist, the laborer, on the currency, on the political condition of man, on the revenue and expenditure of government, &c. To the discussion of all these topics, Mr. Carey brings that copious illustration, as well from the records of the past, as of contemporaneous history, which distinguishes his method of handling the subject from the dry didactic style of most others who have

occasion to speak or write upon it. The point of view from which he contemplates these topics, will be to most readers as entirely novel, as is the line of argument pursued. To those who have been deluded by the pretensions of the opponents of protection, that their system is that which conduces to freedom of trade, there will seem to be something paradoxical in the declaration with which he concludes that it has been his object “to prove that among the people of the world, whether agriculturists, manufacturers or merchants, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the happiness of individuals as well as the grandeur of nations is to be promoted by perfect obedience to that greatest of all commands, ‘Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.’”

But as we have said, our limits forbid any extended notice of this work. If what the little we have said shall stimulate a curiosity which may lead our readers to its perusal, we shall have rendered them a service,—for which we doubt not, they will be grateful,—and accomplished all we intend.

SYDNEY SMITH'S SKETCHES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

ENGLISH books find American readers from the one circumstance of a common language, and from no especial congeniality of character between the two nations or common direction of thought. Even in New England coteries, where the mother country is aped and loved with provincial fervor, the speculative, and speculating Yankee is the mental antipodes of the exact, routine loving Englishman. The New Englander is of pure English descent, and yet there is not a single nation of the North of Europe with which he has as little in common as with the English. Social life, as German and Swedish moralists have of late opened it to us, is in those countries, in a thousand lights and shades the daguerreotype of our own. And even the contemplative, metaphysical mind of the German race is witnessed in our own countrymen in their love of social and political "abstractions." On the Continent, wherever political convulsions have broken up the old forms of society, with the more equal distribution of wealth we find a more complete distribution of knowledge. In France, as the class of small proprietors increases, the national literature becomes popularized. In Great Britain, literature is for men of leisure, ripe scholars, rich and highly disciplined minds, with whom the pursuit of knowledge is the occupation of their life. But with us, knowledge is sought in moments snatched from exertion;—the soil is fruitful but neglected, and the seed consequently should be perfect and adapted to take instant root.

Science must now be stripped of that veil of mystery which has so long obscured its fair proportions, and must be content to be robed in the habiliments of every day life. Heretofore, like the gods on Olympus, its feet have been hidden in clouds impervious to the gaze

of mortals, while it only held converse with the privileged few dwelling in the higher regions. Not willingly do these yield up their power and privileges, but civilization has warmed the frozen depths of society, and from the abyss is heard a sound of many voices clamoring for knowledge. It was no mere caprice of fashion that changed the gorgeous and grotesque apparel of a half-barbarous age, into the simple costume of this century. Perukes and powdered hair, gold lace and velvets, were discarded because men of cultured mien were found in classes who had neither the means nor the leisure to spend half of their mornings under the hands of the barber, or fortunes in personal endowment. In like manner, thought has forced its way into the ranks of those once only hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they now seek to tear from knowledge its patrician livery, and to make it free to all mankind.

No where are these rubbish-barricades greater than in metaphysical science. From the obscurity of its terms, the seeker must waste years in grappling with the obscurities of its language. And yet these difficulties once overcome or partially obviated, there is no science in which the common mind can advance with such freedom and independence; for its materials are in every man's breast, or to be gained in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men.

Neither do we think it requires a greater power of intellectual vision than is constantly called forth by the practical pursuits of life. In the difficulty of giving intelligible and fixed appellations to phases of mind which are not only of difficult representation, but variable and fleeting when once called up, lie the chief impediments to the diffusion of mental and moral science, and not in a peculiar demand for intellectual subtlety or reach. The disciple can always follow the master, if that

master only knows what he means himself, and has the genius to express his meaning definitely and clearly.

This merit the book before us undoubtedly possesses, whatever may be its faults in other respects. Whatsoever the author has to say, he says it boldly, in plain serviceable Saxon, and the reader is never befogged by the obscurities of intricate style, nor lost in the hopeless attempt at unfolding shadowy half-expressed ideas. From the cursory manner in which the different subjects are treated, we would have little reason to expect any thing but a bald recapitulation of the outlines and leading theories of moral philosophy. Instead of this, we are delighted by a hearty and manly discourse, such as Attic youth listened to long since, amid groves and academic shades. It has all the flavor and life of conversation, partaking of the warmth of the subjects treated of, and varying in interest with them. Sometimes he becomes grave and clerical, then breaks out into dashing and jovial talk, rather startling in this phase of literature. One page will gleam with the sharpshooting of wit, another fairly tremble beneath the rolling fire of humor.

All this is in good taste, and what is more to the purpose, we gain from it a hint of what is the chief deficiency in works of psychological science. In consequence of the sensuous origin of language, there are no means of treating subjects of this nature in the straightforward and precise manner so easily gained in positive science. Mankind first name objects of sense around them, and *therefrom* give names, in consequence of some hidden resemblance, to purely mental processes. The similarity here is not between the thought and the object, but between the thought and certain trains of ideas to which the object gives rise. Hence all discussion on the operations and divisions of our minds must be doubly metaphorical. If we would convey a train of ideas conceived with the utmost mathematical and logical accuracy, we are forced to do it by means of a series of similitudes which weaken, and may in other minds entirely pervert the meaning. The only way to surmount this obstacle is to pile analogy upon analogy, metaphor on metaphor,—to present the thought from all points of view,—

to paint it grotesque in humor, severe in wit; with the glow of poetry, and the hardness of common-sense. This our author does, and does well, and without any great profundity this book will reach more minds and take deeper root than many a work of more learning and pretension. It will soften many of those prejudices which regarded mental and moral philosophy as the arctic region of science, chilling, lifeless, misty; for it displays the warm life that beats under the unattractive exterior. For the greater popularity of metaphysics he puts in the following plea:—

“The existence of matter is as much a matter of *fact* as the existence of mind: It is as true that men remember, as that oxygen united to carbon makes carbonic acid. I am as sure that anger and affection, are principles of the human mind, as I am that grubs make cockchafers; or of any of these great truths which botanists teach of lettuces and cauliflowers. Those that would cast a ridicule upon metaphysics, or the intellectual part of moral philosophy, as if it were vague and indefinite in its object, must either contend that we have no faculties at all, and that no general facts are to be observed concerning them, or they must allow to this science an equal precision with that which any other can claim.

“A great deal of unpopularity has been incurred by this science from the extravagances or absurdities of those engaged in it. When the mass of mankind hear that all thought is explained by vibrations and vibratiuncles of the brain,—that there is no such thing as a material world,—that what mankind consider as their arms and legs, are not arms and legs, but *ideas* accompanied by the notion of *outness*,—that we have not only no bodies, but no minds; that we are nothing in short but currents of reflection and sensation; all this, I admit, is well calculated to approximate in the public mind the ideas of lunacy and intellectual philosophy. But if it be fair to argue against a science, from the bad method in which it is prosecuted, such a mode of reasoning ought to have influenced mankind centuries ago to have abandoned all the branches of physics as utterly hopeless. I have surely an equal right to rake up the mouldy errors of all the other sciences; to reproach astronomy with its vortices; chemistry with its philosopher's stone; history with its fables; law with its cruelty and ignorance; and, if I were to open the battery against medicine, I do not know where I should stop. Zingis Khan, when he was most crimsoned with blood, never slaughtered the human race as they have been slaughtered by rash and erroneous theories of medicine.”

Concerning the vagaries that have cast discredit on intellectual science, his wit thus separates the chaff from the wheat.

"Bishop Berkely destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained after his time but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737; so that with all the tendency to destroy, there remains nothing left for destruction; but I would fain ask, if there be any one human being from the days of Protagoras the Abderite to this present hour, who was ever for a single instant a convert to these subtle and ingenious follies? Is there any one out of bedlam who doubts of the existence of matter? who doubts of his own personal identity? or of his consciousness? or of the general credibility of memory? Men talk on such subjects from ostentation, or because such wire-drawn speculations are an agreeable exercise to them; but they are perpetually recalled by the necessary business and the inevitable feelings of life to sound and sober opinions on these subjects. Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation. From pure extravagance and genuine unmeaning falsehood, the world never has and never can sustain any mischief. It is not in our power to believe all that we please; our belief is modified and restrained by the nature of our faculties, and by the constitution of the objects by which we are surrounded. We may believe anything for a moment, but we shall soon be lashed out of our impertinence by hard and stubborn realities. A great philosopher may sit in his study, and deny the existence of matter, but if he take a walk in the streets, he must take care to leave his theory behind him. Pyrrho said there was no such thing as pain; and he saw no proof that there were such things as carts and wagons; and he refused to get out of their way; but Pyrrho had, fortunately for him, three or four stout slaves, who followed their master, without following his doctrine; and whenever they saw one of these ideal machines approaching, took him up by the arms and legs, and, without attempting to controvert his arguments put him down in a place of safety."

We do not think the position he takes as to the progress and practical utility of Moral Philosophy sufficiently high; while, from its views as to the manner and means of its utility, we differ *toto calo*.

"Some very considerable men are accustomed to hold very strong and sanguine language respecting the important discoveries which are to be made in Moral Philosophy; but then

this appears to be the difference; that Natural Philosophy is directed to subjects with which we are little or imperfectly acquainted; Moral Philosophy investigates faculties we have always exercised, and passions we have always felt. Chemistry, for instance, is perpetually bringing to light fresh existences; four or five new metals have been discovered within as many years, of the existence of which no human being could have had any suspicion; but no man that I know of, pretends to discover four or five new passions, neither can anything very new be discovered of those passions and faculties with which mankind are already familiar. We are, in natural philosophy, perpetually making discoveries of new properties in bodies with whose existence we have been acquainted for centuries: Sir James Hall has just discovered that lime can be melted by carbonic acid; but who hopes that he can discover any new flux for avarice? or any improved method of judging, and comparing?"

But these new elements in positive science have been all along known to the senses, but only in the way the senses act, and in combination with other elements. Observation and reflection separate each element from the other principles of matter, and then present it for cognition by the senses in its pure unmixed state. In like manner, the consciousness has no knowledge of our passions and faculties except as a whole, no matter how complex they may arise to it; but by observation and reflection on their conditions, each combination is resolved into its constituent parts, and each part then held up to the consciousness for appreciation. If this can be done, surely the insight it will give us into the vices, foibles and virtues of men, will constitute a species of knowledge far above all wisdom that men have hitherto heaped up, and a dim reflection in its penetration of the piercing vision of God.

"There may, indeed," he says, "be speculative discoveries made with respect to the human mind; for instance, Mr. Dugald Stewart contends that attention be classified among our faculties. Now, if attention be a faculty, it is certainly a discovery, for nobody had ever so classed it before Mr. Stewart; but whether it be so, or only a mode of other faculties, it is of no consequence in practice; for nobody has ever been ignorant of the importance and efficacy of attention, whether it be one thing or whether it be the other."

Whatever is the source of the power of

attention, there is no quality that exercises the same influence in the right guidance of the understanding; and a knowledge of its true function would throw much light upon the course to be followed in its education. For instance in the study of mental science, power of abstraction, or attention, and vigor of the generalizing faculty are both necessary. Should attention be a primitive form of the mind, and not a mere mode of the reasoning faculty we would hardly plunge at once into the turbid depths of metaphysics, but gradually strengthen the mind to the required pitch by turning it to those studies in which little generalization is necessary, but which require a certain degree of *abstraction*; and, at the same time, by a parallel course cultivating the *reflection* by pursuits, calling for only a moderate degree of concentrated thought.

But if attention be, as we suspect, a faculty that operates on the emotions, passions, and desires, as well as the intellect, then we have before us an element of enormous weight in all estimates of human character, and so far from a knowledge of it being of no practical utility, we are convinced that there can be no clear comprehension of the workings of the human soul without admitting this or a similar independent power. As an instance of the manifestation of this faculty, and in proof of the usefulness of a knowledge of mental science, we would mention a fact stated by medical writers concerning the different treatment of *insanity* in different nations. Among the French, melancholy, or monomania, is often cured by the removal of the individual from the scenes and external causes of his malady. Among the Germans such a course is sure to aggravate the disease. The French are deficient in power of concentrated attention, while the Germans possess this characteristic in a marked degree. Now, if attention be only a mode of intellect, then it gives no explanation of this singular fact; but if it be a distinct faculty, we obtain at once a clue to the whole phenomena, and a new principle is established for discriminative treatment in individual cases. It would produce a fixedness of emotion, a dwelling not only upon ideas, but states of feeling, before which the external world would seem dim and dream-like, leaving nothing real but the exaggerated conceptions of a diseased

fancy. The sufferer in this case carries his world with him, and may change his skies but not the agony that rends his soul; while distance only adds fuel to the imagination. Here the actual cautery of habit is a severe, but the only remedy. But where there is a deficiency of this faculty, the character takes its hue from the circumstances and events of the moment; and by leaving behind the exciting causes, new scenes and events soon displace mental confusion and uproar.

What our author says of the efficiency of this science as a mental discipline should be received with a degree of caution. The same mental processes are exercised as fully in the ordinary occupations of men. Not only the judge, the advocate, the politician, the preacher, but every man in the varied exigencies of life, call into play the same intellectual powers as the metaphysician. Besides, we doubt the utility of too incessant and absorbed intellection. It weakens force of character, which can only be gained in the actual battle of life. If we would acquire constraint of our volitions, and the manliness of self-control, we can only do it by mixing in the strife and temptations of the world.

But the bow may be kept too long bent, —the tension may become too great, and then the complete rest from more distracting thoughts afforded by the absorption of mental science, is welcome and useful. The soul of man, torn by care, ambition, passion, folds its wings on the shores of intellect, and sleeps.

The following will commend itself to the reader, in these days when opinion is a power above all laws, the Fate above Jove; — when a vague and ill-defined maxim will convulse a continent, and warring abstractions rend an empire in twain.

“Next to this we have the abuse of words, and the fallacy of associations; compared with which, all other modes of misconducting the understanding are insignificant and trivial. What do you *mean* by what you say? Are you prepared to give a clear account of words which you use so positively, and by the help of which you form opinions that you seem resolved to maintain at all hazards? Perhaps I should astonish many persons by putting to them such sort of questions: —Do you know what is meant by the word *Nature*? Have you definite notions of *Justice*? How do you explain the word *chance*? What is *virtue*?

Men are every day framing the rashest propositions on such sort of subjects, and prepared to kill and to die in their defence. They never, for a single instant, doubt of the meaning of that which was embarrassing to Locke, and in which Leibnitz and Descartes were never able to agree. Ten thousand people have been burned before now, or hanged, for one proposition. *The proposition has no meaning.* Looked into and examined in these days, it is absolute nonsense. A man quits his country in disgust at some supposed violation of its liberties, sells his estate, and settles in America. Twenty years afterwards, it occurs to him, that he had never reflected upon the meaning of the word,—that he has packed up his goods and changed his country for a sound. Fortitude, justice, and candor, are very necessary instruments of happiness; but they require time and exertion. The instruments I am now proposing to you, you must not despise,—*grammar, definition, and interpretation*—instruments which overturn the chains of *logocracy* in which it is so frequently enslaved.

* * * * * There are men who suffer certain barren generalities to get the better of their undertakings, by which they try all their opinions, and make them their perpetual standards of right and wrong: as thus—Let us beware of novelty; the excesses of the people are *always* to be feared: or the contrary maxims—that there is a natural tendency in all governments to encroach on the liberties of the people; or, that everything modern is probably an improvement of antiquity. Now, what can be the use of sawing about a set of maxims to which there is a complete set of antagonist maxims? For, of what use is it to tell me that governors have a tendency to encroach on the liberties of the people? and is that a reason why you should throw yourself systematically in opposition to the government? What you *say* is very true, what you *do* is very foolish. The business is, to determine at any particular period of affairs, which principle is in danger of being weakened, and to act accordingly like an honest and courageous man; not to lie like a dead weight at one end of the beam, without the smallest recollection that there is any other, and that the equilibrium will be violated alike whichever extreme shall preponderate.”

Of all the subjects discussed in this book, the lectures on Wit and Humor possess the greatest interest, not only from the acuteness with which they are treated, but as coming from one who owned a world-wide renown as the prince of humorists. We have winced beneath the sheen of his blade on this side of the Atlantic; and for the sake of the impartiality with which he

chastised both friends and foes, at home and abroad, our national vanity has pardoned him, though he sometimes laid down his rapier with its deadly lunge, and stooped to the hammering invective of his countrymen.

After sketching the various theories and definitions of wit laid down by previous writers, he gives his own hypothesis. “Observe,” he says, “I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind, called wit;—I can no more define the feeling itself, than I can define the flavor of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other with a very great feeling of satisfaction; but why each feeling is what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine.”

Wit he considers to arise from the *surprise* occasioned by the discovery of certain relations or congruities of ideas, while *humor* springs from a similar surprise caused by their incongruities. It must be sheer surprise, however, and unaccompanied by any higher feeling, for the more intense emotions, such as awe, compassion, anger, the sense of beauty and sublimity, diminish or completely destroy the subordinate perception of wit.

“Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit will bear repetition;—at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. * * * The relation discovered, must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep-walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of color with color, and figure with figure, or any comparison, which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought,—things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtlety and quickness. * * * Now, then, the point we have arrived at, at present, in building up our definition of wit, is, that it is the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise. But a great deal must be taken from this account of wit before it is sufficiently accurate; for, in the first place, there must be no feeling of conviction of the utility of the relation so discovered. If you go to see a large cotton-mill, the manner in which the large water-wheel below works the little parts of the machinery seven stories high, the relation which one bears to another,

is extremely surprising to a person unaccustomed to mechanics—but there is a sort of rational approbation of the *utility* and *importance* of the relation, mingled with your surprise, which makes the whole feeling very different from that of wit. At the same time, if we attend very accurately to our feelings, we shall perceive that the discovery of any surprising relation, even of this kind, produces some slight sensation of wit. * * *

* * The relation between ideas which excite surprise, in order to be witty must not excite any feelings of the beautiful. 'The good man,' says a Hindoo epigram, 'goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandal-wood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavor.' Now here is a relation which would be witty if it were not beautiful: the relation discovered betwixt the falling sandal-wood, and the returning good for evil, is a new relation which excites surprise; but the mere surprise at the relation, is swallowed up by the contemplation of the moral beauty of the thought, which throws the mind into a more solemn and elevated mood than is compatible with the feeling of wit."

This definition of wit being attacked at the time with much severity, and the objection raised that there were innumerable cases of relations of *facts*, which excited surprise, but not the feeling of wit, (although there was no *rational approbation* to explain its absence as in the instance of the cotton-mill,) he unconsciously leaves his first position, and is forced to the ground that the surprise must be attended by a feeling of *power* or superiority of mind. This superiority is manifested only by the perception of the relations of *ideas*, a province of the highest powers of the understanding, and not by the perception of the relations of facts, which is one of the lowest. There is no wit in finding a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge, for it is a relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind. Any man, he says, can ascertain that a calf has two heads, if it has two heads. The reverend lecturer is getting a little personal with his assailants, and must suspect the flaw in his theory. His hypothesis loses its simplicity, and becomes confused and unsatisfactory.

Congruities of words are certainly as easily discovered as congruities of facts, and require even less of the higher powers of thought. Yet, he admits the pun as a legitimate form of wit, although of a lower

caste, and not admitted, in consequence, into good company. The wit of language, he says, is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly in bad repute. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them, he says: it is a radically bad race of wit.

"A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote: and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it, he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies; and the whole pleasure derived from the pun, consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

This is a most inconclusive and indefinite explanation to the phenomena of punning. Every man must recollect numberless instances of puns, which fulfil all of these conditions, and yet differ very materially in the degrees of mirth they excite. Some, indeed, impress us as of the highest order of wit, while others are fairly nauseating in the contempt they inspire.

Concerning Humor, our author justly rejects the hypothesis of Hobbes, who defines laughter to be "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency of ourselves, by comparison with infirmity (inferiority) of others, or our own former infirmity." It is true, Mr. Smith argues, the object of laughter is always inferior to us; but then the converse is *not* true,—that every one who is inferior to us is an object of laughter; therefore, as some inferiority is ridiculous, and other inferiority not ridiculous, we must, in order to explain the nature of the humorous, endeavor to discover the discriminating cause. This dis-

eliminating cause is *incongruity*, or the conjunction of objects and circumstances not usually combined.

"To see a young officer of eighteen years of age, come into company in full uniform, and in such a wig as is worn by grave and respectable clergymen advanced in years, would make everybody laugh, for it is a complete instance of incongruity. Make this incongruous officer eighty years of age, and a celebrated military character of the last reign, and the incongruity almost entirely vanishes: I am not sure we should not be more inclined to *respect* the peculiarity than to laugh at it. If a tradesman of corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here everything heightens the humor of the scene,—the gayety of his tunic, the respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we observed a dustman falling into a pond, it would hardly attract attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling, and the incongruity so slight."

It is seldom that we meet with as rich a union of the dramatic and the philosophical as the above, the representation of the thing itself, and along with it the acute analysis; and, to leave out the emotion of surprise, which he interposes between the incongruity and the feeling of mirth, and to take the incongruity itself as its true conditions, we believe that it is an approach to the real theory both of wit and humor. If we examine closely into the meaning which our author attaches to the term surprise, we find that he has confounded the emotion which goes by that name, and which we see constantly manifested without the least wit or humor being attached to, or arising from it, with the mere *suddenness* with which the mind shifts from one train of ideas or feelings, to another at variance with it. Now, if we adopt the hypothesis, which our author subsequently disputes,

but with little effect, that there is no *humor*, but that of character, that is of emotion (meaning thereby all those mental states which are not intellectual,) and consider still further that *wit* is only another term for intellectual perception, and untended by laughter, we may perhaps find the key of the whole mystery. In this view, the incongruity which is the condition of humor, is merely the sudden and racking revulsion from one state of feeling to another which is in some respect opposed to it. It is convulsive, often painful, even when yielding a great degree of enjoyment, and, when extreme, produces hysterical laughter. It is a harsh wrenching of the soul from its equilibrium, a sudden collapse from its positive to its negative state. We should observe that all perception of character is emotional. As our author says above of the feeling of wit and flavor of venison, we can only define their conditions. The reason why we cannot define them by the intellect alone is because we cannot perceive them by the intellect alone.

For instance in the case of the respectable tradesman in pea-green, it is his forlorn and helpless condition compared with his intense ferociousness, his piteous appealing distress still struggling with the importance of well-fed and well-feeling respectability. All this is represented on our own consciousness, and we enter intuitively into the feelings of the sufferer, but only in a slight degree, and the consequence is mirth. It may be asked why the object of our amusement is not himself convulsed with laughter since our own proceeds from a mere reflection of *his* feelings. But rage and agony fill his soul, and emotion does not interpenetrate emotion but in each degree commingles in proportions, the more of one the less of the other. Were his nerves of feminine weakness, and not sustaining severe tension, mirth would be manifested in the shape of a painful hysterical giggle.

We believe that no instance of wit or humor, producing laughter, can be shown, in which *character* cannot be proved to be the essential element. The scene described by our author, to refute such a theory, and considered by him as entirely devoid of "character," appears to us to be full of it.

"One of the most laughable scenes I have ever seen in my life was the complete overturning of a very large table, with all the dinner upon it. What of character is there of seeing a roasted turkey sprawling on the floor? Or ducks lying in different parts in the room, covered with trembling fragments of jelly?"

A fortunate intimacy with these dainties veils their absurdity, but a first sight of animals served up for food would be full of caricature. When the subsequent familiarity would be removed by the novel positions into which such an accident would throw them, the mirth-producing causes would be manifest. We are feasted, reader, on roasted racoon, and the best sauce for the dish was the comparison of the creature's present helplessness with the perfect gravity and composed look with which he first looked from the tree-top, under which we afterwards ate him.

Wit, then, we would consider as a confused and inaccurate term, having no distinct meaning, unless it be the old and obsolete one implying a high degree of all the powers of the understanding. There is satisfaction and even acute pleasure attending the exercise of these powers, but it is serene; bright but cold like the upper regions of air; while the pleasure of mirth is warm and tempestuous, like the earth-dwelling emotions which are its conditions.

But the intellect notices these conditions as objects, by language, as facts, and through reason. Intellectual incongruities therefore, when they refer to these objects, necessarily, but accidentally, present emotional incongruities.

This view of the subject would remove the stigma which our author attaches to incongruous *facts* as a vehicle of humor. If these facts are the effects, or serve as the representation of character, they are proper means of inducing mirth. Words too, which are partly sensuous or founded on tones which are the natural language of emotion, often produce the effects of the highest degree of wit. Puns consequently are legitimate wit, where they are not the mere jingling of words, but present at the same time incongruous feelings. In the instance, given by our author of the boy who made game of the patriarchs by persisting in considering them partridges, the humor is found in the incongruity of the dignity belonging to that early form of au-

thority, with the frightened feebleness of a *bevy of patriarchs* cowering and quailing before the arrow of the hunter. The drollery of the thing is heightened by the contrast of the real stupidity of the boy with the cleverness which such an interpretation would attribute to him.

The above hypothesis will explain the close connexion between genius and wit. As the author correctly states, almost all the great poets, orators and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson; and so has been almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. He considers, consequently, that wit is a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Observation will hardly bear him out in this. The humorist is not necessarily a man of genius; but genius will often stray into the regions of humor, for when human life and human conduct hold such a large share in our knowledge and our attention, restless thought will ever delve in this mine. The wit manifested by men of intellectual ability is consequently often accidental, for, from their quickness of thought, they perceive the intellectual incongruity of jarring feeling, and thus stumble into humor. Like the pieces of flesh thrown over by the merchants into Sinbad's vale of diamonds, so thickly the gems are strewn, that the most careless cast from the strong hand will secure the flashing treasure.

We have dwelt the longer upon the lecture on wit and humor, from the reputation of the author in this respect, and from the curiosity that would be felt for the views of one who so well exemplified them in his writings. But as we turn over the leaves we meet every where the flavor of the Attic salt. It charms us the more, through the rest of the book, from its unexpectedness, most writers on such subjects as Taste, Beauty, Instinct, or the Faculties of man and beasts, deeming it proper to pull a sort of metaphysical gown and wig over their style. Hear this:—

"Every body possessed of power is an object either of awe or sublimity, from a justice

of the peace up to the Emperor Aurungzebe—an object quite as stupendous as the Alps. He had thirty-five millions of revenue, in a country where the products of the earth are, at least, six times as cheap as in England: his empire extended over twenty-five degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude: he had to put to death alone twenty millions of people. I should like to know the man who could have looked at Aurungzebe without feeling him to the end of his limbs, and in every hair of his head! Such Emperors are more sublime than cataracts. I think any man would have shivered more at the sight of Aurungzebe, than at the sight of the two rivers which meet at the Blue Mountains in America, and bursting through the whole breadth of the rocks, roll their victorious and united waters to the Eastern Sea."

This is delicious; and to the purpose too, for the sublime is all the better brought out in this picture by its setting of burlesque.

One of the most interesting of these lectures is that on the faculties of animals as compared with those of men. He treats the subject with his characteristic humor, and with a plain common-sense, which seems really to aim at making the subject clearer, instead of plunging it in deeper mystification. This will lose him his title as a great philosopher, but it suits the reader charmingly. After giving the various theories of philosophers, that of the Peripatetics, which allowed to brutes a sensitive power but denied them a rational one, that of the Platonists which allowed them an inferior sort of reason and understanding, that of Laetantius giving them every thing that men have but religion, that of Descartes making them mere machines destitute of all thought and reflection, not forgetting the theory of the philosophical Jesuit, who considered that each animal had a familiar spirit, and that a devil was roasted with every chicken, dived with every duck, grazed with every ox, and swam with every turbot, he speaks of the usual distinction, drawn between the intelligence of men and of animals, of *instinct* and reason.

"Now the question is, is there any meaning to the term *instinct*? what is that meaning? and what is the distinction between *instinct* and reason? If I desire to do a certain thing, adopt certain means to effect it, and have a clear and precise notion that those means are directly subservient to that end,—there I act from reason; but if I adopt

means subservient to that end, and am uniformly found to do so, and am not in the least degree conscious that these means are subservient to that end,—there I certainly do act from some principle very different from reason; and to which principle it is as convenient to give the name of *instinct* as any other name. If I build a house for my family, and lay it out into different apartments, separating it horizontally with floors, and give the obvious principles on which I have done so,—here is plainly an invention of meaning, and an application of previous experience, which anybody would call by the name of reason; but if I am detected making folding doors to the drawing-room, putting up snug shelves in the butler's pantry, and making the whole house as convenient as possible, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the utility of these things,—there, it is very plain, I am not constituted as other men are." * * *

Bees, it is well known, construct their combs with small cells on both sides, fit for holding their store of honey, and for receiving their young. There are only three possible figures of the cells which can make them all equal and similar without any useless interstices; these are the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon. It is well known to mathematicians that there is not a fourth way possible in which a place may be cut into little spaces, that shall be equal, similar and regular, without leaving any interstices. Of the three, the hexagon is the most proper both for convenience and strength; and, accordingly, bees—as if they were acquainted with these things—make all their cells regular hexagons.

* * * * *

It is a curious mathematical problem, at what precise angle the three places which compose the bottom of a cell ought to meet, in order to make the greatest possible saving or the least expense of materials and labor. This is one of the problems belonging to the higher parts of mathematics, which are called problems of maxima and minima. It has been resolved by some mathematicians, particularly by Mr. Maclaurin, by a fluxionary calculation, which is to be found in the ninth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London." He has determined precisely the angle required; and he found by the most exact mensuration the subject could admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of the honey-comb do actually meet. How is all this to be explained? Imitation it certainly is not; for after every old bee has been killed, you may take the honey-comb and hatch a new swarm of bees, that cannot possibly have had any communication with, or instruction from the parent. The young of every animal although they have never seen the dam,—will do exactly as all their species have done before them. *

It would take a senior wrangler at Cambridge, ten hours a day, for three years together, to know enough mathematics for the calculation of these problems, with which not only every queen bee, but every under-graduate grub is acquainted the moment it is born.

If you shake caterpillars off a tree in every direction, they instantly turn round and climb up, though they had never formerly been on the surface of the ground. This is a very striking instance of instinct. The caterpillar finds its food, and is nourished upon the tree, and not upon the ground; but surely the caterpillar cannot tell that such an exertion is necessary to its salvation; and, therefore, it acts not from rational motives, but from blind impulse. Ants and beavers lay up magazines. Where do they get their knowledge that it will not be so easy to collect food in rainy weather as it is in the summer? Men and women know these things because their grandfathers have told them so; ants, hatched from the egg artificially, or birds hatched in this manner, have all this knowledge by intuition, without the smallest communication with any of their relations. Now, observe what the solitary wasp does; she digs several holes in the sand, in each of which she deposits an egg, though she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg,—and still less that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages,) and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited. When the wasp-worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready made; and what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it, till it attains the period of wasphood, and can provide for itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows; and yet without the slightest education or previous experience, it does every thing that the parent did before it.

Insects are like Molière's persons of quality,—they know everything (as Molière says,) without having learned anything. "Les gens de qualité savent tout, sans avoir rien appris."

We think our author, in these opinions, attributes to a blind unthinking instinct, much that belongs to a superior natural perception guided by an inferior but active reason. The boasted reason of man would be powerless but for a certain intuitive knowledge, which serves as its foundation, and furnishes its data. One of these intuitions is that which relates to the forms and outlines of matter, a mode of this being the perception of angularity. The bee, when he

starts from home on his daily toil, circles among tree-tops and banks of bloom, erratic, seemingly without thought but to satisfy his hunger and his avarice. But the whole diagram of his course is plain before his mind, and when his store is complete, he strikes out in a direct unerring "bee-line" for his hive. Books of natural history are full of instances of this trait in animals more common among wild than domesticated. But even domestic animals, though somewhat degraded by civilization, do not entirely lose this power. A horse, when taken by a circuitous route over ground unknown to him, will often make for his distant stable with the same directness as if it was in full sight. Every angle in his journey has been measured intuitively and stereotyped on his memory, the distance between the turns he measures by a knowledge partly intuitive partly the result of experience, and without being able to demonstrate the problem, he understands it. Men have this same knowledge, but crippled by disuse and the substitutes which civilization and reason bring. The Indian and the hunter have it; and the blind man, by its aid, steps with confidence through his starless night. Every one, who attends at all to the operations of his own mind, must have noticed, when alone in forests, that he has a tolerably clear consciousness of his position and bearings with regard to the point of departure, though the country may be entirely new to him. People wanting in this power, invariably break their nose when left in a dark room, before they find the match or the bell-rope. The navigator winds through the seas by the clumsy aid of compass and calculation, while the wild-fowl above his head, by intuitive knowledge, not instinct, reach their destination as surely. Reason is often like a crutch to the healthy limb,—it destroys the natural power.

Such a faculty, guarding and guiding the steps of animals, and clearer in them than in men, may be the source of the architectural skill of the bee. It is not blind instinct, but *knowledge*, understandingly and discriminately applied. He builds his hexagons by the same special intelligence that completes the diagram of his daily wanderings, and leads him homewards with the precision of a magnet. Where the hexagon is useless, he discards

it. If a beetle or other large insect gets into the hive, and cannot be conveniently removed, the bees first destroy the interloper, and then cover him with a smooth dome of wax, of irregular shape according to the size and form of the insect. The exception proves the rule; and we see from this that the little commonwealth comprehend not only the use of the peculiar form of their cells, but the limitation of the use.

If we look for instinct, we must seek it in the simpler pursuits of the animal, and not in those occupations that are almost human in their complexity. Instinct teaches the bee his peculiar food, and sends him to gather pollen to build the roof and sides of his house. It teaches the ant and beaver from what materials to construct their habitations, but leaves them, like the bee and man, to the regular processes of intelligence for the skill to build them.

But instinct is still allied to thought;—it is a subordinate perception, a special faculty, narrow and fixed upon a particular point. We should not confound it, as our author does, with the passions and desires which it only directs to their objects. Ants and beavers lay up magazines of provisions; where do they get their knowledge, he asks, that it will not be so easy to collect food in rainy weather as in summer? But do men toil through the sunshine of life to provide for the cloudy days of old age? Do they not feel deep pleasure in mere acquisition? And do we not see this passion constantly manifested irrespective of future wants? It serves an ultimate purpose unknown to the animal, but so it does with man—at least in the latter case, it gives the incentive which reason could not always give with the same force. To ants and men and beavers, the love of property gives government, and society and laws, and provides for the feebleness of infancy and old age.

In the habits of the caterpillar, mentioned by our author, we find a very striking case of instinctive action. But even here the instinct is not altogether blind. His motto is *Excelsior*, but like all creeping things he is discreet about it. He does not refuse to crawl downward, if necessary. While turning over the pages of this very book, we noticed one of these insects on a dead branch that projected athwart the

window. He crept upward, carefully examining every small twig and projection on his route. On arriving at the end of the branch, and finding none of the juicy harvest, he turned about and marched deliberately down again, at a steady quick jog. His whole movement showed disgust. Here the instinct was not a mere blind impulse, without knowledge of its objects, but was evidently under rational control. The wasp, however, and the unconscious cares of its maternity would seem to be an undeniable case of pure instinct.

In the lectures on Taste and the Beautiful, the philosophy of Alison, denying any power in matter to excite originally these emotions, is rejected. On these points the author's opinions are confused and contradictory. He confounds sensational impressions with the pleasures of mere intellectual perception, and these again with the warmer and very different pleasure excited by the beauty of outward objects. And concerning the power of material objects to arouse emotion, his own views, in different parts of the work, are far from consistent.

"Every man is as good a judge of a question like this as the ablest metaphysician. Walk in the fields in one of the mornings of May, and if you carry with you a mind unpolluted with harm, watch how it is impressed. You are delighted with the beauty of colors; are not those colors beautiful? You breathe vegetable fragrance; is not that fragrance grateful? You see the sun rising from behind a mountain, and the heavens painted with light; is not that renewal of the light of the morning sublime? You reject all obvious reasons, and say that these things are beautiful and sublime, because the accidents of life have made them so;—I say they are beautiful BECAUSE GOD HAS MADE THEM SO! that it is the original, indelible character impressed upon them by Him who has opened these sources of simple pleasure, to calm, perhaps, the perturbations of sense, and to make us love that joy which is purchased without giving pain to another man's heart, and without entailing reproach on our own."

This passage will show some of the errors to which we allude. But the position itself, few, we suspect, will be inclined to dispute. However much we may mystify ourselves concerning the emotion caused by the grander features of nature, such as the sky, the ocean, streams, mountains,

forests, no one, having the true relish for the beauty of the outward world, and appreciating this beauty in the leaf as much as in the tree, in the brook singing among pebbles as well as in great rivers draining continents, finding it in every ordinary aspect of nature, can ever be satisfied with any theory of association. The author, who has this taste in common with all of his countrymen through the whole length of the island from the Cockney to the Highlander, rejects such interpretation of a sentiment that is next to religion.

By refusing this hypothesis, we are not forced to the notion that brute matter can call forth emotions of this high order, for we still have the alternative of the active and living causation that breathes through nature.

In the discourse on the active powers of the mind, the author adopts the philosophical views of Hartley, making association a great moral principle and deriving from it every passion, affection and desire. According to this theory nothing is necessary to make any man whatever he is, than a capacity for feeling pleasure and pain, and the principle of association.

"A young child soon after his birth, has not the least desire to do good or harm to any one; he has no such passions; and it is our business to explain how he gets them. The food he eats or drinks gives him pleasure; but observing in process of time, that the nurse is always present when he receives his food, the sight of the nurse gives him pleasure, because it reminds him of his food; yet in process of time the idea of that food is obliterated, and the sight of the nurse gives him pleasure, and, without the intervening idea that she is useful to him, he loves her immediately after his appetite of hunger is satisfied, as well as before: his passion for her, which first proceeded from an interested motive, becomes quite disinterested; and he loves her without the slightest reference to the advantages she procures him. This is the origin of his love for his nurse; and then, as all kindred ideas are very easily associated together, he proceeds from loving her, to desiring her good; for, perceiving that other people like what he likes, it is very natural that the idea of his own gratification in eating, should suggest the idea of the nurse's gratification; and that he should offer her a little morsel of his apple or his cake, or any puerile luxury which he happens to be enjoying. The association is easy to be comprehended, and seems perfectly natural. Besides, a child begins very early to

associate his own advantage with benevolence. Cake, and commendation, the parent of cake, are lavished upon the child who shows a disposition to please others. Cuffs, and frowns, and hard words, are the portion of a selfish and a malevolent child: he begins with loving benevolence for the advantage it affords him, and ends with loving it for himself; he is not born with love of anything, but merely with a capacity of feeling pleasure; which he first feels for the milk, then for the mother, because she gives him that milk, then for her own sake; then, as she makes him happy, association gives him the idea of making her happy; and he gains so much by benevolence, that he loves it first for the advantages it affords, then for its self. Reverse all this, and you will have the history and progress of the malevolent passions. A young child hates nobody. If you were to pinch or scratch him, he would feel pain; but if you were to do it often, he would associate the idea of you with the idea of pain, and would hate you, first on account of the ideas you suggested, then hate you plainly and simply without any cause. Again: a child is deterred from doing anything by threats and by pain; and he perceives that other persons are deterred by similar means; he therefore associates these ideas with prevention; threatens and beats whoever contradicts him; and cherishes resentment as a means of gratifying his will, and effecting whatever object he has in view. It is quite impossible that a child can be born with any feeling of resentment. He can never tell that to prevent another child from beating him, is to beat him again; it would be an enormous thing that he, who does not know black from scarlet, should be acquainted with the dominion which pain has over the mind, and make use of it to accomplish his purposes; and yet, such is the opinion that they adopt, who consider this passion as innate, and coeval with our existence."

They adopt no such opinion;—they no more consider that the child uses this natural weapon of anger from any calculation of its utility, than that it should draw its mother's milk for the sake of the health and strength it gains from it. But such opinions are held by the advocates generally of the selfish system of morals; a system to which the Hartleian theory of association is very near akin. And in fact, these two systems are strangely intermingled by our author, as will be seen throughout the whole of the above extract. He presents however, in a lively manner, the main features of a doctrine, barren indeed, but attractive from its simplicity.

The hypothesis assumes that all pleasure is

alike, differing only in degree; that the gratification the child feels at receiving his food is similar to the gratification he receives from the presence of his nurse; and that the pain of a bruise or hurt is similar to the pain attending the passion of resentment or terror. Fear it considers the expectation of pain, and hope the expectation of pleasure.

No one will deny that pleasure or pain may be the *causes* or conditions of affection and resentment, and that these latter feelings might lie dormant without the action of the first to bring them into life; but the doctrine of Hartley regards it as merely a *transference* of emotion. A feeling of complacency it makes, not only the foundation, but the reality of the highest attributes of men; while his most malign passions are only extreme degrees, not of annoyance proceeding from pain, but of the pain itself.

The best refutation of this doctrine, so recommended by our author, he gives to us himself in his sketch of the philosophy of Epicurus.

"In the first place, the plan of solving all the phenomena of the passions by the dread of bodily pain and the love of bodily pleasure, is very simple and beautiful; and I have no doubt that several of the passions commonly supposed to be original, may be proved to be put in motion by these springs of the machine: but it will not do for all; for how shall we explain compassion by it? I learn what pain is in *another man* by knowing what it is in *myself*; but I might know this without feeling the pity. I might have been so constituted as to rejoice that another man was in agony; how can you prove that my own aversion to pain must necessarily make me feel for the pain of another? I have a great horror of breaking my own leg, and I will avoid it by all means in my power; but it does not *necessarily* follow from thence that I should be struck with horror because you have broken yours. The reason that we do feel horror, is that nature has superadded to these two principles of Epicurus, the principle of pity; which, unless it can be shown by stronger arguments to be derived from any other feeling, *must stand as an ultimate fact in our nature.*"

Some of the suspicious appearances about the Hartleian system, our author points out himself, and with an ingenuousness that is truly admirable in a science where bigotry and partisan feelings have gone to such

furious extremes, and where zealous theorists have even sought to roast each other alive.

"I have heard it said, as an objection against this theory, that there is a neatness in it, an *arrondissement*, which gives it a very great appearance of quackery and imposture. This is very likely; but I am not contending that the theory *looks* as if it were true, but merely that it *is* true. At the same time, there is a great deal of merit in the observation; for discoveries in general, especially upon such very intricate subjects, are more ragged, uneven, and incomplete; here there is little light and there a great deal of darkness; in one place you make a great inroad, and there you are stopped by impenetrable barriers; but here is one master-key which opens every bolt and barrier; a philosophy which explains everything, and leaves the whole subject at rest for ever. All these are certainly presumptive evidences against the theory; but if it perform all that it promise, those presumptive evidences, are, of course, honorably repelled."

This is manly and honest, and in the midst of the special pleading that all men make for their pet theories, it is as refreshing as a "meadow-gale in spring." The careless air, and the book is full of like instances, veils a deep truth. Men that reason closely, but only from a limited number of data, and this is the true metaphysical or scholastic cast of mind, fall invariably into a sort of intellectual bondage to theory. Starting from varied hypotheses, on insecure premises, they are led irresistibly to conclusions wide as the poles asunder. Thrown thus into doubt, torturing to such eager minds, they willingly let circumstances incline them to some favorite doctrine. Shutting their eyes to all else, which their concentration of thought, an element in their acuteness, easily enables them to do, they proceed to measure the universe by their Procrustean systems. They seek truth along the track of preconceived theory, built upon premises too often insufficient, and permit themselves to receive no hues from the numberless influences that bear upon all social and moral questions. They shun the drudgery of induction, but delight to roam through the ramification of hypothesis. It is their natural channel of thought, and their mind sports on its current with ease and delight.

We repeat that the clearness with which the author treats his cloudy subject, and

the interest that his wit gives to topics, not devoid of interest themselves, but, from their apparent dryness, repulsive to the general reader, must render this book in time deservedly popular. Its errors must be viewed with leniency, for it was never meant by the author for publication, but written by him while still a young man and delivered as lectures to a large and mixed audience of both sexes. The necessity before such an audience of giving vivacity and sustained interest to matters, where to

sustain attention was indispensable, was well suited for developing the shrewdness, and rich vein of the lecturer. But we can easily see how their evident want of profundity rendered him averse to giving these lectures to the public, while even friendly critical authorities were for a time doubtful of their success: but clear and broad views, and perspicuous expression of thought, are as rare a genius as profundity, and a thousand times more quickly appreciated and trained to utility. T. C. C

SONNETS TO FILL BLANKS.

NUMBER TWO.

"BEGIN, my pen! write thou another Sonnet:"

There's poetry, sure, in that! Why, yes; and so,

There's architecture in a lady's bonnet,

And tragedy in Punch's puppet-show:

And many a sonneteer, when, all a' fire,

He writes, makes poetry, but never a poem;

His proud ambition and his hot desire

To write and be a poet, only throw him

Into a fine confusion: and, like children,

With drum and penny trumpet, music mad,

He rends Apollo's ear with noise bewilderin',

Harsher, 't endure, than women shrieking "shad,

Fresh shad!" or chimney-sweep, whose howling cry

Does but express his great "desire to sty."*

* "Ambition, rash desire to *sty*." i. e. to mount, to ascend.—*Spencer*.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES'

POEMS ON AMERICA.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES, is known to the reading world—which with us comprises nearly the entire community, or at least all the exempts from “bib and tucker” thralldom—as the author of a very extensive number—not assortment—of novels.

He is known as the proprietor of a certain ubiquitous pair of horsemen who always trot over the opening pages, much as a squad of Colonel Postley's Huzzars cavort upon their grocer-wagon steeds, in advance of some civico-military procession in our city. To borrow a Milesian-ism, the horsemen are Mr. James's “Faugh a Ballagh.” It may perhaps be but justice to state that the grand entreé, in his last emanation, was effected by *infantry*. Mr. James is known as sole owner of an immortal Methusalasean Corps of characters, comprising a sharp valet, a poaching farmer, a gallant old gentleman, who is pitted against an ancient scamp, a beautiful, accomplished, and particularly stupid heroine, who stands ready to fall plump into a lover's arms upon the first offer—in fact prepared to make very liberal advances to secure so profitable a consignment, a steady and highly respectable young man, who does the marrying, invariably and inevitably, a dashing shrewd careless head-over-heels friend, who is always turning up just in the “nick of time,” at unseasonable hours, in the most impossible, unheard of and out-of-the-way places—and in incomprehensible situations, &c., &c. These characters emulate the longevity of that highly respectable individual, Mr. Cooper's “Leather Stocking,” who, as Dr. Holmes remarks, was once got by his owner into a “Coffin,” but could not be induced to stay there.

Mr. James marries, hangs, or shoots off his puppets regularly in his three volumes, but lo and behold! in the course of a brief month or so, up they pop again, as lively as ever, and ready for a new campaign,

requiring but a change of clothes for their next journey.

With sober prose, however, it is not our present purpose to deal.

Mr. James has come among us as a lecturer—to pick up *a la* Buckingham, a few greasy pork-besmeared and corn-fed Cis-Atlantic dollars. He is about to lecture upon the middle ages, of which task,—as he is a middling writer, one who has studied his subject middling carefully, and has attained a middle age himself,—we imagine he will acquit himself middling well. With this last, even, we have little to do, nothing in fact, with him as a lecturer, but yet something as a man to be lectured by.

It is with Mr. James, as a poet, we have to deal, not with his poetry as a whole,—which would be but a small whole, by the way—but with his poems on America. The series has not yet been collected and bound. In fact it would make but a small volume, as it consists of but two pieces, that *we* wot of. Yet we deem it our duty to rescue them from the impending danger of oblivion. The first of these productions evidently came directly from the author's heart, while the second is an inimitable specimen of what our respected friend Samuel Slick, Esq., clockmaker, terms “soft sawder.” We will submit both, to the reader, piecemeal, and accompanied by a running commentary, for fear that the whole taken entire, at once, might prove too strong a dose to be palatable.

So very extraordinary a poem as the first, of course required a preface, and accordingly we find the following from the pen of the author's friend, L. (Lever.)

“Mr. Editor. The accompanying lines I forward for insertion in your Magazine, EXACTLY AS I RECEIVED THEM, *nor, although not intended for the public eye* (being only Mr. James's private opinion,) DO I FEAR ANY REPROACH FROM THEIR DISTINGUISHED WRITER, IN OFFERING THEM FOR PUBLICATION UN-

authorized. (Mr. James having said it, don't care who knows it.) *They are BOLD* (we believe him,) *manly* and *WELL TIMED* (perhaps they were then.)

"Yours. L.—"

This preface and the accompanying lines appeared in the "*Dublin University Magazine*," in 1846. Mr. James probably wrote them after he had dined, when "wine was in," and must have recited or sung them to his friend "L." at some other time when wine was *going in*.

There is no doubt but that he *felt* them, as they breath a vindictive spirit that none but a good hater could feel, or express, and as a poem they possess infinitely greater merit than any of the very mediocre rhymes which have hitherto trickled from his pen. Mr. James's note to Mr. L. succeeds the preface.

"MY DEAR L. — I send you the song you wished to have. The Americans, when they so *insolently* calculated upon aid from Ireland in a war with England, forgot that *their own apple is rotten to the core*.

"A nation with five or six millions of slaves, who would go to war with an equally strong nation with no slaves, is a mad people.

"Yours, G. P. R. JAMES."

A CLOUD IS ON THE WESTERN SKY.

A cloud is on the western sky,
There's tempest on the sea,
And bankrupt states are blustering high,
But not a whit care we.
Our guns shall roar, our steel shall gleam,
Before Columbia's distant stream
Shall own another sway.
We'll take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.

Vastly well; Mr. James, but about the "bankrupt States," we would just hint, that it is not polite to call names—and that it were wiser in you to first remove the beam from your own eye, and pay off your own "small account." With regard to your guns roaring, we think that Master John would roar rather louder than his guns, if Brother Jonathan did but grapple with him in earnest. You will "draw your brand," as you did in "the ancient day," indeed. In the "ancient day," the brand which you drew, was a brand of disgrace upon your back, a brand of defeat from the same "Washington," whom you so bespatter in poem No. 2, with your unasked for laudation.

"They count on feuds within the isle,
They think the sword is broke,
They look to Ireland, and they *smile*,
But let them bide the stroke.
When rendered *one in hand and heart*,
By *robber war* and *swindler art*,
Home griefs we cast away."
&c., &c., &c.

This was in 1846, and ere its close we "looked to Ireland," not with a smile, but with a pitying tear. "Swindler art" spread its white sails upon the ocean, and opened its granaries to scatter bounties with a free hand among the starving Irish, who, if they were "one in heart and hand" with their English neighbors, were very far from being one in "purse and pantry."

It is time, however, to introduce a few verses of poem No. 2, which we present as an antidote to the virulence of its precursor. They were written by Mr. James on board the Washington; and the author has taken especial care that they should receive an extensive newspaper publication.

THE WASHINGTON.

"The Washington, the Washington!
How gallantly she goes.
Green fields she finds before her steps,
She leaves them clad in snows.

The green field of the ocean,
The snow flake of the foam;
Receive and follow, as she treads
Her pathway to her home.

God speed thee, noble Washington,
Across the mighty main,
And give thee wings to traverse it,
A thousand times again!

Not wrongly hast thou taken,
The glorious chieftain's name,
Who won his country's liberty,
Amidst the battle's flame."

Turn we now from "soft solder" to "real feelings."

"Oh let them look to where in bonds,
For *help their bondmen cry*,
Oh let them look, ere British hands
Wipe out that LIVING LIE.
Beneath the flag of Liberty,
We'll sweep the wide Atlantic sea,
And tear their chains away."
&c., &c., &c.

'Pon honor, Mr. J. ! this is rather potent. America, and American Liberty, a living lie? This "living lie," may account for Mr. James's "scraps" turning into "soft soap" as soon as he is fairly in it. As to

the "Bondsman's Cry," we only wish Mr. J. could hear the negroes give out a few despairing moans at a "corn shucking."

*"Veil starry banner, veil your pride,
The blood-red cross before,
Emblem of that by Jordan's side,
Man's freedom price that bore.
No land is strong that owns a slave,
Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave!
Our freedom for our stay.*

*"Shout, dusky millions, through the world!
Ye scourge driven nations, shout;
The flag of Liberty's unfurled,
And Freedom's sword is out;
The slaver's boastful thirst of gain
Tends but to break his bondsmen's chain,
And Britain's on the way;
To take her stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.*

Hung be our (not heavens, but) "stars" with black immediately, as Mr. James has ordered. The "blood-red cross" is after them, looking very cross indeed.

The said cross may be "emblem of that by Jordan's side," but it looks to us vastly like the mark of the beast upon a certain flag lately very busily employed in poking opium down John Chinaman's throat, the coolest piece of wholesale rascality and dry land piracy, since "the middle ages."

"No land is free that owns a slave."

What say you, Sir Oracle, to the household slaves of "Merrie England" to your miners, ignorant as brutes, ignorant of the blessed light of God's own sun, ignorant of even the respective proprieties of the sexes? What say you to the harnessing of women like horses, in hideous underground caves—slaves indeed!

"Shout dusky millions through the world."

Yes, shout. But why? Mr. James says "Britain's on the way,"—by "Britain" we presume Mr. James modestly means himself, and this must have been the "shadow cast before" the coming advent—his advent. We imagine he intends to do all the work with his own hands, and wish Garrison, and Gerrit Smith, Abbey Kelly, and the Black Douglas, (African—not Scot's) joy of their new laborer in the cause.

The other lines we really want patience to criticise. We can stand such abuse,

With the printer's permission, we will present the remainder of these delectable productions, cozily, side by side, and thus have a better opportunity to compare them.

No sordid triumph was the chief's;
No sordid triumph thine,
Though war, unwilling, was his task,
And thine aim, peace divine.

The links his good sword severed,
When heavy grew the chain,
Even of England's brotherhood,
Thou shalt unite again.

*But links of love the bond shall form,
To bind the east and west,
While child and mother long estranged,
Fly to each other's breast.*

And may'st thou, as thou tread'st the sea,
Till thy long wand'rings cease,
Be, like the patriarchal dove,
The messenger of peace."

G. P. R. JAMES.

but cannot endure the cloying sweetness of the "soft sawder," the treacle in which the potion of jalop is now enveloped.

We know not which is the most delightfully refreshing, the boastfully impotent swagger of the earlier, or the deliciously cool impudence of patting us on the back, in the latter poem, *We*, Mr. James—

*"We want no praise
And least of all such praise as you can bring us."*

Tom Moore took very good care not to return after inditing his famous and infamous libel. Hall, Hamilton and Dickens, have followed his example. Mrs. Trollope, —honest woman—having swindled her creditors in Cincinnati, ran away and abused us, but staid away. Mr. James, however, has exhibited greater courage—he calls us all the names in the calendar, and then asks our good people to give him their "sweet voices."

We trust Mr. James will publish the twain. In large type, on hot-pressed paper, gilt edged, and wide margined, embellished with a correct view of the two horsemen as a frontispiece, and a vignette of a flag—the "emblem of that by Jordan's side" for a tail-piece—and our word for it, it would sell.

We hope to receive a copy from the grateful author, for the suggestion, and to conclude, sincerely wish Mr. James a better temper, or a wiser manner of showing it, and also such success in this country as he may deserve.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CAMPBELL.*

THE Biography of Poets has, of late, become a prolific subject. At short intervals we have had the lives of Goldsmith, Coleridge, Southey, Keats, and now of Campbell. It is a high privilege thus to be made acquainted with the intellectual and moral nature, the outward circumstances, associations and influences of their daily life, whose written thoughts alone have hitherto been known to us; but there is a boundary to this privilege, which the delicate mind suggests in reading, and the judicious and honorable mind oversteps not in writing. An author's life belongs but in a degree, to the public, his books being only another portion of his life, cannot be given to the world entirely apart; they bring with them thoughts connected with others, unexpressed, and in receiving what is given, we claim also what remains behind. But only for that portion of his private history which actually bears upon his works, more or less remotely, do we ask; that portion by which we can ascertain whether the experience of actual life has given reality to his perceptions, and how far his own passions and prejudices have colored his delineations; what has led him, more or less, as it may be, to the sublime or the beautiful, to generalization or individuality, to the ludicrous or the tender, the passionate or the philosophic.

Dr. Beattie, in the work before us, has given an over lengthy, and yet not a full or satisfactory life of Campbell. The task devolved upon him through a mutual friendship, and at the repeated request of Campbell, renewed in his last illness.

There is much in the narrative that might well have been omitted. The letters not having the requisite connexion with it in regard to time, an obscurity envelops the biography which leaves the

mind unsatisfied; Trivial events of private life are brought into strong light while matters of deeper interest are left in the mist. It is, to say the least, ill-judged to hint at subjects which may not be fairly and openly discussed; if the interest of curiosity is awakened, the facts are likely to be sought at other sources, and brought out under exaggeration. Of Campbell's literary career the biography affords the same lengthy but broken outline; and we find the poet in various positions of change where no cause is apparent. And here we must add, that notwithstanding the Doctor's over-strained delicacy upon certain mysterious subjects, he has gone in others to the opposite extreme, and officiously introduced specimens of early, hasty, and unrevised verse, which scarcely tend to increase the author's fame. It is remarkable that the nice sense of responsibility which induced the biographer to withhold matters of more importance to the reader and less to the poet, should not lead him to respect the tact and discretion through which Campbell himself consigned such "repented sins" to oblivion. Alas, poor Campbell! "The evil that men do lives after them."

The good Doctor impressed, almost to adulation, with the greatness of his subject, sentimentalizes upon matters of very small moment. He is given to quotations not always remarkably choice, and has an unfortunate way of bringing them in when least expected or called for. If he remarks that the poet was fortunate in his friendships the observation is eked out with

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!"

If we are told that the poet walks upon the borders of a lake, we have the additional information that,

* *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell.* Edited by William Beattie, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

"Gay with gambols on its finny shoals
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls."

In allusion to a quarrel between Campbell and his bookseller, we have the pathetic illustration of

"How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept."

and we learn that the poet on his marriage was ready to exclaim, "with a brother poet,"

"The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth!"

Mr. Campbell and his "brother poet," are certainly indebted to the Doctor for a very interesting position.

Campbell's correspondence is light and agreeable, but does not carry out and enlarge, as fully as we might expect it to do, the sentiments that pervade his poems. Admitted to the private correspondence of an admired author, pleasurable anticipations expand, and we look eagerly for the confirmation or dispersion of opinions formed upon his works; but the prose of Campbell is of so wholly different a stamp from his poetry, and so few of his letters are expressive of serious observation and philosophy, that they scarcely enlarge our estimation of the moral, and throw little additional light upon their intellectual character. Still, they afford pleasing illustrations of his well known geniality of temperament, his amiability and generosity, and the enthusiastic fervor of his friendship. In justice to Dr. Beattie, we must add that in the double office of friend and physician, he has proved himself able to give a truthful transcript of the poet's latter days, and if of these lengthening shadows we have a little too much, the Doctor has at least the merit of not crossing them with his own; he has wholly avoided that besetting sin of biographers, egotistical parade.

The biography commences with a lengthy and rather uninteresting genealogical history of the family of Kirnan, of which the poet was a lineal descendant. Campbell attached not that pride and importance to genealogy, which is common to his countrymen. The seal, given to him, bearing the family crest, elicited a no less noble sentiment than—

"Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words."

The poet's father, a wealthy merchant, engaged in the Virginia tobacco trade, was reduced suddenly to poverty, in his sixty-fifth year, through the immediate commercial difficulties consequent upon the war of 1775; but more solicitous for uprightness than for wealth, he bore the reverse with equanimity. The small surplus remaining after the payment of his debts, he increased by taking young gentlemen of the Glasgow College to board, thus averting what would have been the only unbearable evil of poverty, the inability to give his children such an education as should supply the want of patrimony. Mr. Campbell was a zealous member of the Scotch Kirk, and early instilled the principles of piety into the minds of his children. He had improved his natural abilities by reading and intercourse with society. His friends were among the eminent men of the University; Adam Smith and Thomas Reid, for whom the poet was named, were his intimates.

Campbell held in high veneration and love the memory of his father.

Mrs. Campbell, the poet's mother, possessed far less of the amenity and sweetness ascribed to her husband; but she was of a noble nature, full of energy and firmness. She was fond of reading and of literary society; warm-hearted, shrewd, and vivacious. She was fond of her family, and of her son, and always took occasion to speak of herself as "Mrs. Campbell, of Kirnan," and "mother to the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.'" It would be difficult to say, from which parent Campbell derived his genius; the mother alone seems to have enjoyed poetry, and through her his infant ear became accustomed to the ballad poetry of his country. Both parents had a taste for music. Mrs. Campbell rocked the cradle of her children to the air of "My poor dog Tray," and in the wane of life, continued occasionally to sing it, when proudly and tenderly she connected with it the verses adapted by her son. The father, too, was fond of naval songs, and it may be that his voice first touched those tender chords, which, in after years, produced the noblest lyrics of the age.

Of the numerous family of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell—eight sons and three daughters,—it is sufficient to know that they were talented and highly respectable. One of the sons married a daughter of

Patrick Henry. The poet was the youngest, and lived to be the sole survivor of the family.

Campbell's talents were of remarkably early development, and passingly it may be observed, that he produced if we except the "Last Man," no great poetical work much after the age of thirty. When only eight years old he was entered at the grammar school under the tuition of Mr. Alison, who, soon perceiving the genius of his young pupil, spared no pains for his improvement. Under his judicious and affectionate training, the natural ambition of the boy, and that strong desire of approbation which was the leading trait of his character through life, produced their usual results. At the age of twelve he wrote translations from the Greek, and received prizes. The Greek poets early became his favorite study, and on them was gradually formed the pure, classic taste which, more than genius, gave to his own poems their beauty and success. This early enthusiasm for the Greek Drama returned forcibly in his declining years; in proof of which "rejuvenescence of youthful taste," the authority is quoted of Mr. St. John, Consul-General at Algiers, who says, "In conversation at table, Campbell never seemed to be aware that he had any particular claim to the merit of a poet. His great ambition—and he made no effort to conceal it—was to be considered a *Greek scholar*." In all respects the boyhood of Campbell foreshadowed remarkably the character of the future man: indeed, in many things, he was through life, a boy. A boy in his affections, his sensibilities, his trustfulness and his weakness. The same love of a practical joke by which he gained a warm seat at the fire side, while his fellow students crowded to read his witticisms and impromptus written on the wall, suggested in after years, the imitation of the nightingale by which he cheated his wife and her friend into ecstasies; and the same generous spirit which made him the redresser of wrong among his school-fellows, procured for him afterwards the title of the "Champion of Poland." The same tenderness which appropriated the crown-piece given by his mother for his journey to Edinburgh, to the purchase of the picture she admired—"Elijah, fed by the ravens," appeared in the fervor of his friendships

and the felicity of his conjugal life, and still more in the deep pathos which, more than their elegance of versification,—more indeed than any other quality, constitutes the charm of his poems. It was the same keen sensibility to praise or blame which, in his school-days, alternately elevated and depressed his spirits, and sent him, in after life, abruptly from Longman's table and the society of Scott, Davy, Ellis and Young, "because," says Dr. Irving, "he could not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled."

At the university, as at school, Campbell maintained a high standing, and was commissioned by Professor Jardine to examine the exercises sent in by other students in the logic class. In his second college session he wrote "The Irish Harper," the first song which has been considered worthy a place in his published works. During the existence of a debating club, of which young Campbell was the leader, his turn for satire, (which seems nevertheless, not to have been remarkably keen or pointed,) made him some enemies;—probably these were the same "malignant scriblers" who, in after time, according to Mr. W. Irving's "Introductory," "took a pleasure in misrepresenting all his actions, and holding him up in an absurd and disparaging point of view." Resentment cherished forty years afterwards, was over sufficient for these shafts of boyish ridicule thrown without malice and remembered not beyond the moment by their author. The eloquence of the Scotch Reformer Gerald, at whose trial and execution Campbell was present, made so vivid an impression upon his mind, that on returning to college a visible change was apparent in him. He became subject to fits of abstraction, of which no longer poetry but politics were the theme; probably the liberality of his political opinions, and his admiration of a republican government grew remotely from the excitement of this period. It was not long however, before the muse asserted her legitimate claim, and retiring still more from the society of his young companions, he began to woo her in good earnest. His brother Daniel, who was his room-mate, annoyed by the irregular hours of the poet, took delight in playing off practical jokes in retaliation. One morning, arrangements having been made over night for break-

fasting together early, Daniel, punctual to the minute, waited anxiously in the parlor for his brother whom he had left in an unusual state of forwardness. He waited ten minutes and then called to him; another ten minutes and he gave a second and a third summons, but with no better success.

"At the same instant the Poet entered, and, laying some pages of manuscript on the table, 'There,' said he, with an air of satisfaction, 'there is my apology. A rare thought struck me during the night—I was afraid of its escaping, and having taken the pen in my hand, I could not lay it down until I had reduced it to rhyme. You'll soon see whether I have been idle or not.' 'Very good,' said Daniel, 'let's have a look at it.' 'There it is,' said Tom, handing it to him with one hand, and helping himself to a slice of toast with the other. Daniel was silent for a minute. 'Ha! very good this—very fine indeed!' 'Yes, I thought you would say so.' 'And this is why you had so restless a night?' 'Yes, I had some poetical throes, but you see I have hit it off at last.' 'You have, my boy,' said Daniel, appearing to read with much attention. 'Well—what do you think of it?' inquired the Poet, rather impatiently. 'Why,' said the critic, 'to tell you the truth, I think it wants fire, don't you?' 'Perhaps,' said the author, with hesitation. 'Yes—it certainly wants fire;' and, suiting the action to the word, Daniel twisted up the manuscript and thrust it between the bars of the grate."

Campbell appears once to have directed his studies towards the church, and subsequently gave his attention to surgery, medicine, and, finally, the law. He also entertained thoughts of a mercantile life.—During some of the College sessions, he was employed in the house of a Glasgow merchant, and, at a subsequent period, soon after leaving the University, made actual preparations to join his merchant brothers in America. An ardent desire to alleviate the infirmities and necessities of his aged father, aroused his energies, and failing, through want of money and patronage in all these objects, he applied to Professors Arthur and Young for advice. Through their influence, a situation was offered as teacher, in a gentleman's family, in the island of Mull, of which, in the interval of his fourth and fifth sessions, he was glad to avail himself. However uncongenial the duties upon which he was

about to enter, he had pleasant anticipations of a residence in the Hebrides, expecting to draw inspiration from the wild heaths and shores of a country, with the poetic legends of which he had, from childhood, been familiar.

Had the poet enjoyed more opportunities of studying nature; had he been able to retire more frequently from the tumult of the city and the gossip of Sydenham, to such scenes of rest and refreshment as the Hebrides and the Highlands, we should now, perhaps, be in the enjoyment of richer and more abundant results of his genius. The poem entitled "Caroline," less read, perhaps, than any other in the printed collections, was addressed to a young lady from Inverary, visiting at Sunipol during the poet's residence there. She is said to have made an impression upon his heart; but the passion was probably more ardently expressed than felt; for, nearly at the same time he seems to have addressed a rustic beauty in strains of equal admiration.

Dr. Beattie, with his accustomed daintiness, says: "While he justly admired the queenly rose, he was not inattentive to the lowly violet that grew at its feet."

Returning to Glasgow, he supported himself through the winter by tuition. During the last session at College, he gained two prizes; one for the *Choephore* of Aristophanes, and the other a Chorus in the *Medea* of Euripides, which last is included in his printed poems. Taking final leave of the University, Campbell resided at Downie, in the Highlands, where he was engaged as a private tutor, and wrote his Monody on Miss Broderick; a not very successful imitation of Pope's "Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate Lady," and also an "Elegy," which, shortly afterwards, did him the good service of attracting the interest of Dr. Anderson—and here, discouraged by the failure of all his efforts towards a more lucrative and honorable calling than that of a tutorship, out of the disappointment of his hopes arose literally the "Pleasures of Hope;" for he turned to poetry for consolation. Here he found the original of many descriptions, not only of that poem, but of those which afterwards beautified his "Gertrude." The passages alluding to "Green Albion," were chiefly drawn, we are told, from the recollections of Downie and Sunipol. At no

time of the poet's after life does he appear to have been in a situation so favorable to the enrichment of his imagination, as amid those wild and romantic scenes. His favorite haunts, and the farm-house where he lodged, in the neighborhood of his pupil, are thus described by Campbell's successor at Downie :

"On the shore of that great arm of the sea, known as the Sound of Jura, and within an hour's walk southward of the termination of the canal, which connects the northern extremity of Loch Fyne with that Sound, stands the secluded and homely farm house of 'Downie.' This was the abode of the Poet immediately before the publication of his great work, and it was hence that he proceeded—taking his way on foot, by what is now the track of the Crinan Canal—to claim for himself that distinguished place which he afterwards held, and is likely long to hold, among the most highly gifted men of his day."

"On descending towards the bay the visiter directs his steps towards a hill smaller than all the rest, and rising, by a pleasant and gentle ascent, directly from the back of the house. The hill is covered, towards its lower acclivities, by a fine, beautiful green sward, and near the top breaks out into rugged and sterile cliffs. Its summit is the point to which any person in that locality will instinctively direct his steps, in order to obtain an extensive command of the prospect around him. This was 'the Poet's Hill,' a favorite place of resort with Campbell. Scarcely a day passed in which, at one hour or another, he was not to be found on its summit. From that elevation the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The Island of Jura, 'with treble hills,' forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southward the sea opens in broader expanse, towards the northern shore of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of 'Corrieveken,' whose mysterious noises may occasionally be heard all along the coast.

"The view, in all directions, wide, varied and interesting, presents such a wonderful combination of sea and mountain scenery, as cannot fail to captivate the eye of the spectator, and fix itself indelibly in his memory. All around is now classic ground.

"On re-approaching the house of Downie the visiter will remark a small wing attached to its western side known by the name of the 'Bachelor.' It is entered by an internal wood-

en staircase, and consists of a small apartment with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed. That room was at once the private study, the class-room, and dormitory of the Poet. When I last visited the house—after an absence of more than forty years—I found the whole in nearly the same condition in which it was when occupied by the Poet—only a different family were then its occupants. It was in that room that some of the brilliant episodes of the 'Pleasures of Hope' were brought into the shape in which they were afterwards presented to the notice, and gained the unanimous admiration of the British public."

We find him next in Edinburgh, endeavoring to obtain literary employment from the periodicals, and to find among the booksellers a purchaser for the copyright of his Translations of Euripides and Æschylus; disappointed in which, he was glad to accept, on a very small salary, the office of a copying clerk. At length, his introduction to the author of "The Lives of the British Poets," gave a new turn to his fortunes. The personal beauty of the poet, attracting, as he passed their windows, the admiration of Dr. Anderson's daughters, enquiries concerning him were made of his companion, Mr. Park, who placed in their hands a copy of the "Elegy," with which the Doctor was so well pleased as immediately to invite the author to his house.

Dr. Anderson was Campbell's first patron. Through his recommendation, Mundell, the publisher, offered the poet twenty pounds for an abridgment of Bryan Edwards's "West Indies." This was a work of time, and, during its preparation, he wrote, among other lyrics, that which, of all others, became the most widely popular, "The Wounded Hussar." Its becoming a "street ballad," (the most convincing proof of its popularity,) was a serious annoyance to the sensitive author. In latter years, judging from the following anecdote, he felt differently :

"Coming home one evening to my house in Park Square, where, as usual, he had dropt in to spend a quiet hour, I told him that I had been agreeably detained listening to some street music near Portman Square. 'Vocal or instrumental?' he inquired. 'Vocal: the song was an old favorite, remarkably good, and of at least forty years' standing.' 'Ha!' said he—'I congratulate the author, whoever he is.'—'And so do I—it was your own song,

the Soldier's Dream : and when I came away the crowd was still increasing.' 'Well—' he added, musing, 'this is something like popularity!'

From Mundell Campbell continued to receive employment, but quite inadequate to his expenses, so that he was obliged still to instruct pupils in the Greek and Latin. "In this vocation" he says "I made a livelihood as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's seat conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines ; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off."

Finding that Edinburgh was likely to be the field of his exertions, Campbell induced his parents to remove there. "The Pleasures of Hope" was now ready for the press, but funds were wanting to defray the expenses of printing. Mundell was finally induced to purchase it, at what some of his friends considered a very inadequate value. "The copy-right of my 'Pleasures of Hope,'" says Campbell, "worth an annuity of two hundred pounds for life, was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books." It must be considered that, in this estimate, he alluded to an offer made by a London publisher three years afterward, when he had acquired a reputation. Dr. Irving remarks, very justly, that Mundell was not to be censured for illiberality ; the author being an obscure young man, untried and unknown as a poet. Moreover, Campbell's publishers volunteered to him, for several years afterwards, the sum of fifty pounds on every new edition of the poem ; and, notwithstanding, the very common complaint of authors against such "*vampires*," this is not an unusual instance of bookseller's liberality. A recent article in the "North British Review," states, "that there is hardly a publisher in London, however "grasping" he may be, who has not, time after time, paid to authors sums of money, 'not in the bond.'" Campbell was not perhaps more inclined than others of his profession to decry the "Gentlemen of the Row," yet many of his letters indicate a one-sided view of the business of publication ; true, he acknowledges on one occasion that Gerry was friendly beyond what he had "a right to expect," and on another he designates Mr. Murray as "a

very excellent gentleman-like man—albeit a bookseller," but the general tone of his feeling and expression towards publishers is complaining and harsh. In regard to Cadell's proposition for an edition of the British Poets to be edited jointly with Scott, Campbell writes thus :

"As to the butteraceous bookseller, I have no objections to him ; but I am sure I should prove a so-so associate with you. I thought it proper, however, to let you know how far I had gone with the London gentry, lest they, devising cunningly to ask our terms separately, should find an over-reaching bargain. They asked my terms for thirty lives, and I gave in the same estimate which Sir James Mackintosh offered—a *thousand pounds*. Now, *verbum sapienti*—they are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men's brains! . . . One man offered to stake his whole reputation on the work for £150. This was told to me—as a damper is thrown over muslin that is going to be singed—but I still took what Dr. Anderson calls high ground, and talked of a £1000 as a small perquisite for this labor. I told the bookseller that a reputation that was *staked* so cheap, did not deserve to be *impaled*—whereat the bookman laughed, conceiving that it must be wit as it was a pun."

In a letter to Richardson, he complains of finding the London booksellers prone to insult all but the prosperous and independent, and says to Dr. Currie, "I want to haul in from the book-selling tribe as many engagements as possible, of such a kind as will *cost me as little labor and bring as much profit as may be*. The plan I mean is a large, complete, respectable collection of English poetry, of which the compilation *would cost me no great effort*. * * * If you know any bookseller in your place, and possess an aristocratic influence over him, all I wish is that you would drive him into this scheme ! Although you should ruin him by it, it is only ruining a bookseller, and doing a benefit to a friend."

All this, though partly, perhaps, said in jest, gives us a peep at the other side of the canvass. There is certainly a good deal of mistaken opinion afloat upon this subject, and we cannot resist quoting the following from the article before alluded to :

"The cautious publisher is the author's best friend. If a house publish at their own risk a number of works which they can not sell, they

must either go into the Gazette at last, or make large sums of money by works which they *can* sell. When a publisher loses money by a work, an injury is inflicted upon the literary profession. The more money he can make by publishing, the more he can afford to pay for authorship. It is often said that the authors of successful works are inadequately rewarded in proportion to their success; that publishers make their thousands, while authors only make their hundreds. But it is forgotten that the profits of the one successful work are often only a set-off to the losses incurred by the publication of half a dozen unsuccessful ones. If a publisher purchase a manuscript for £500, and the work prove to be a 'palpable hit' worth £5000, it may seem hard that the publisher does not share his gains more equitably with the author. With regard to this it is to be said, in the first place, that he very frequently *does*. But we can hardly admit that publishers are under any kind of obligation to exceed the strict terms of their contracts. If a publisher gives £500 for a copyright, expecting to sweep the same amount into his own coffers, but instead of making that sum, loses it by the speculation, he does not ask the author to refund—nor does the author offer to do it. The money is in all probability spent long before the result of the venture is ascertained; and the author would be greatly surprised and greatly indignant, if it were hinted to him, even in the most delicate way, that the publisher having lost money by his book, would be obliged to him if he would make good a portion of the deficit by sending a check upon his bankers.

"We repeat, then, that a publisher who loses money by one man's books, must make it by another's, or go into the Gazette. There are publishers who trade entirely upon this principle, which, indeed, is a kind of literary gambling. They publish a dozen works, we will suppose, of which six produce an absolute loss; four just cover their expenses; and the other two realize a profit. The publisher, especially if he be his own printer, may find this answer in the end; it may at least just keep him out of the Bankruptcy Court, and supply his family with bread. But the system can not be a really advantageous one either to publishers or authors. To the latter, indeed, it is destruction. No inconsiderable portion of the books published every year entail a heavy loss on author or publisher, or on both—and the amount of this loss may be set down, in most instances, as so much taken from the gross profits of the literary profession. If Mr. Bungay lose a hundred pounds by the poems of the Hon. Percy Popjoy, he has a hundred pounds less to give to Mr. Arthur Pendennis for his novel. Instead of protesting against the over-caution of publishers,

literary men, if they really knew their own interests, would protest against their want of caution. Authors have a direct interest in the prosperity of publishers. The misfortune of authorship is not that publishers make so much money, but that they make so little. If Paternoster Row were wealthier than it is, there would be better cheer in Grub street."

To return from our digression. Campbell's circle of acquaintance began now to enlarge. At the house of Dr. Anderson, he formed his earliest connections with men of letters. He made the acquaintance of Gillies and Henry Erskine; and was much in the family of Dugald Stewart, who introduced him to the man whom he delighted to call his "intellectual father,"—Alison, the well-known author of the work upon "Taste." Graham, author of the "Sabbath," and Thomas Brown, the philosopher, were on friendly terms with him.

After disposing of his poem, he retained the manuscript for revision, and, in his "Dusky lodgings, in Rose street," he gave the strictest examination to every line, and closely analyzed every sentiment. Dr. Anderson, who had pledged his word to the public for its merits, was constantly urging him to fresh diligence, while his own fastidious taste at one moment renewed the impulse, and at another drove him to despair. A young painter in his neighborhood, whose room he frequently visited in his discontented moods, endeavored to cheer him one evening, by relating that a mutual friend from Glasgow had that day expressed great glee at seeing, by chance, a stray proof-sheet of the forthcoming poem. Instead of succeeding, it only made matters worse. "Supposing," says Campbell, "they should all find out, one day, as I did this morning, that the thing is neither more nor less than mere *trash*; would not the author's predicament be tenfold worse, than if he had never written a line? They may well call their proof-sheets '*devil's proofs*;' I assure you, that, to-day, I could not endure to look at my own work." On that very evening, supping with Somerville, "he grew wildly merry," and very readily took up his companion's suggestion, of becoming a great man on the strength of a single poem.

The opening lines of the "Pleasures of Hope" were written last. Dissatisfied with

them, as first written, Campbell had made frequent attempts at alteration, and as often abandoned them. One morning, Dr. Anderson called early, found the poet in bed, exhausted by a night of excitement and labor. On a table, by his side, entirely rewritten, lay the manuscript of the admired opening, as it now stands. It was at length announced to the public. The author touched most skilfully upon the subjects of greatest general interest; he had expressed the spirit of the time, and the poem was received as a new and brilliant star. The public seemed to realize the remark of Goldsmith, that "works of genius should not be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound," and of the merits of the poem there was but one opinion. The young poet, who had tremblingly awaited the decision, was greatly elated by this unlooked for applause; but his own appreciation of the poem was below that of the public voice: he felt that his power of production was not equal to his conception, and that he had not reached the standard of his own refined taste. There is no doubt that the poem was overrated, and no one was better convinced of it than the poet himself.

The episode of "Conrad," which, by its application to her own and her father's misfortunes, touched the feelings and called forth the admiration of Mad. de Staël,* is, for the most part, ridiculously obscure and mawkishly moral. For example, the stanza commencing—

"No! not the quaint remark, &c."

What is the sense of

"Step dame Nature every bliss recalls
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls?"

To the question,

"Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Wo?"

We have the answer.

"No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you."

* STOCKHOLM, ce 5 Janvier, 1813.

Pendant les dix années que m'ayent séparé de l'Angleterre, Monsieur, le Poème anglais qui m'a causé le plus d'émotion—le poème qui ne me quittait jamais—et que je relisais sans cesse pour adoucir mes chagrins par l'élévation de l'âme—c'est Les de l'Espérance. L'épisode d'Ellinore, surtout, allait tellement à mon cœur, que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression.

A "brighter" what? The world?
Who "speaks to you?"—the world?

"Weep not she says at Nature's transient pain."

But now follows the redeeming sentiment,

"Congenial spirits part to meet again."

one of those "golden lines" of which Dr. Beattie says "they have become identified with the language, and familiar as household words."

With consummate skill the poet has the art of finishing each paragraph or stanza, as Pope and others have done before him, with a forcible or brilliant line; in his admiration of which, the reader forgets to criticise what precedes it; just as an audience after witnessing an indifferent ballet, or melo-drama, are sent home overpowered by the machinery of illuminated palaces, castles blown into the air, or brilliant ascensions in the clouds.

Campbell's genius was not of the highest order; it inclined to follow rather than to lead, but it was in harmony with the age, and the political excitements of the time were favorable to him. He knew that the success of the "Pleasures of Hope," might in part be attributed to its adaptation to the reigning enthusiasm in regard to freedom, and partly to the thirst for poetry consequent upon the dearth that had succeeded the time of Cowper and Burns. His greatest satisfaction was perhaps in being admitted to the familiar acquaintance of the same literary men who had been the friends and patrons of Burns: these were Mackenzie, Alison, Dr. Gregory, Stewart, and Playfair; all of whom recognized him as a poet of genius, worthy to succeed the "inspir'd peasant."

Campbell now "began to be invited out." His favorite song "Ye Gentlemen of England," heard at a musical soirée, suggested the composition of his first national lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," which was not completed until the year afterward, when in Altona, under a feeling of awakened patriotism, caused by the announcement of a war with Denmark, he finished, and sent it to Perry for the "Morning Chronicle."

The success of his "Pleasures of Hope" braced him up to commence another poem: this was to be an Epic, entitled "The

Queen of the North;" but though engagements were entered into with a publisher, and even many of the illustrations designed and partly executed, the poem was never finished. He first intended to apostrophize Edina from ship-board by moonlight; then to have transported himself, in imagination, to the castle-height, describing the scenery visible from that point, and whatever of classical or romantic he could connect with it. "One of the places of Mary's Refuge," he says "is to be seen from the top. After a sketch of the murder-closet of Rizio, an episode on the college will conclude the poem."

Our Biographer gives us some specimens—extracts from the fragment which is all that was written of the poem; but those do not incline us to sympathize in the Doctor's regret that the theme was discontinued.

With the purpose of enlarging his views of society, and acquiring perhaps thereby some of that ease of manner, which he might feel to be requisite in the more polished circles into which he was likely henceforward to be admitted, Campbell now made arrangements to travel, and Germany was the point where his wishes chiefly centered. The literature of that country was beginning to be cultivated widely in England, and he longed to hold friendly conference with the authors he admired. He was supplied with letters of introduction to many eminent persons, and among others to the venerable Klopstock. Campbell's letters from Germany are the most interesting of the collection. To his brother in Virginia, he gives a description of the engagement which he witnessed in the taking of Ratisbonne by the French. "It formed" he says, "the most interesting epoch of my life in point of impressions." These "impressions," and the field at Ingolstadt, which he saw the day after the battle, strewn with the slain, produced the celebrated poem of "Hohenlinden," which battle he did *not* witness.

This winter he composed several minor pieces; the first which was sent to the *Morning Chronicle* was "Lines on visiting a scene in Argyleshire," sketched during a visit to the paternal mansion in 1798, and finished at Edinburgh. He also sent to Perry "The Soldier's Dream." At Altona he became intimate with the Irish

Refugees, and among them Mr. Anthony Mac Cann. "It was in consequence" says Campbell, "of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive, at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote the 'Exile of Erin.'" This was sent to Perry and also the "Ode to Content," which indicates that the passion for "Matilda" was of earlier date than the Biographer ascribes to it.

Campbell had laid out a plan of life for himself and his friend Richardson whom he hoped to induce to join him in a continental tour to be performed chiefly on foot. "Nine months' journeying," he writes, "in Bohemia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, will do. Then we shall rest to compose poems, novels, and romances, somewhere or other." "Let the place of our retreat be any where but the North of Germany, for that is odious. Salsburg, or Prague, or Hungary." "The classics shall be our household Gods in summer quarters. Livy, Virgil—history and poetry from their purest fountain." * * * "What a stock of knowledge, of conversation, of all that is sacred and valuable to the mind of man, can we not gather from travelling together and alternately resting for years to come!" Campbell was so little aware of the great political crisis at hand, so little did he suspect how soon the term of his residence in Germany must consequently expire, that only a few days before the English squadron appearing off the Danish shore, obliged him to return in haste to his native country, he addressed his friend as follows:—

"We shall make a tour with all the inquisitive activity of minds that wish to receive new impressions themselves, and communicate their effect to others. We shall jot upon our blotter the events of the day, extend these remarks at our halting places, when we take lodgings in any of the large towns. We shall mine our way into libraries, and pluck from the shelves every volume that can instruct us in the curiosities of the country which we visit. The labor of quoting, transcribing, arranging, moralizing, shall be in common; we shall intersperse it with studs of poetry, and Poetry, as I have always maintained, is to be indebted to art and study, as well as every other pursuit. Finally, we shall sell our copyright and publish with our joint names. I have already meditated a preface—think of this yourself. I lay, last night, sleepless till seven o'clock in the morning, with filling up

the lights and shades of this picture, of which I give you the outlines:—We are down at Munich in the twinkling of an eye; the expense, I vouch for it, need not, if you will deign to *walk*, exceed three pounds a piece. That place is a glorious field for curiosity, anecdote and description. The adjacent scenery towards Salzburg, exceeds all the world; and greatly sublime, and deliciously verdant as it is, you know, a pair of poets uniting the freeborn rights of travellers to the titles of fiction, need not hesitate to make, by a bold dash of the pen, mountains larger than *life*, and scenes finer than *reality*! But in plain *hodden-grey* truth, the scenery of these parts needs only fidelity of description to make them interesting. Oh, John! what flourishes at every romantic cottage overhanging the steep pathway! What lines of light glimmering obscurely on the rich bottom of the valley! What cataracts and precipices, winding shores and extensive plains, where the spires and battlements of distant cities shine at sunset on the extreme verge of the horizon! Then Hungary! its songs, its music, which we shall get copied and translated for our work. You shall also mineralize; and having discovered new facts in the crystallization of minerals, in these unransacked quarries, we shall calmly sit down to defeat all existing systems on the subject; and with a two-edged sword, give the death-blow to Hutton's hell-fire, and Kirwan's Noah's-Ark-ical theory!"

The first intelligence which greeted Campbell's return was that of his father's death, and with that affectionate generosity which marked through life his conduct towards his mother and sisters, he thenceforward shared with them his scanty earnings. An edition was forthcoming of the "*Pleasures of Hope*," which the publishers had, with great liberality, permitted him to publish on his own account, by subscription: on the strength of this he contracted a loan to clear off some family debts which were a source of anxiety to his mother;—a "*judaic loan*" he calls it, which hampered his success for a long time, and became doubled through the interest, before he was able to discharge it.

In the midst of these difficulties he was introduced, at Dugald Stewart's, to Lord Minto, who encouraged him with promises of patronage and success, and invited him to pass the ensuing season at his house in London, where, to avoid a sense of dependence, it was agreed that the poet should perform the service of private secretary. The official duties were light, the "poet's

room" was prepared for his exclusive use, and he was now enabled to pursue the suggestions of his own mind without obstruction. It does not however appear that much was produced, in the literary way, during this London winter: the time was chiefly improved to enlarge the poet's circle of acquaintance, and his knowledge of the world and society. He enjoyed a very delightful intercourse with the Kemble family and Mrs. Siddons. At Perry's table he met many distinguished literary characters, and was introduced, according to the biographer, by Lord Holland, but according to Campbell, by Mackintosh, to "*The King of Clubs*,"—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London. Notwithstanding its brilliancy and erudition, the conversation here displeased the poet from the fact, as he avers, that he found "all eager to instruct and none willing to be instructed,"—and very possibly also, from the operation of the same feelings before alluded to, which overcame him at the table of Mr. Longman. Nevertheless he afterwards refers to these meetings with a kindly recollection, and says, "I long once more to behold those Knights of Literature sporting at their jousts and tournaments in that brilliant circle." The society of Mr. Telford was particularly agreeable to Campbell: and so sincere and lasting was this gentleman's admiration, that at his death, some thirty years afterwards, he willed the poet a considerable legacy.

This winter "*Lochiel*" was produced, respecting which, and the line so frequently quoted,

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

the following anecdote is preserved:

"He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on the wizard's "*Warning*," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating—

Events to come cast their shadows before!

This was the very thought for which he had been hunting during the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The Poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. "Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige

me with a cup of tea as soon as possible.' He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the 'happy thought;' but as he wrote, changed the words 'events to come,' into *coming events*, as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock!—the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his 'cup of tea' he completed the first sketch of *Lochiel*."

"What a grand idea!" said Scott to Washington Irving, in allusion to this remarkable line; "it is a noble thought, and nobly expressed." * * * "He left out several fine lines in *Lochiel*, but I got him to restore them."

One passage of which Campbell seems himself to have regretted the omission, is the following :

Wizard—I tell thee yon death-loving raven shall hold
His feast on the field, ere the quarry be cold;
And the pall of his wings o'er Culloden shall wave
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave."

This is fine and powerful; but with regard to its admission we should demur. The mere *allusion* to the *raven*, as it now stands in the poem, suggesting,—not describing,—is far more sublime.

"For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

How much more effective this *intimation* of the raven than the descriptive passage.

This poem, with that of "*Hohenlinden*," which appeared at the same time, fully sustaining the author's reputation, encouraged his friends to hope that he might give a fuller sweep to his genius, and exert his powers to attempt something on a grand scale, which should fulfil the public expectation. But the fact was, that advantageous as in many respects was his residence in the family of Lord Minto, he never felt quite at ease there. *Ennui* often overpowered the spirit of poetry, and he declared himself, after writing "*Lochiel*," to have lost both the faculty and the inclination. The fashionable aristocracy was a new world to him. He felt cold in the atmosphere around "that little thing, called *quality*." He considered the conversation of Lord Minto's guests "not worth coveting," and remarks, that "the human mind at a certain elevation of rank grows more

barren than the summit of the Alps and Appenines." The secret of all this may, perhaps, be found in a subsequent confession, "Pride and shyness are always sparing in my inside."

Campbell undervalued prose composition. Returning to Edinburgh, he spent much time in writing what he terms "inglorious articles in prose," for an Edinburgh bookseller, and edited an edition of some Greek tragedies. In writing his continuation of Smollet's *History*, such was his apprehension of "*losing caste*," in the descent from lofty rhyme to mere historical compilations, that he bound his employers to secrecy. To his friend, Richardson, he confesses the weakness; acknowledging his reluctance and its cause; but to Lord Minto he says, "*the compensation*" was insufficient to induce him to put his name to the work, and adds, "I feel interested even to *enthusiasm* in my undertaking." This is not the only instance afforded of the tendency of the English system of patronage to lower the standard of independence and truth among authors.

The following winter, residing with Mr. Telford in London, Campbell wrote his "*Historical Annals*," and attended to the new edition of his poems. He had got into an expensive mode of life, and had not the means to support it. He had no definite aim, and was looking anxiously for *some change*, he scarce knew what. The quarto edition at length appeared, and was profitable to him. It contained new poems and was widely circulated, though it was the seventh edition. Its sale enabled the author to shake off pecuniary difficulties, and to think of getting married. If, however, the "*cherub content*" was written in Germany, three years before, it was not "in the course of *this* summer" that Campbell first fell in love with his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Be this as it may, they were married, despite the substantial objections suggested by the worldly wisdom of the young ladies father. She is thus described :

"Such was the striking character of Miss Sinclair's features and expression, that in whatever society she appeared, she was sure to command attention. Happening to be at the Opera in Paris with her brother, in 1802, and wearing a turban and feather—her favorite head-dress—the Turkish ambassador, who

sat in the opposite *loge*, was so captivated by her appearance, that he sent his secretary to inquire of one of the company who sat next her, who that '*dame si distinguée*' was? and having ascertained that she was a Scotch lady, he declared that 'he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe.' Her features had much of a Spanish cast; her complexion was dark, her figure spare, graceful, and below the middle size. She had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, a sensibility—or rather irritability—which often impaired her health; with dark eyes, which, when she smiled, or gave way to any mental emotion, threw over her features an expression of tender melancholy."

Here then was the expected "change." Life now, for a time, put on new and brilliant colors; but, though "Matilda" was his, he could not "part with ambition" nor resign his "gay hopes" at the moss-covered shrine of Content. He did not enter the marriage state without a full sense of its responsibilities, but it was hard to learn the secret of economizing himself or his money. His vital energies were often exhausted under the pressure of an enforced effort to redeem the hours of health which he had wasted. He had yet to learn how he could profitably tax his powers. "Such" he writes, "is the effect of matrimony! I verily believe it has changed me like the aurifying touch of Midas, from dross to gold. Last summer I was an idle dog; this summer I am a sober industrious man, working for my wife and family twelve hours—composing *nearly a sheet a day*. Alas, not poetry—but humble anonymous prose. Destined to face the world unclaimed, unnamed, like a babe in the foundling hospital." Again, a few months later, "I have a little *too much industry*; for the constant consciousness of what I have now to answer for, beats an alarm-bell in my heart whenever I detect myself indolent." * * * "A wife and a boy in the box, are strong temptations to accept of any situation that offers sure support. The woods of Botany Bay were preferable to *uncertainty*." This was in allusion to the vacancy of the Regent's chair [in the University of Wilna, for which he had sent in his name as a candidate, but unsuccessfully as it afterward proved.—Notwithstanding the complaint of "too much industry," Campbell gave so little to the public at this time that it was

evident he must have discarded in the morning what he wrote at night. It was this and his "eternal chiselings" that has caused him to be considered a slow writer. In fact he composed rapidly—the "biography" says "a sheet a day" but this is almost beyond belief.

A difficulty with the publisher to whom he had contracted for the "annals," became a source of much uneasiness. The fault seems to have been on the author's side, and his friends had great difficulty in effecting the reconciliation which was peculiarly essential to him. In a letter to Richardson, he alludes to the effect produced by these circumstances on his health, complaining of broken night rest and feverish days; this affords the first insight to "certain habits" respecting which the biographer, up to this point, carefully avoids any allusion. A dreadful fluctuation *between stupor and feverish excitation*. *

* * * "I have been too much confined this year past, and the *the medicines which I have used have undone my nerves*." Again—"I have secured a good store of Port wine; and yet, I assure you, by the order of my physician, and from better motives, I have *laid aside every propensity to take one glass more than does me good*." This was probably true, but there is no doubt, that if the propensity was laid aside for a time, it was afterward renewed.

At Michelmas, this year, (1804) Campbell removed with his family to Lydenham, where he resided seventeen years. Dr. Beattie thus describes the Poet's domicile. "It stood on a gentle eminence; it consisted of six rooms, two on each floor, the attic story of which was converted into a private study. From this elevation however, he was often compelled, during the summer months to descend for change of air, to the parlor; for in the upper study, to use his own words, he "*felt as if inclosed within a hotly seasoned pie*." * * * "With its green jalousies, white palings, and sweet scented shrubs and flowers covering the little area in front, it had an air of cheerful seclusion and comfort which harmonized with the tastes and wishes of its gentle inmates!" Dear Doctor! He takes the delight in all this of a little girl arranging her baby-house and fitting her dolls with it.

His fame having preceded him, Campbell was warmly received at Lydenham,

and, notwithstanding ill health and some terrible family afflictions during his long residence there, he had "bright intervals" on which he ever afterwards looked back with pleasure. But though Sydenham was the birth-place of "Gertrude," and "O'Conner's child," there is no great satisfaction in a review of that portion of the poet's life. Seventeen of his best years ought to have been more productive. "There he is," said Jeffrey to Washington Irving, "cooped up in Sydenham, simmering his brains to serve up a little dish of poetry, instead of pouring out a whole caldron."

His sentimental intercourse and correspondence with the Mayos, remind us of Cowper and his female worshippers; but far enough removed was the elegant leisure of Cowper's retirement from the toilsome and anxious hours which alternated with poor Campbell's enjoyments. Besides his own, he had his mother's establishment at Edinburgh to provide for, and to meet these demands he continued to make literary engagements both in prose and verse; compilation, abridgement;—any thing he could obtain;—translations and other matter for the "Star" newspaper, and papers for the "Philosophical Magazine." He wrote doggedly—without the right stimulus:—only occasionally he felt the beating of the poetical vein,—*"Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Turkish Lady,"* and *"The Soldier's Dream"* were revised and finished during the second year, also the *"Battle of Copenhagen,"* in which he appears to have imitated the plain strong style of Drayton, in the *"Battle of Agincourt."* This Poem of twenty-seven stanzas, was afterwards reduced to eight, and published as it now stands,—the *"Battle of the Baltic."* In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, we have the original, and also the first idea of the *"Specimens of the British Poets."* In this he applied to Scott for such literary aid as one friend may fairly ask of another; desiring him to mark such passages in Chatterton as he should deem suitable, and to request of Erskine to read Falconer's *"Shipwreck,"* and give report of the best passages. "I am wading through oceans of poetry" he says "where not a fish is be caught." The negotiations for uniting his name with that of Scott, which finally fell through on account of

"the difference of terms" with the book-sellers, was a great disappointment; in which state of mind he again addressed Sir Walter.

"I trusted to Longman and Rees' letting you know, as was their duty, the result of the negotiation respecting the 'Poets;' they have been dilatory, I understand. It is probable, however, that Mr. Rees, being in Scotland, would bring the story along with him—a story disgraceful even to booksellers. They have taken Alexander Chalmers into keeping for 300*l.* to perform this task. I expected to have filled this ensuing winter with the pleasing task of co-operating with a friend—and a friend of proud fame—in writing the lives and characters of our Bards. Poor Bards! you are all ill-used, even after death, by those who have lived on your brains. And now, having scooped out those brains, they drink out of them, like Vandals out of the skulls of the starved and slain, served up by the Gothic Ganymede, Alexander Chalmers.

"To drop metaphor, my dear Friend, I have winter approaching, and all the happiness I built on this employment is gone! I hope I shall soon have out a volume of fugitive pieces, and I have several pieces of poetry on the stocks; but I have been worn by pain and sickness, far beyond the power of poetry." *

* "I can now cherish no hopes of any agreeable undertaking, unless your extensive influence over Constable, or some of the Edinburgh trade, can chalk out some plan of which, as in the last intended, I could be your coadjutor. It is for this purpose I write to you. Your extensive thoughts have gone over so many subjects, that there are probably several great works (of prose I mean) in your view; and in some of these it might happen that the exertion of my industry might be employed under your banners. Under the general fits of pain or debility, to which I have been for sometime subject, I am utterly unfit for any *playful* exercise of the imagination; but, having learnt the great art of sitting so many hours a day at my desk—every day that I am not positively overcome with sickness—I know I can now trust much to my industry. The great difficulty is breaking proposals to those who are unfortunately the only patrons of literature. I am no match for them. They know the dependence of my fortune, and they avail themselves of it. Longman & Rees have engaged me to write a small collection of *Specimens of Scottish Poetry*, and affix a Glossary, with notices of two or three lives. . . . meagrely and miserably cramped down to a most pitiful thing. Yet, having lost every nerve of application to the poetical pieces I was going on with, I took this in hand because it was compatible with

the state of health and spirits, which are the thermometers of my poetry. The selection is a matter of taste, not of historical or antiquarian illustration. I think I have the sources of the work pretty clearly before me; but I shall not consider myself safe, till I have from you—if you will have the kindness to note them down—a list of the best compilations of Scottish poetry which you would recommend. I have finished the few slight sketches of lives which are to accompany the Poems, viz., Burns, Ramsay, Ferguson. As for the two last, perhaps you will say I am chronicling small beer. I hope I shall be able to send you my little volume of originals in a few weeks. Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Lockhart, thinks the public had no trivial compensation for the failure of this project, in Campbell's "Specimens of English Poetry."

About this time, under the administration of Charles Fox, and through the interest of Lord Minto and others, Campbell received a pension of £200 per annum. This was however, only the nominal amount: by reductions of taxes &c., it was in reality sunk to £168 per annum. The state of his health was such, that he regarded the pension as his only defence from premature dissolution," enabling him to follow the recommendation of his physicians to go to the sea-side. The improved state of his circumstances gradually restored the tone of his mind and shortly afterward, was written the first sketch of "Gertrude of Wyoming." He was now able to turn his mind to more congenial pursuits. The new poem was in progress, when he had the misfortune to lose one of his warmest friends, Mr. Mayow,—the original of his "Albert." In a letter to Miss Mayow we find the stanza nearly the same as it afterward appeared in the poem.

"The verses I have transcribed. They will not have the least value, unless the circumstances under which they were written be explained. They relate directly and solely, indeed, to the most venerable of mankind; they were written from the contemplation of his character—from the impulse which his benign and beautiful countenance occasioned; but they were not applicable as the testimony of my veneration for him, which, in justice to my own feelings, and in justice to his inestimable memory, I wish to give to the world as exclusively *his* tribute. That must be the task of another hour.

"The case is, I was engaged, about the time of the afflicting intelligence, in a poem, where a character such as his is one of the most important: the description of serenity in mature life—of that composure which is not the result of indifference, but of the fire, fervor, and sensibility of earlier life, subdued and sweetened by reflection. Such were the traits which I thought I saw in his countenance. His mouth most peculiarly appeared to me to indicate extreme sensibility; his front seemed to have the stamp of a proud and delicate sense of honor, which, I may speak freely, must have made his feelings in youth vehement, and strongly determined to their objects. But in his age, I think I see him smiling on this world with love for all that deserved his love, and with pity for 'all who deserved it not:—

"How reverend was that face, serenely aged
Undim'd by weakness, shade, or turbid ire!
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged;
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire:
And though, amidst that calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might display
A soul impetuous once—'twas earthly fire
That fled Composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day."*

There is also, in another letter, a hint that one of the daughters of this gentleman sat for "Gertrude," herself. To the completion of the annals he still felt himself bound; and he relieved the tedium of the labor by going into convivial company, which tended towards the growth of habits little accordant with the high standard of which he was giving a solemn earnest in his poem. Of Gertrude he began to entertain sanguine hopes. He says, "I have given some touches of my best kind, to the Second Part." "I feel a burning desire to add some sweet and luscious lines at certain parts of "Gertrude." "Be not alarmed; I know and see distinctly,—most distinctly—what I have to do with the poem. I feel at the prospect of these new touches, unbounded delight." He then beseeches Mr. Richardson "never to show these vain and conceited expressions." A request, which if not in this instance, certainly in some others of an earlier date, where the innermost recesses and weaknesses of the poet's heart are laid bare to his friend, should, in better faith, have been complied with: we allude more particularly to his first letters from Germany.

* See "Gertrude of Wyoming:" Part 1st, Stanza 8th.

The "Specimens," were still going on; it was a work peculiarly suited to his taste and his ability. The following letter upon the subject will be read with interest:—

"I trust in God and good books, that I shall make the work at once entertaining, and fully fraught with information. Having full confidence in my own internal resources to say a good deal of English Poetry, which has not yet been said, and equal confidence in those external resources, I hope to make the narrative and biographical part as accurate, as the critical and illustrative part will, I trust, be original and amusing.

The plan of the work is a selection of all the genuine English Poetry that can be condensed within reasonable bounds, with literary and biographical dissertations prefixed to each of the poets. I shall admit no specimen that is not of either already acknowledged excellence, or of such excellence as, if hitherto unnoticed, I may be able to vindicate and point out. There is much excellent poetry in our language which no collector has, to this day, had the good sense to insert in any compilation; and there is a considerable portion which is either unknown to the bulk of more tasteful readers, or known and admired among individuals only, and never rescued from neglect by any popular notice. The men of taste seem to keep those admired passages, like mistresses, for their own insulated attachment. I wish to see them brought before the public for general admiration. Did I ever speak to you of some valuable passages in Crashaw? These are specimens of the beauties I allude to, which it is obvious that Milton had warmed his genius with, before he wrote his *Paradise Lost*. Among these is the soliloquy of Lucifer:—

'Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the doves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves,
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?
Look, in what pomp the mistress-planet moves,
Reverently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich the flames that from thine eyes
Oppressed the common people of the skies . . .'

"And, in another place:—

'What, tho' I missed my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.'

"One sees here the line—

'Which, if not victory, is yet revenge,'

"and Milton, I think it can be proved, saw this in English, although it is a translation.

* * * * *

"Well—I have digressed too far. In the biographical part, it is quite evident that to be accurate, and to enter with simple interest into

the short story of each poet, is quite sufficient for my object. Instead of branching out to discover creeks and streamlets in the tide of their history, I shall content myself with the true course of the stream. I shall leave to antiquaries, for instance, to discover the exact number of Milton's house in Bunhill-fields; I shall reserve my full strength of research for the true appreciation of his powers as a poet; of the state in which he found our poetical language, and of the influence which he bequeathed to it; I speak of this as a thing to be done, although I have much done already. I give Milton as a specimen of what I mean to do with the great poets from Chaucer downwards; because *you* know, to a tittle, how far I am acquainted with Milton. The poets preceding Milton, and after Spenser, are numerous; I mean to treat them differently. A man, or rather a god, like Milton, is to be described in all his attributes, as a great unity. Those minor beings are to be classed, male and female, according to their tribes. I shall endeavor, with as much industry as I can employ, to analyze them individually, like a natural historian; and then attempt as much philosophical generality as possible. I mean to class them in groups, as one should class the Wordsworths and Darwins of the present day. This classifying labor must apply, however, more particularly to the older poets. We know sufficient of the latter poets, and we live too near them to need such arrangements, or indeed, without prejudice, to be able to arrange them in any but a consequent order."

In the summer of 1809 "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" appeared; and the extent of the author's already acquired celebrity was evinced, by the enthusiasm of its reception. Jeffrey foresaw its prosperity: in a letter to the author he expressed freely his opinion of its faults and merits. "Many of your descriptions," he says, "come nearer to the tone of the '*The Castle of Indolence*,' than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is more graceful and delicate. But there are faults too, for which you must be scolded. It is too short,—not merely for the delight of the reader—but for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the scenes. It looks almost as if you cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly." Jeffrey objects farther, that "nothing is said of the early love, and of the childish plays of the pair," and "nothing of their parting and the effects of separation on each." It is doubtless an easy matter to

"Give receipts how poems should be made,"

but we must beg leave to opine that had Gertrude been composed after Jeffrey's receipt, at least as far as regards the "children's plays," it would have argued poverty and want of power in the poet. It was the fault of Wordsworth and other poets of that day to dwell upon subjects not sufficiently dignified, but it was never so with Campbell, his subject and his sentiments were serious; and they placed him high in rank among those who contributed to purify and elevate the public taste above the meretricious school of the preceeding century.

In the tender and delicate passion of *Waldegrave* and *Gertrude*, Campbell's genius is exquisitely developed, and any additional touches would have marred rather than improved the delineation.

When Campbell drank with an honest thirst at the sacred fountains, he imbibed health and vigor; but when from any less natural or spontaneous impulse, the result was different. Fresh from the perusal of the ancient classics, and filled with their beauty, he sought, in his earlier poem, to model himself upon their stately elegance; and in so doing, lost the earnestness of his own nature, and produced the effective rather than the true. Without that effort, "Gertrude" is the more purely classic, both in style and in the unity with which the entire action illustrates the pervading sentiment of Love. The former poem addresses itself to the feelings through elocution,—the latter through tenderness and passion. The thoughts are not less glowing nor the imagery less poetic in the "Pleasures of Hope," but they lack the silver cord of continuity which holds together the pearly and delicate beauties of "Gertrude." The first passages of both were re-wrought with long and patient elaboration, and sometimes over polished. "Write," said Jeffrey, "one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than ever I was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full dressed children." And mistaken he was—as the published specimens collected for the present volume amply testify. The Poet's thoughts *undressed* would never have excited the attention and admiration produced by their artistic finish. It is easy to see where Campbell is true to

himself. It is in the pathetic. He was by nature strictly a lyrist; and it is only in the tenderness and passion of the lyric that he reaches his highest excellence. In attempting to paint he always falls into the rhetorical. The interest of "Gertrude" is only sustained by its lyrical action, character and passion.

With the second edition of "Gertrude" appeared the most deeply pathetic,—the most highly finished and powerful of Campbell's productions;—The "O'Connor's Child," a poem that satisfies at once the intellect and the imagination. So closely to our hearts has its deep and serious tenderness allied it, that we shrink from alluding, as in the justice of criticism we must, to that *one line* of bathos, which, following upon an exclamation of dignified grief, disturbs for a moment the earnestness of our sympathy:

"But oh! that midnight of despair!
When I was doomed to rend my hair."

We will not pause to smile, but with a feeling almost as if we had committed sacrilege, hasten on to the agonizing catastrophe:

"Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's, and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow
Ah me! it was a brother's!"

Then comes the prophecy, and that grand and sublime finale, which we cannot apologize for giving entire:

"A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed my lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red Heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw.—
But now, behold! like cavalets,
Come down the hills to view
O'Connor's plumed partisans,
Thrice ten Innisfallian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom;
But once again in Heaven the bands
Of thunder spirits clapped their hands."

This exquisite poem was a portion of the new school of passion, in which nothing had been previously written, if we except the "Monody" of Cowper, who, after all, may be said to have given the key note, not

only to Campbell, but to Byron, Wordsworth, and Scott.

The admiration expressed by Goethé, of Campbell's power of exciting high emotions was probably called forth by the perusal of "O'Connor's Child." Goethé, no doubt, dipped as lightly into Campbell as he did into other English poetry, and would be likely to select that poem as shorter and more easily comprehended. He would not so highly have commended either of the longer poems, they being far less in accordance with his peculiar taste; far less Goethian.

In April, 1812, Campbell gave his first lecture on poetry, at the Royal Institution. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to it, says:—"I hope that Campbell's plan of lectures will succeed. I think the brogue will be got over, if he will not trouble himself by attempting to get over it, but read with fire and feeling." Campbell's own account of his plan is as follows:

"I begin my first lecture with the Principles of poetry—I proceed in my second to Scripture, to Hebrew, and to Greek Poetry. In the fourth I discuss the poetry of the Troubadours and Romancers, the rise of Italian poetry with Dante, and its progress with Aristo and Tasso. In the fifth, I discuss the French theatre, and enter on English poetry—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare. In the sixth, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thompson, Cowper, and Burns, are yet unfinished subjects."

This course of lectures was eminently successful; he had crowded audiences and warm applause. "Sidney Smith," he says, "patronizes me a little too much—but I forgive him." "A second course," we are told, "was applauded to the echo." Campbell was now at the zenith. About this time he was introduced by his "Chieftain's lovely daughter," Lady Charlotte Campbell, to the Princess of Wales, of which honor the poet expresses a fear that it may prove "too much luck." "I shall be obliged," he says, "to go to the opera, in consequence of having told the great personage that I loved operas to distraction!" "Then why don't you go often to them?" she demanded. "They are so expensive," quoth I. * * * * Next day a ticket for the opera arrived! God help me! This is loving operas to distraction! I shall be obliged to live in London a month to attend

the opera-house—all for telling one little fib." Here is patronage again!

The poet's health again declining, he went, by order of his physician, to Brighton, where he met with Herschel, the astronomer,—“the great, simple, good, old man,” as he calls him. “He is seventy-six, but fresh and stout; and there he sat, nearest the door, at his friend's house, alternately smiling at a joke, or contentedly sitting without share or notice in the conversation. Any train of conversation he follows implicitly; anything you ask he labors, with a sort of boyish earnestness, to explain.” * * * “He described to me his whole interview with Buonaparte; said it was not true, as reported, that Buonaparte understood astronomical subjects deeply; but affected more than he knew.” * * * “In speaking of his great and chief telescope, he said, with an air, not of the least pride, but with a greatness and simplicity of expression, that struck me with wonder,—‘I have looked further into space, than ever human being did before me.’”

In 1802, Campbell was in Paris, and visited the Louvre in company with Mrs. Siddons, where he was excited to tears by the beauty of the Apollo. He was not so much overpowered, however, but that he could take out his pencil, in the full presence of the God,—“within two yards” of him,—and write:

“Oh, how that immortal youth, Apollo, in all his splendor—majesty—divinity—flashed upon us from the end of the gallery!” * * * “He seems as if he had just leapt from the sun.” * * * “The whole is so perfect, that, at the full distance of the hall, it seems to blaze with proportion. The muscle that supports the head thrown back—the mouth, the brow, the soul that is in the marble, are not to be expressed.” * * * Many years afterwards, referring to the period he wrote in allusion to Mrs. Siddons, “Engrossed as I was with the Apollo, I could not forget the honor of being before him in the company of so august a worshipper; and it certainly heightened my enjoyment to see the first interview between the paragon of Art and that of Nature. She, like a true admirer, was not loquacious; but I remember she said,—‘What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that he has made a human being ca-

pable of fashioning so divine a form.' At this time, though in her forty-ninth year, her looks were so noble, that she made you proud of English beauty—even in the presence of Grecian sculpture."

Soon after his return to England, the poet received, through the death of his Highland cousin, Mac Arthur Stewart, a legacy of five hundred pounds, left to him for a reason highly creditable to himself. "The old man, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension."

Thenceforward Campbell had need to struggle no longer against the ills of poverty. He continued to reside at Sydenham, and his health and spirits improved. About this time, he met with a genuine Irish bull, which he communicated to Sneyd Edgeworth for the use of his sister. So many are spurious, that we cannot help noticing it. It was a letter to a dead woman, addressed,—*"Hunter, No. 5, Flook street, London,"* and ran thus :

"JUNE 3, 1410.

"Madam, I have received a letter from London Dated the 5th of May spakeing of your Death and Desiring me to go to London to administer to the property as the undwrighting do not agreed I take to give you this notice to wright to me to undecave, or er this I will be on the London Road the wrighter deceris me to Derect to James Web at Mr. Daniels No 59, Lecestoer Squair pray wright by Return of post while I am getting Redy for the Jurney we are all well in our Hulbs and believe me your Senceir Cousin John M'Lun."

The "Specimens" had been suspended through the non-fulfillment of a promise given by Richard Heber for the loan of some rare volumes which Campbell thought absolutely necessary to his farther progress. The Bibliomaniac finally redeemed his pledge, and the work was renewed. His Lectures also were now being arranged for the press. Scott made a proposal which, had Campbell accepted,—the remaining Biography might have afforded more gratifying testimonies of the poet's future eminence. Dr. Beattie hesitatingly suggests what, no doubt would have proved true, that had Campbell, through a professorship become identified with the University of Edinburgh, new energies would have been

called forth, and in the use and application of his fine classical knowledge, much might have been enlarged in poetry. The old encumbent of the History chair in the University had not lectured for some years, and it was supposed the office of colleague, with the prospect of succession to the chair, might be agreeable to Campbell; but for some reason unexplained, it was declined.

Dr. Beattie alludes in this place, and on other occasions, to the early friendship subsisting between Campbell and Washington Irving. The Doctor has an inflated way of speaking of all Campbell's associates as if they were dear friends: He doubtless had many, and those most warmly attached, but, if we except the "Scotch Brotherhood," he was on terms of close intimacy with very few of the leading literary men of the day. A dinner given at his house in Sydenham, to Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, seems to have been a memorable era in his life. Mr. Irving's acquaintance with him commenced in 1810, through Mr. Archibald Campbell, at whose request he negotiated for the poet, with an American publisher; they did not meet until several years later, and then the acquaintance "though extending over a number of years, was never intimate." "To tell the truth," says Irving, "I was not much drawn to Campbell." "I knew little but what might be learned in the casual intercourse of general society."

At the request of Mr. Roscoe, the "Lectures" delivered in London, were repeated, with some difference of arrangement, before the "Royal Institution of Liverpool." The only poems, worthy of his reputation, written within the last three years, were the celebrated Ode to the Kemble Festival, and the "Rainbow;"—but, "in the fire" as he expresses it, "not yet red hot enough for the anvil," he had another (Theodoric,) on which he built hopes never to be realized.

In May, 1820, with the view of gathering materials for his lectures, and consulting the public libraries, he re-visited Germany. Before leaving England he entered into an agreement with Colburn, the Publisher, to edit, on his return, the New Monthly Magazine, for a term of three years, to commence the first of January. At Bonn he renewed acquaintance

with Schlegel, of whom he says "He is ludicrously fond of showing off his English to me,—accounting for his fluency and exactness in speaking it, by his having learnt it at thirteen. This English, at the same time, is in point of idiom and pronunciation, what a respectable English parrot would be ashamed of." "He talks without listening, even to questions, upon subjects on which he has not information."

* * * "At times, when he dwells on a subject of which he is really master he is quite his own original and animating self; but when he has nothing to say, he prosed away, like the clack of a mill where there is no corn to grind."

Leaving his son, now in his sixteenth year, at Bonn, under the care of the Professor of Physics, Dr. Meyer, Campbell returned to England and commenced the duties of his editorship. He met with some discouragement in the refusal of contributions from the highest sources, to which he first applied; but notwithstanding this, he filled his contribution list respectably, and, devoting for a season all his time and energy to the work, was able to make a fair start, and redeem the promise given to the public. The pressure of these duties obliged him to remove from Sydenham to London.

During the remainder of this year, the calm of domestic life was ruffled by anxieties in regard to his son, who unexpectedly returned; and by the now evident premonitions of his approaching insanity, dissipated all the parental hopes. Only a short time before, poor Campbell had said "the beam of expectation that has dawned upon me within these few months that my boy will yet be an ornament to us, creates an era in my existence." It was long before the unhappy parents could bring themselves to view the case in its proper light. The disease was undoubtedly hereditary. Campbell had married his cousin; her sister had already been under the discipline of an asylum, while Mrs. Campbell herself is frequently alluded to as being in a nervous and irritable state. After mature consideration, and by the best advice, the young Campbell was placed in a lunatic asylum, where he remained for several years, and though afterward sufficiently recovered to be removed, his health appears not to have been fully restored during his

father's lifetime. The mother's delicate constitution gave way under the afflictions and she survived but a few years.

Among Campbell's contributions to the *New Monthly* this year was the "Last Man" by many considered equal if not superior in poetical conception and expression to all his preceding efforts. It was the last, the parting song, the requiem of his genius. From this time he seems to have written nothing quite worthy of himself.

The scheme for establishing in London a University, which had long dwelt in Campbell's mind, was now suggested publicly. It was to have no church influence nor rivalry; "it was to combine various points in the German method with whatever seemed most eligible in the systems pursued at home." To collect facts and to test the system by clear observation, Campbell went again to Berlin; but his health had been greatly impaired by his recent anxieties, and a gentleman who met him there says "All appear to share the surprise experienced by myself at his (Campbell's) decrepid appearance."

Campbell founded some fallacious hopes upon having originated the University scheme, which he called the only important event in his life. No mention is made of the presidency or even of a professorship being offered him. He must have anticipated a different result; for in answer to a communication he had received, stating, that a strong party among the students of Glasgow were desirous of his election to the Rectorship of that University, he writes, "Whatever be the issue, believe me, that I shall feel equally sensible of your kindness whether it be that I sup with you, as Lord Rector, at Glasgow; or that you dine and condole with me for my non-rectorship in London. There was great enthusiasm among the students of Glasgow in regard to their new Lord Rector, (for Campbell accepted unhesitatingly, the call.) Contrary to all precedent, he was elected a second and even a third time; though on the latter occasion Sir Walter Scott was set up against him. His popularity with the collegians never declined; to his latest day he always spoke of them as his "darling boys," and his heart was in the duties of the office.

In commemoration of the third election,

the more advanced students instituted a literary association which they called "the Campbell club." It was at first exclusive, but became more general in its character, and so continues to the present day. The anniversary of Campbell's election is still celebrated, and they now drink in solemn silence to the memory of him whose health used to be received with acclamations.

Within a year after the death of Mrs. Campbell, the poet removed from his house in Seymour street to a much larger one, fitted up expensively at Whitehall. "In making this change" says Dr. Beattie, in his most beatific manner, "he acted upon the suggestions of an amiable and accomplished friend, deeply interested in his welfare, and destined, as he fondly imagined to restore him to the happiness of married life." The name of the "amiable and accomplished" lady,—able so soon to console the poet for his late bereavement, is not given. The sort of whispering mysteriousness with which the biographer endeavors to throw over the affair a veil of romance, has the effect to excite various unsatisfactory conjectures. All that our curiosity is able to make out with certainty is the name of "Mary;"—that she was a tory, not youthful, and had resided at Sydenham. Placing the facts together, and "*hoping we dont intrude*" we turn back to a short poem, written during the earlier years of his married life at Sydenham, one stanza of which runs thus:

"Beside that face, beside those eyes,
More fair than stars, e'er traced in skies
By Newton or by Galileo.
Oh how could'st thou, although a brute,
Upon that face when gazing mute—
How couldst thou crush the gentle foot
Of Mary Wynell Mayow!"

Campbell himself, in a letter to Scott, alludes lightly to the affair and says, "I laughed at the regrets of my Edinburgh friends about my intended marriage with a certain lady. * * * The baseless fabric of a vision!"

In 1831, the editorship of the New Monthly and also the "Biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence" which he had commenced, were resigned; the former because "he got into scrapes and lawsuits," the latter, because the booksellers "hurried" him. Finding himself largely in arrears with the publisher of the New

Monthly he embarked in another editorial in order to free himself; but disappointed in this, mortgaged his poems and rented his new house to defray Colburn's debt.

In the interval between his resignation of the "New Monthly" and commencing with "The Metropolitan," he went, for relaxation and the benefit of sea air to St. Leonards, where he wrote his "View of St. Leonards," the following two lines of which he has designated as "his best."

"And here the Spring dips down her emerald
^{urn}
For showers to glad the earth."

Here, in his small lodgings, "hung over the sea, like the stern of a ship," we find him in renewed health and spirits, at the age of fifty-two, leading off "beviies of fair maids" in moonlight walks along the cliffs of Hastings, "listening to the nightingale, repeating poetry and picking up wild flowers" like another "Apollo among the muses."

In a letter to his sister, he writes:—"I am now more than ever in love with St. Leonards, and, during my convalescence, you might have seen me skipping and sauntering among the rocks, as happy as a whelp or a child—the two happiest things in nature, except a convalescent poet." The following is a ludicrous account of a visit from some young ladies, who came with their aunt, not exactly knowing whether they were to see a Mr. or a Miss Campbell, and being received by the poet, in his "night-gown and black cowl." "It was not," says Campbell, "till I called upon their grandmamma, dismounting from a handsome steed—whip in hand—my best blue coat half-buttoned over a handsome waistcoat, with dandy spurs and trowsers, and all the airs of 'a fine young man,' that they gave up considering me as an elderly spinster."

We have seen a portrait of Campbell in his favorite "blue coat," but it was by an inferior artist, and gave us no very high idea of the personal beauty which has been attributed to him. It bore no intellectual resemblance to the following description:

"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and

handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive.—When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it—as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. . . . In personal neatness and fastidiousness—no less than in genius and taste—Campbell in his best days resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition—the same classical predilections and lyric fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical.”

When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting his portrait, the poet exhibited great solicitude. At one time he writes, “If you see Lawrence again, implore him to say what he decides about my ‘lovely portrait.’ I have got so smoky and old-looking, that I wish to get back my imaginary beauty, just to see how I shall look when I grow young again in heaven. That is the merit of Lawrence’s painting; he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at one’s self in a mirror.”

The Metropolitan, after passing through various hands, became at last the property of Marryatt, the novelist. Campbell and Marryatt were joined by Moore, and, for a time, all went on prosperously. When or why Campbell’s connection ceased with this magazine, we are not informed.

The cause of Poland had, for the last two years, occupied a large portion of his thoughts and time. The Polish Association was gotten up entirely through his exertions. He was at the same time engaged in writing his “Life of Mrs. Siddons,” a task enjoined upon him almost with her latest breath. She had been one of his earliest friends, and his allusions to her in his “correspondence,” are frequent, and in the warmest strain of admiration and respect. In his retrospective notes he says:

“Mrs. Siddons was a great simple being, who was not shrewd in her knowledge of the world, and was not herself well understood, in some particulars, by the majority of the world. The universal feeling towards her was respectful, but she was thought austere:

but with all her apparent haughtiness, there was no person more humble when humility became her. From intense devotion to her profession she derived a peculiarity of manner—the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to common-place colloquial subjects, but of which she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it. I know not what others felt; but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner. . . . She was more than a woman of genius; for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honor to her sex and to human nature.” . . . “In the following passages,” he adds, “Joanna Baillie has left a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons:—

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall, Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No: far unlike them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair; For time hath laid his hand so gently on her, As he too had been awed. . . . So stately, and so graceful is her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic; But, on a near approach, I found in truth She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it—She is not decked in any gallant trim, But seems to me, clad in the usual weeds Of high habitual state.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy, It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Friberg. It is an apparition he has seen, Or---it is Jane de Montfort!

JANE DE MONTFORT, *Act. II., Scene I.*”

Campbell, no doubt, entered upon her Biography with enthusiasm, and it was eagerly received by the public, but its celebrity was only for the day.

From the close of his connection with the “New Monthly,” may, perhaps, be dated the gradual decline of Campbell’s literary celebrity. The cold reception given to Theodoric had been a deep mortification to him. He seems now to have exhibited an occasional asperity and irritability, wholly contrary to the natural sweetness of his disposition. He wrote little, and that not in his best manner, for he no longer had, what he required, the stimulus of an assured success. Stars of magnitude had arisen in the literary horizon, where, for a time, he had shone alone. His taste, so cultivated and refined, was

not to be cheated; he was not only "afraid of the shadow *his own fame* cast before him," but he also felt that theirs was a wider and higher range, and he shrank from attempting it. It was better—so his Scotch shrewdness had taught him,—to rest upon the laurels he had won, than to go forth to battle, when the strength of the god-head was with them,—not him. "It is unfortunate for Campbell," said Mrs. Campbell to Irving, "that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron." Campbell loved to be familiarly recognized in his poetic character, and often to his friends designated himself as "your poet," but there was not in his life so much of the visionary as is commonly attributed to the "sons of song." He read men as they are; had few idiosyncracies; and, in his companionship and principles especially, enjoyed the actual more than the ideal. It is not unfair to say, that his ardor in the cause of Poland was stimulated by the gratitude of the exiles, and by his being kept, through it, in a position of public importance. He fed, as it were, his own enthusiasm, until it became almost a monomania. "I was with him," says Dr. Madden, "the day he received an account of the fall of Moscow. Never in my life did I see a man so stricken by profound sorrow! * * * I feared that if this prostration of all energy of mind and body continued, his life or his reason must have sunk under the blow."

Disappointed in his political ambition, and no longer "the observed of all observers," as the most admired poet of the day, he was happy to be distinguished as the Friend of Poland. As the vision of a poetic immortality faded before him, his hand relaxed its grasp, and he turned to other sources for consolation;—and those were not wanting of a more enduring nature.

"He spoke frequently, if led to it, of his feelings while writing his poems. When he wrote 'The Pleasures of Hope,' fame, he said, was everything in the world to him: if any one had foretold to him *then*, how indifferent he would be *now*, to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea; but, nevertheless, he finds it so now. He said, he hoped he really did feel, with regard to his posthumous fame, that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God:—'I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to

me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at any time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

"Another time, speaking of the insignificance which, in one sense, posthumous fame must have, he said:—'When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself—how *can* literary fame appear to me but as—nothing! Who will think if it then? If, at death, we enter on a new state for eternity, of what interest, beyond this present life, can a man's literary fame be to him? Of none—when he thinks most solemnly about it.'"

A highly interesting scene, illustrative of the decline of Campbell's popularity is related in Mr. Irving's "Introductory,"

"It was at an annual dinner of the Literary Fund, at which Prince Albert presided, and where was collected much of the prominent talent of the kingdom. In the course of the evening, Campbell rose to make a speech. I had not seen him for years, and his appearance showed the effect of age and ill health; it was evident, also, that his mind was obfuscated by the wine he had been drinking. He was confused and tedious in his remarks; still, there was nothing but what one would have thought would be received with indulgence, if not deference, from a veteran of his fame and standing; a living classic. On the contrary, to my surprise, I soon observed signs of impatience in the company; the poet was repeatedly interrupted by coughs and discordant sounds, and as often endeavored to proceed; the noise at length became intolerable, and he was absolutely clamored down, sinking into his chair overwhelmed and disconcerted. I could not have thought such treatment possible to such a person at such a meeting."

"Hallam, author of the *Literary History of the Middle Ages*, who sat by me on this occasion, marked the mortification of the poet, and it excited his generous sympathy. Being shortly afterwards on the floor to reply to a toast, he took occasion to advert to the recent remarks of Campbell, and in so doing, called up in review all his eminent achievements in the world of letters, and drew such a picture of his claims upon popular gratitude and popular admiration as to convict the assembly of the glaring impropriety they had been guilty of—to soothe the wounded sensibility of the poet, and send him home to, I trust, a quiet pillow."

In his visit to Algiers in 1834, the total

change of climate, scenery, society and mode of life seemed almost miraculously to revive his energies. He found there, in a pamphlet published about the colony, his own opinions in the *New Monthly*, quoted, with honorable mention of himself;—and, on the eve of publication, a translation of his poems. The glory of his youth seemed, for a brief space, renewed. His private letters are full of vivid description, and surpass his "Letters from the South," sent to the *New Monthly*. He returned to England, looking younger than when he left; and even Dr. Beattie admits that, for a time, "the company and conversation of the African traveller, were more courted than those of the poet."

The "Life of Petrarch," which as in other instances, he had rashly undertaken from a short lived enthusiasm, and found himself unable to complete to his own satisfaction, was advancing slowly, and had become an irksome labor.

In the winter of 1841, he took a lease of a house in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and made a proposal to Mrs. Alexander Campbell to resign to his care his niece, her daughter, expressing his intention to provide for her. It was about this time that he exhibited occasional aberrations which excited at once ridicule and pity. Fascinated with a child whom he had met in the street, in one of his evening walks, he resorted to the singular alternative of the following newspaper advertisement to discover her name:—

April 19th.—A gentleman, sixty-three years old, who, on Saturday last, between six and seven, p. m., met, near Buckingham Gate, with a most interesting-looking child, four years of age, but who forbore, from respect for the lady who had her in hand, to ask the girl's name and abode, will be gratefully obliged to those who have the happiness of possessing the child, to be informed where she lives, and if he may be allowed to see her again. A letter will reach the advertiser, T. C., at No. 61, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Another anecdote is related denoting the same irregularity:—Hearing of the benefit derived from the German baths, he abruptly and without preparation embarked for Rotterdam, without money sufficient for his expenses, and leaving his friends in a state of anxious uncertainty. He wrote from Wiesbaden to Doctor Beattie, requesting him to send the bank notes

he would find in the bed-room press, in the house in Victoria Square. The servant left in charge of the house showed the Doctor and his solicitor, whom he took with him, the bed-room where the press stood. This repository seemed not to have been locked, and was occupied by articles of dress, books, &c., all of which were carefully examined—but no money was discovered. Portmanteaus, table-drawers, coat-pockets and even canisters were emptied, with no better success: after re-reading the letter, to be sure that there was no mistake, the press was ransacked again—but in vain; the search was concluded to be hopeless, when, in shutting the press-doors, the point of an embroidered slipper stood in the way. Taking it in hand to push it back, it felt hard: on examination it was found to be stuffed with white paper matches, such as are used to light candles. One of these twisted like a whip cord was unrolled, and turned out to be a ten pound Bank of England note. Here was the treasure: every bit of paper untwisted disclosed the same. The full amount contained in both slippers was three hundred pounds.

This year the "Pilgrim of Glencoe and other Poems" appeared,—a volume made up chiefly of minor pieces composed at various times. The *Launch Ode* is good, but neither the occasion nor the execution raise it to an equality with "The Mariners of England."

Campbell was now so evidently "breaking up," that, says the Biographer, "those who met him in the street saluted him with ill-dissembled sorrow."

In 1848, he left London; and taking his niece, Mary Campbell with him, went to reside permanently at *Bologne*. His friends seem not to have admitted the expediency of this step; they took leave of him with a feeling that he could return to them no more; and it was not long before he began himself to know that his days were numbered. The following spring Dr. Beattie was summoned by Miss Campbell to the death-bed of his friend.

The following are extracts from a journal of the last two weeks:—

"We entered the library, adjoining the Poet's bedroom, and the next minute found us at his side. We were all greatly shocked; for he was sadly changed. The arrival of

old friends seemed to revive him. His words were, as he held my hand—'Visits of angels from heaven,'—thinking, perhaps, of the dreary interval since we parted in London. He spoke to each with a faint smile, but in few words, and with that peculiar lightening of the eye which gave forcible expression to all he said.

It was thought doubtful at one time this morning whether he was quite conscious of what was said in his presence. Of the fact, however, a little artifice soon furnished us with proof. We were speaking of his poems. Hohenlinden was named; when, affecting not to remember the author of that splendid lyric, a guess was hazarded that it was by a Mr. Robinson. . . . 'No,' said the Poet, calmly, but distinctly, 'it was one Tom Campbell.'

"June 12th.—He has passed a tolerable night—sleeping at intervals—and taking a little food when it was offered to him; but there is nothing encouraging—no actual improvement; and if at all changed since yesterday, it is for the worse.

"By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick; followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention; suppressing, as much as he could, the sound of his own breathing, which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion he said: 'It is very soothing!' At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels; directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Savior. When this was done I asked him, 'Do you believe all this?' 'Oh yes!' he replied, with emphasis—'I do!' His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers he raised his hand to his head—took off his nightcap—then clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realize all the feelings of his own triumphant lines:—

'This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!—
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breathe,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robb'd the Grave of victory
And took the sting from Death!'

"June 14th.—All night at the sufferer's bedside. Never shall I forget the impression these night-watches have left on my mind.

. . . his words are few—pronounced with an effort—and often inarticulate; but there is no murmur; no complaint; and he repeats the same answer—'tolerable.'

. . . The respiration is becoming more difficult and hurried: his lips are com-

pressed—the nostrils dilated—the eyes closed—and the chest heaves almost convulsively. *Quam mutatus ab illo!* He is still conscious, however; and the very compression of the lips discovers an effort to meet the struggle with firmness and composure.

"At two o'clock he opened his eyes, and then, as if the light of this world were too oppressive, closed them. He is now dying. The twilight dews of life are lying heavy on his temples.

* * * * *

"At a quarter past four in the afternoon, our beloved Poet, Thomas Campbell, expired, without a struggle. His niece, Dr. Allatt, and myself, were standing by his bedside. The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek—such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful—but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble.

"Sunday.—This evening, between nine and ten o'clock, the body was removed from the upper chamber, and placed in its leaden coffin—near 'his own chair'—in the drawing-room. The ceremony was witnessed by the immediate friends and servants of the family. It was very impressive—aided by the deep silence—and the recollection that this room was but recently fitted up for the social enjoyments of life. The body was removed from the bed on the coffin-lid—without discomposing a limb or a feature. The stars were shining through the windows at the time—along the staircase and passage, lights were placed—just sufficient to direct the steps of the bearers—and if the silence was interrupted, it was only by a sigh or a whisper."

There was an uncertainty in regard to the Poet's remains being interred at Westminster, but, after some preliminaries with the Dean of Westminster, it was determined, and accordingly they were taken to London, and on Wednesday, July 3rd, 1844, attended by a large multitude of all ranks and conditions, deposited in a grave at the extremity of an angle formed by the monuments erected to the memory of Addison and Goldsmith, and closely adjoining that of Sheridan.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave the crowd pressed eagerly round; and when the Rev. Mr. Milman arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust *Col. Szyrma*, one of the numerous body of Poles who were present, brought a handful of earth, taken for the purpose from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it over the coffin.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

CORRECTION.—Owing to a mistake in the Telegraphic Report of the President's Message of August 6th, and which was unfortunately transmitted throughout the country in every direction, the President was made to say, that "the claim of title on the part of Texas appears to Congress to be well-founded in whole or in part."

The above mistake crept into the last number of this journal. The true wording is as follows: "If the claim of title on the part of Texas appears to Congress to be well-founded, in whole or in part, it is in the competency of Congress," &c.

On Friday, September 6, the Texas Boundary Bill, from the Senate, amended by the Bill for the Territorial Organization of New Mexico, (this amendment was afterwards concurred in by the Senate,) passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 108 to 98. The vote was as follows:

AYES—(For the Bill.)

Indiana—Albertson, W. J. Brown, Dunham, Fitch, Gorman, McDonald, Robinson—7.

Alabama—Alston, W. R. W. Cobb, Hilliard—3.

Tennessee—Anderson, Ewing, Gentry, I. G. Harris, A. Johnson, Jones, Savage, F. P. Stanton, Thomas, Watkins, Williams—11.

New York—Andrews, Bockee, Briggs, Brooks, Duer, McKissock, Nelson, Phinix, Rose, Schermerhorn, Thurman, Underhill, Walden, White—14.

Iowa—Deffler—1.

Rhode Island—Geo. G. King—1.

Missouri—Bay, Bowlin, Green, Hall—4.

Virginia—Bayly, Beale, Edmunson, Haymond, McDowell, McMullen, Martin, Parker—8.

Kentucky—Boyd, Breck, G. A. Caldwell, J. L. Johnson, Marshall, Mason, McLean, Morehead, R. H. Stanton, John B. Thompson—10.

Maryland—Bowie, Hammond, Keer, McLane—4.

Michigan—Buel—1.

Florida—E. C. Cabell—1.

Delaware—J. W. Houston—1.

Pennsylvania—Chester Butler, Casey, Chandler, Dimmick, Gilmore, Levin, Job Mann, McLanahan, Pitman, Robins, Ross, Strong, James Thompson—13.

North Carolina—R. C. Caldwell, Deberry, Outlaw, Shepperd, Stanly—5.

Ohio—Disney, Hoagland, Potter, Taylor, Whitlesey—5.

Massachusetts—Duncan, Eliot, Grinnell—3.

Maine—Fuller, Gerry, Littlefield—3.

Illinois—Thos. L. Harris, McClelland, Richardson, Young—4.

New Hampshire—Hibbard, Peaslee, Wilson—3.

Texas—Howard, Kaufman—2.

Georgia—Owen, Toombs, Welborn—3.

New Jersey—Wildrick—1.

Total for the bill, 108.

NAYS—(Against the Bill.)

New York—Alexander, Bennett, Burrows, Clark, Conger, Gott, Holloway, W. T. Jackson, John A. King, Preston King, Matteson, Putnam, Reynolds, Ramsey, Sackett, Schoolcraft, Silvester—17.

Massachusetts—Allen, Fowler, Horace Mann, Rockwell—4.

North Carolina—Ashe, Clingman, Daniel, Venable—4.

Virginia—Averett, Bocock, Holliday, Meade, Millson, Powell—6.

Illinois—Baker, Wentworth—2.

Michigan—Bingham, Sprague—2.

Alabama—Bowden, S. W. Harris, Hubbard, Inge—4.

Missouri—A. G. Brown, Featherston, McWille, Jacob Thompson—4.

South Carolina—Burt, Colcock, Holmes, Orr, Wallace, Woodward—6.

Connecticut—Thomas B. Butler, Waldo—2.

Ohio—Cable, Campbell, Carter, Corwin, Crowell, Nathan Evans, Giddings, Hunter, Morris, Olds, Root, Schenck, Sweetzer, Vinton—15.

Pennsylvania—Calvin, Dickey, Howe, Moore, Ogle, Reed, Thaddeus Stevens—7.

Wisconsin—Cole, Doty, Durkee—3.

Rhode Island—Dixon—1.

Georgia—Haraleon, Joseph W. Jackson—2.

Indiana—Harlan, J. L. N. McGaughey—3.

Vermont—Hebard, Henry, Meacham, Peck—4.

Arkansas—Robert W. Johnson—1.

New Jersey—James G. King, Newell, Van Dyke—3.

Louisiana—La Sere, Morse—2.

Maine—Otis, Sawtelle, Statson—3.

Missouri—Phelps—1.

New Hampshire—Tuck—1.

Total nays, 98.

Absent or not voting:

Ashmun, Mass.

Bissell, Ill.

Cleveland, Conn.

A. Evans, Md.

Freedley, Penn.

Bocock, Va.

Hampton, Penn.

Harmonson, La.

Hay, N. Jersey.

Nes, Penn.

Goodenow, Me.	Risley, N. York.
Gorman, Ind.	Spaulding, do.
Gould, N. York.	Stepens, Ga.
Hackett, Ga.	WILMOT, Pa.
Hamilton, Md.	Wood, Ohio-20.

Votes for the Bill :

Northern Whigs, 24	Northern Dems. 32
Southern do. 25-49	Southern do. 27-59
Total, - -	108.

Votes against the Bill :

Northern Whigs, 44	Northern Dems. 13
Southern do. 1-45	Southern do. 30-43
Special Free Soilers, - - -	10.
Total, - -	98.
Total voting, 206.	Absent, 20.
Speaker, 1.	
Vacant, 2 seats (in Mass.)	

On the following day, the Bill for the Admission of California, and the Utah Territorial Organization Bill, in the shape in which they came from the Senate, passed the House of Representatives. The California Bill was passed by the decisive vote of 150 to 57, and the Utah Bill by 97 to 85.

The first section of that bill enacts as follows:

That all that part of the territory of the United States included within the following limits, to wit: bounded on the West by the State of California, on the North by the Territory of Oregon, on the East by the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and on the South by the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude,—be, and the same is hereby created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Utah; and, when admitted as a State, the said Territory, or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission: *Provided*, that nothing in this act contained shall be construed to inhibit the Government of the United States from dividing said Territory into two or more Territories, in such manner and at such times as Congress shall deem convenient and proper, or from attaching any portion of said Territory to any other State or Territory of the United States.

On the 9th of September, President Fillmore signed the Texas Boundary, New Mexico, California, and Utah bills, and they are consequently laws.

On the 12th, the Fugitive Slave bill, from the Senate, passed the House of Representatives, unamended, by a vote of 109 to 75.

The first and second sections of this bill provide that the United States Courts shall appoint Commissioners, before whom claims for runaway slaves shall be examined.

Section 3. Provides, that the number of these Commissioners shall be, from time to time, enlarged, so as to afford reasonable faci-

lities for the reclamation of fugitives from labor.

Section 4. Provides that, upon satisfactory proof being presented by the agent, or owner, the Court, or the Justice of the Peace, or the Commissioner, shall grant certificates to the claimants, with authority to remove the fugitive to the State or Territory whence he fled.

Section 5. Provides, that it shall be the duty of the United States Marshals and deputies to execute all warrants issued under the provisions of this act; and that if the Marshal neglect his duty of endeavoring to secure a fugitive under demand, he shall pay a fine of one thousand dollars; and that if the slave escapes from him, when once in his possession, he shall pay the value of the slave; and that the *posse comitatus* shall be subject to be called out by the officers of the law in its execution.

Section 7. Provides, that any person resisting the law, or aiding in the escape of a fugitive, shall be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, and shall pay to the party thus deprived of the services of the fugitive, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost.

In the Senate, September 10, the bill for the suppression of the slave trade in the District of Columbia being under discussion, Mr. SEWARD moved in amendment: That slavery in the District be entirely abolished:—that its abolition depend on the vote of the inhabitants; and that in case, on such vote being taken, it should be in favor of emancipation, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars be appropriated to pay the owners of the slaves for whatever loss they may suffer.

Mr. BALDWIN, of Connecticut, objected to this proposition, as tending to embarrass the harmonious action of the two Houses on this subject. He preferred that Congress should act finally upon this bill, before entering upon the consideration of any other proposition, which, however desirable, there is less reason to believe will be immediately successful.

Mr. MANGUM, of North Carolina, observed that, under proper auspices, he should have voted for the abrogation of the slave trade in the District. He should now change his course. He should vote for no proposition of that kind. He was convinced that it was impossible to satisfy certain gentlemen. They would urge on their objects, though they should cause blood to flow knee-deep over the whole South, and over the wreck of this Union.

Mr. DAWSON, of Georgia, called the attention of the country to the feeling which existed among some of the members of this body. When Congress were endeavoring to harmonize the conflicting interests and pas-

sions of the country, and had begun to hope that the best of feeling had been restored, not only here, but throughout the Union, we still find a disposition to raise and agitate questions which have been already decided. The question arises, whether this is the offspring of that kind of patriotism which ought to burn in the breast of every American, or whether it is not an emanation from disappointed political aspirations. Whether it is not an effort now making to divide this great country for mere purposes of political aggrandizement; whether it is not an effort on the part of individuals to hold up one plank of the wreck of a certain established political platform; whether it is not to save a sinking party that has risen up in this country, not for the purpose of elevating the character of the Union, or the happiness of the people, but to aggrandize and elevate a few individuals. Sir, said Mr. Dawson, I am sorry, extremely sorry, to see any man who would go into the country, and throw a firebrand, as it were, into the midst of the magazine, for the purpose of creating alienation, and inciting one portion of the country against another.

Mr. DAYTON, of New Jersey, opposed the proposition offered by Mr. Seward, for the reason that it opened an entirely new question to increase the agitation, already sufficiently alarming, on these subjects. The public mind has not been called to this question. Public sentiment has not been felt. The Senate, standing here, would, of itself, take the initiative in a new proceeding, when its plain duty was to calm the present excitement of the country. I cannot but see, said Mr. Dayton, that the adoption of this amendment would defeat the very bill now before the Senate. The original bill harmonizes and brings into action the kind feelings of a large portion of this chamber—brings to a common centre the good feeling of the North and South. But adopt the amendment of the Senator from New York, and you destroy all.

Mr. WINTHROP, of Massachusetts, opposed the amendment, not because he thought it destined to dissolve the Union, but because he considered it a proposition of a crude and hasty character, and calculated to embarrass the action of individuals upon a question of the deepest importance. He regretted that the Senator from New York should have thought proper to spring such a proposition upon them without previous notice, and in this immediate connexion.

"What is the proposition? It begins by a proclamation of immediate emancipation to every slave in the District of Columbia. But what follows? I had almost said that it holds out a false promise on its face. It says slavery shall instantly cease in the District of

Columbia! But does it cease even under the amendment? No, sir; not at all. The question is to be put to a popular vote in the District. We are to have, under this amendment, a grand election in this District six months hence, to decide in favor of emancipation or against emancipation. Notice is to be given, in the mean time, to all the slaves in the District, that their freedom or servitude depends on the result of this election. If a majority of the votes cast, shall be against emancipation, slavery is to be prolonged and perpetuated. In that event, too, the slave-trade, the suppression of which is proposed by this bill, will remain as it now is; for the honorable Senator has moved his proposition as a substitute for the whole bill. He has not proposed to leave any part of this bill to accomplish the great object of putting an end to the odious and abhorrent traffic which has so long brought reproach upon the American capital, in case his own scheme should be voted down by the people.

"Sir, I cannot but regard this as a very crude and hasty proposition, in the first place. And I cannot but regard it, in the next place, in a most unseasonable and untimely proposition. I deeply regret that it has been brought forward in connexion with this bill—under the present circumstances of the country—at a moment when the public mind is so greatly agitated on questions of this sort, and at a moment, moreover, when we are endeavoring to accomplish another object, which is perhaps within our reach, and which has been so earnestly desired by all who have the interests of humanity at heart. When the abolition of these accursed depots for carrying on the slave-trade in the District of Columbia seems just within our grasp, I must repeat, sir, that I do most deeply deplore that the honorable Senator from New York should embarrass and perhaps defeat our action, by a proposition so indiscreet, so ill-digested, and so impracticable every way as that which he has offered."

On the following day Mr. SEWARD desired to withdraw his proposition, but objection being then made, the amendment after some farther remarks by Messrs. HAMLIN, CLAY, FOOTE, and others, was put to the vote and rejected.—Yeas, 5; nays, 45; as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Chase, Dodge of Wisconsin, Hale, Seward and Upham.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Barnwell, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Bright, Butler, Clay, Davis, of Mass.; Davis, of Miss.; Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge, of Iowa; Douglas, Downs, Ewing, Felch, Fremont, Greene, Hamlin, Gwin, Houston, Hunter, Jones, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pierce, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Smith, Soule, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, Whitcomb, Winthrop, and Yulee.

The Slave-bill finally passed the Senate, September 16th, in the following shape:

A BILL to suppress the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the first day of January next, it shall not be lawful to bring into the District of Columbia any slave whatever, for the purpose of being sold, or for the purpose of being placed in depot, to be subsequently transferred to any State or place to be sold as merchandise. And if any slave shall be brought in the said District by its owner, or by the authority or consent of its owner, contrary to the provisions of this act, such slave shall thereupon become liberated and free.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall and may be lawful for each of the Corporations of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, from time to time, and as often as may be necessary, to abate, break up, and abolish any depot or place of confinement of slaves brought into the said District as merchandise, contrary to the provisions of this

act, by such appropriate means as may appear to either of said Corporations expedient and proper. And the same power is hereby vested in the levy court of Washington county, if any attempt shall be made within its jurisdictional limits, to establish a depot or place of confinement for slaves brought into the said Districts as merchandise for sale contrary to this act.

The vote was — yeas, 33; nays, 19, — as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Bright, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Clay, Cooper, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dickenson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Felch, Fremont, Greene, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Norris, Seward, Shields, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Wales, Walker, Whitecomb, and Winthrop—33.

NAYES—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Downs, Hunter, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Soulé, Turney, and Yulee—19.

On the following day, this bill passed the House of Representatives, without amendment, by a vote of 125 to 49.

MISCELLANY.

MAIL STEAMERS TO THE COAST OF AFRICA.

—We give the following digest of the Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, concerning the establishment of a line of steamers from the United States to the coast of Africa, with the object of promoting the colonization of free persons of color, of suppressing the African slave trade, of carrying the mails, and of extending the commerce of the United States.

This proposition involves an extension of that system, recently commenced by Congress, creating a powerful steam navy, by means of private enterprise and through the assistance of Congress: to be used in time of peace for objects partly public and partly private, and in time of war to be called wholly into the service of the Government. The necessity that exists for such an extension can best be shown by presenting the ends sought after by this measure, and by a brief statement of the comparative extent of our present steam navy.

In the Report of Secretary Bancroft to the Senate, on the 2d March, 1846, it was stated that the steam navy of Great Britain amounted to one hundred and ninety-nine vessels, of all classes; that of France numbered fifty-four; that of Russia, without the Caspian fleet, thirty-two; while the steam navy of the United States consisted of only six small vessels, and one in process of building.

Since that time, Congress has provided for the building of four war steamers, and for the establishment of several lines of steamships engaged in carrying the mails, consisting of seventeen large vessels, suitable for war purposes, and at all times liable to be taken for the public service. Of these latter, nine will run between New York and European ports; five between New York and Chagres; and three between Panama and San Francisco.

But this increase in our force has not kept pace with that of other nations. The steam navy of France consists of sixty-four steam vessels of war, besides a reserved force of ten steam frigates now ready, and six corvettes and six smaller vessels nearly ready. The French Government is also about establishing lines of steamers to be employed in commerce and for carrying the mails, but at all times subject to public requisition.

England, also, has added largely to her steam navy by increasing her lines of mail steamers. In the year 1839, that Government resolved to turn the vast expenditures required in naval armaments to the purposes of commerce. A contract was entered into with Mr. Cunard and his associates, for the conveyance of the mails from Liverpool, via Halifax, to Boston, in five steamers of the first class, for about \$425,000 per annum. They were to be built under the supervision of the Admiralty, subject to inspection on being received into the service, and capable in all respects of being converted into ships of war, and of carrying ordnance of the heaviest description. In 1846, this contract was enlarged by adding four steamers between Liverpool and New York, and the compensation raised to \$725,000 per annum.

In 1840, a contract was made by the same Government, at \$1,200,000 per annum, for fourteen steamers to carry the mails from Southampton to the West Indies, the ports of Mexico on the Gulf, and to New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston. These ships are to make twenty-four voyages a year, leaving and returning to Southampton semi-monthly. Two more vessels have lately been contracted for, to run between Bermuda and New York.

In 1840, a contract was entered into for seven steamers, from England to the East Indies and China, at \$800,000 per annum. This line passes from Southampton, via Gibraltar and Malta, to Alexandria in Egypt; thence the route continues overland to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, whence the steamers again start, touching at Aden, Bombay, and at Point de Galle, in the island of Ceylon, whence they proceed to Singapore and Hong Kong. A branch line connected with this runs from Point de Galle to Calcutta, touching at Madras.

In 1846, a contract was made for a line of British steamers, four in number, to run from Valparaiso to Panama, touching at intermediate ports, and connecting overland, from Panama to Chagres, with the West India line.

In 1848, there were twelve more lines of Government steamers running between Great Britain and the Continent of Europe; making a grand aggregate of one hundred and fifteen

ocean steamships fitted for war purposes. Recently, the British Parliament have resolved to extend the mail steamship system to Australia.

The Committee do not propose that our Government should emulate this vast network of steam navigation with which England has encompassed the globe; but they believe that the recent increase of our territory, on the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, demands an augmentation of our steam navy, either by direct addition to the navy proper, or by the encouragement by the Government of these lines of steam packets. The latter plan proposes that the ships shall be built under the inspection of Government and at the expense of private individuals, that they shall be commanded by officers in the navy, and be at all times ready for the public service. The interests of the contractors will lead them to adopt all improvements in machinery and in the means of propulsion, and to keep their vessels in good repair, and being commanded by a naval officer, each ship will carry a certain number of midshipmen for watch officers, thus giving active employment and practical improvement to a considerable portion of the *personnel* of the service. A corps of trained engineers and firemen will be attached to each ship, who no doubt, would generally remain with her when the ship should be called into the public service.

Some large steamships of this description, the Committee believe it is very desirable to possess for national exigencies. In this capacity, to carry fuel sufficient for long voyages, and to transport large bodies of troops, and to place them rapidly in a fresh and vigorous condition at any point where they might be required, such vessels would possess great advantages over small ships.

But the great and beneficent objects of this measure are the opportunity it gives for the removal of free persons of color from this country to the coast of Africa, and the means it presents for the suppression of the slave-trade. The latter of these has been the subject of treaties by our Government with other nations with whom we have engaged to maintain a large naval force on the coast of Africa, to assist in suppressing this traffic; while the emigration of the free blacks has long been an object of great interest to both the free and the slave-holding states. In no part of the Union do they enjoy political or social equality, while in some of the slave-states they are so much an object of distrust that manumission is discouraged, except on condition of their removal. Stringent prohibitions have been adopted, and unpleasant controversies with free states thereby engendered. The emigration of this entire population beyond the limits of the country is the only effectual mode of bringing these evils to an end.

The Committee believe that while the proposed measure will conduce to extensive colonization, it presents the only effectual mode of extirpating the slave-trade. Its successful operation, they consider, will render the African squadron wholly unnecessary, and thus reimburse a large portion of the expense, and at the same time better accomplishing the object for which the squadron is maintained. Colonization has succeeded, by means of the influence of the Republic of Liberia, in suppressing the slave-trade along a coast of several hundred miles in length; while the combined squadrons of Europe and America have been far less successful on other portions of that unhappy shore. In 1847, no less than 84,356 slaves were exported from Africa to Cuba and Brazil. In the opinion of the Committee, it is highly important to prevent the further Africanizing of the American continents, and to effect this, the success which has already crowned the infancy of Liberia, points out the only effectual mode.

To show that the territory of Liberia is eminently adapted to colored emigrants from the United States, that the establishment of this line of steamships will promote colonization, that the slave-trade will be substituted by a valuable and legitimate commerce, and that christianity and civilization will eventually follow, the Committee present the following facts.—

The Republic of Liberia extends about 400 miles along the coast, embracing the tract of country between the parallels of 4° 21' and 7° North latitude. The first settlement was made by free Negroes from the United States, in the year 1820, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. The objects of that society were, to raise the free blacks of the country from their political and social disadvantages; to spread civilization, morality, and true religion throughout Africa; to destroy the slave-trade; and to afford slave-owners wishing to manumit their slaves, an asylum for their reception.

The funds of this society have seldom exceeded \$50,000 per annum; but they have purchased territory, have enabled nearly 7,000 free people of color to emigrate, and have provided for the subsistence of such of them as required it, for six months after their arrival. In 1847 an independent government was formed, which has been recognised by France, England, and Prussia. Eighty thousand natives have been civilized and become citizens of the Republic. Their commerce is flourishing; they have purchased territory from time to time of the natives and are gradually extending themselves up to the British settlement of Sierra Leone and down to the Gold Coast; and they have suppressed the slave-trade within their own borders and have

made treaties with several tribes for the discontinuance of the traffic. Their interior settlements run back to from ten to thirty miles from the coast and can be enlarged at a moderate amount in that direction. The land in the vicinity of the ocean in Liberia is generally low and in some places marshy, but further back becomes more elevated, and within fifty miles of the coast becomes quite mountainous. This back country is very healthy and with increased emigration will soon be occupied. But even on the coast the emigrants enjoy better health than can be obtained in some of our Western States, in their first years of settlement.

Each emigrant receives a grant of five acres of land, and can purchase as much as he pleases at one dollar an acre. The people are moral, well-conducted, and prosperous. The value of their exports is at present 500,000 dollars per annum, and increases at the rate of fifty per cent. annually.

There are upwards of 500,000 free blacks in the United States, and the annual increase is about 70,000. Such numbers as these, Liberia is at present incapable of providing immediate employment and subsistence for, but the Colonization Society has heretofore provided for its colonists for six months after their arrival. The cost of such provision has averaged thirty dollars a head; in addition to the cost of transportation. This last item will be greatly reduced by the proposed system of mail steamers, and the funds of the society, augmented probably twenty fold by the impulse it thus receives will be almost wholly available for the comfortable establishment of the emigrants in their new homes. In addition to the increase of private subscriptions in assistance of colonization, there is no doubt that, if the government gives its high sanction to the cause by the proposed line of steam ships, the Legislatures of the different States will turn their attention to the subject, and make large appropriations. Already the State of Maryland has laid out \$200,000 in this work, and the Legislature of Virginia has lately voted \$40,000 per annum for the same purpose. These state subscriptions will doubtless greatly increase, when the cause of colonization is espoused by the General Government.

It is estimated that, by the time the two first ships are ready for sea, a large body of emigrants will be prepared to take passage in them, and that for the next two years each ship will take from 1000 to 1500 passengers on each voyage, or from 8,000, to 12,000 in each of those two years. To furnish each family, wishing to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits, with a suitable dwelling, a piece of land of sufficient extent cleared and planted, together with the necessary farming

implements, and a stock of provisions, will cost the society a sum equal to \$30 or \$40 for each emigrant, allowing each family to consist of five persons. Those families intending to follow trading and mechanical pursuits, will be attended with less expense, but the average cost for the whole of the emigrants may be estimated at \$50 a head, including all the expenses of transportation,—making a total of from \$400,000 to \$600,000 per annum for the first two years. As the colony increases in population, and the interior becomes settled, any number of emigrants will be readily absorbed, as there will be a demand for all kind of laborers, and mechanics, and the expenses of providing for their means of obtaining subsistence will be greatly diminished.

The Colonization Society will, as heretofore, regulate the character of the emigration, and keep up a due proportion between the sexes. The Society also has power, reserved when it ceded its territory to the Republic, to secure the protection of the emigrants.

Prosperous colonies established on the coast of Africa will, in the course of time, greatly augment the commerce of this country. British commerce with that continent amounts already to \$25,000,000 per annum. The belief is now confidently held in Great Britain that an immense commerce may be opened by putting an end to the slave trade, and stimulating the natives to the arts of peace. There is little doubt but that the proposed line of steamers will open entirely new sources of trade. The following particulars are worthy of notice:

Palm Oil, from the nut of the palm tree, is produced in the greatest abundance throughout Western Africa. The average import of this production into Liverpool for some years past is at least 15,000 tons, valued at \$2,000,000; and the demand for it steadily increases.

Gold, washed by the natives from the sands of the rivers, is found at various points of the coast in the vicinity of Liberia. It is calculated that England has received from Africa gold to the value of \$200,000,000.

Ivory is obtained at all points, and is an important staple of commerce.

Coffee, a quality superior to Java and Mocha, can be cultivated in Liberia with great ease, and to any extent.

Cam-wood, and other *dye-woods*, are found in immense quantities, covering vast tracts of country. The fact, there is not a single production of the East or West Indies which may not be found in equal excellence in Western Africa.

The soil is exceedingly fertile. Two crops of corn, sweet potatoes, and many other vegetables, can be raised in a year. One acre of land will produce three hundred dollars' worth

of Indigo. Half an acre may be made to grow half a ton of arrow-root.

The above considerations place the advantages of the proposed measure above all question; and its constitutionality, the Committee think, cannot be reasonably doubted. The Government has already a powerful steam navy, giving incidental encouragement to great commercial interests. In this instance, we have the additional motive of the suppression of the slave trade and the withdrawal of the African squadron. We have the authority of Mr. Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Madison, that the United States have power to establish colonies of free blacks on the coast of Africa, and it is to be observed that the first purchase in the colony of Liberia was made by the General Government.

This proposition involves no merely sectional considerations. It interferes with neither slavery nor emancipation, but is common, in its usefulness, to both the North and the South; for the removal of free blacks is a measure in which all sections and all interests are believed to be equally concerned.

The Committee propose that the line consist of three steamships, making monthly trips to Liberia, and touching on their return at certain points in Spain, Portugal, France, and England, thus;—one ship will leave New York every three months, touching at Savannah for freight and mails; one will leave Baltimore every three months, touching at Norfolk and Charleston for passengers, freight, and mails; and one will leave New Orleans every three months, with liberty to touch at any of the West India islands. On their return, they will touch at Gibraltar, with the Mediterranean mails; thence to Cadiz, or some other specified port in Spain; thence to Lisbon; thence to Brest; and thence to London—bringing mails from all those points to the United States.

Each ship is not to be less than 4,000 tons burden, and the cost of each not to exceed \$900,000; the Government to advance by instalments two-thirds of the cost of construction, the advance to be made in five per cent. stocks, payable at the end of thirty years, and to be repaid by the contractors in equal annual instalments, beginning and ending with the service. The ships to be built under plans approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and to be so constructed as to be convertible, at the least possible expense, into war steamers of the first class. Each steamer is to be commanded by an officer of the navy, who, with four passed midshipmen, as watch officers, shall be accommodated in a manner suitable to their rank, without charge to the Government. The Secretary of the Navy, at all times, to have the right to place on board of each ship two guns of heavy ordnance, and

the men necessary to serve them, to be provided for by the contractors.

The contractors are required to carry on each voyage, as many persons of color, not exceeding 25,000 for each trip, as the Colonization Society may send; the Society paying in advance \$10 for each emigrant over twelve years of age, and \$5 for each one under that age; these sums to include the transportation of baggage, and the daily supply of sailor's rations. The necessary agents of the Society or Government to be conveyed free of cost.

Two of the ships are to be ready within two and a half years, and the other within three years after the execution of the contract.

In compensation for the stipulations of this contract, which is to last fifteen years, the Government is to pay \$40,000 for each and every trip.

The expense of running these ships, the Committee estimate as follows:

Interest on \$2,700,000, (cost of three ships,) at 6 per cent.	\$162,000
Wear and tear, and repairs, 10 per cent.	270,000
Insurance 7 per cent.	189,000
Cost of running the ships, \$50,000 per voyage, 12 voyages per annum.	600,000

Total annual expense, \$1,221,000

PROFITS.

Estimating 1,500 passengers for each voyage, and 12 voyages per annum, we have 18,000 passengers. These \$10 for adults, and \$5 for children, may average a profit of \$3 each, making	\$54,000
Government pay	480,000
	\$534,000

Balance of Government pay and profit of emigrants, \$687,000

This calculation leaves the contractors an expense of \$57,250 for each voyage, to be covered by the contingent profits of commerce. This the contractors whose memorial is now before Congress, feel assured of, and the committee do not doubt their confidence will be rewarded to a considerable extent.

JUNCTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC—(condensed from the Westminster Review.)—Numberless signs denote that Central America will be the theatre of some of the most remarkable changes likely to be wrought by advancing civilization, and the world is becoming alive to the fact. Statesmen, merchants, navigators, colonizers, and students of natural science, are at last awakened to its future importance; and a demand has arisen

for books and maps giving more thorough and general information concerning this remarkable country.

Until now, notwithstanding its solemn charm, the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific has been treated only as an interesting engineering problem. In reality, its practicability has long since been placed by the estimates of engineers beyond all doubt. But the capitalist, when appealed to by projectors, unconvinced as to whether the project would pay, has always replied with fears of its feasibility. From this has arisen the popular prejudice on this subject. Men of business were to be warmed into enthusiasm by the prospects of a future per centage, and not by sublime estimates of the influence of the enterprize on the destinies of the world. But with a demonstrable dividend before them, every mechanical difficulty would disappear, and the glories and the magnificence of the enterprize would be instantly revealed.

This result—the pecuniary success of the experiment—has been settled by the discovery of the wealth of California, and, in a shorter time than most persons are prepared to expect, not only a communication, but a choice of communications will be opened up. These will be respectively at Panama and Nicaragua; the former by railway and steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by railway entirely; the latter chiefly by steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by a complete canal both for steamboats and sailing vessels.

The Panama line is to consist of a railroad from Navy Bay on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, at an estimated cost of \$5,000,000. The portion of the line to be constructed first is twenty-two miles of road reaching from Panama to Gorgona at the head of navigation on the Chagres river. This can be completed for \$1,000,000, and the shareholders will thus be in the receipt of revenue while the remainder is being finished. The whole of the latter amount has already been subscribed in New York; the entire line has been surveyed, and the grading of the distance from Panama to Gorgona contracted for, at \$400,000, which is within the original estimate. The grant to the Company by the Republic of New Granada, gives them an exclusive privilege for forty-nine years, subject to a right of redemption by the Republic at the end of twenty years on payment of \$5,000,000; at the end of thirty years on payment of \$4,000,000; and at the end of forty years on payment of \$2,000,000. This privilege is to date from the completion of the road, for which eight years are allowed; and it is accompanied by a concession of exclusive harbor rights at the ports on each side, and also of the necessary land throughout the line, besides three hundred thousand acres in perpetuity for the pur-

poses of colonization. The Company are to be allowed to import every thing necessary for the road and for the workmen engaged on it, free of duty; and are to be furnished by the Government with the assistance of three companies of sappers. The only obligation imposed as to the character of the road is that it shall be capable of transporting passengers from one ocean to the other in the space of twelve hours.

On this route, a line can be laid down, not exceeding forty-six miles in length, with a summit of less than three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and with curvatures having no where a radius of less than fifteen hundred feet. Native workmen can be obtained, whose training, though at first difficult, is ultimately successful. The engineers, in fact, bringing with them a large number of natives, habituated to this species of labor, from the state of New Granada. And, as the climate presents no obstacles, arrangements for obtaining foreign labor will be made.*

The explorations of this survey have led to the discovery of large groves of mahogany, and rich mineral deposits, the knowledge of which will be highly important to the Company in locating lands under their grant. The island of Manyanilla is the terminus of the railway on the Atlantic side, and the harbor is described as perfectly accessible and safe in all seasons and winds, and able to contain three hundred sail.

The second line which may now be considered definitely arranged, is that of a ship canal in connexion with the lakes of Nicaragua. By the contract made August 1849, between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company of New York, the canal is to be finished in twelve years. The Company to pay the State \$10,000 for the ratification of the contract; \$10,000 more annually, till the completion of the work; and to make a donation of their stock to the amount of \$20,000. When completed, the State is to receive one fifth of the net profits for twenty years, and

* We notice in a New Orleans paper of Aug. 1st., that a body of one hundred men had just left that port for Navy Bay, being the advance guard of laborers to commence operations on the railroad. Every thing in the way of material, tools, supplies, etc., has gone forward, and it is expected that a force of five hundred men will follow in a few weeks. We understand that with a view to facilitate travel and transportation, the route is to be graded and a plank road laid for the whole distance, which can be promptly completed and kept in operation until the regular railroad is finished. In a very short time the whole distance from ocean to ocean can be travelled in comparatively a few hours, and with greatly lessened expense.—*Ed. Whig Rev.*

afterwards one quarter. It is also to have ten per cent. on the profits of any minor line of communication the Company might open during the progress of the grand work. The first payment of \$10,000 has been made.

In return the privileges bestowed on the Company are the exclusive right of constructing the canal, and of inland steam navigation; grants likewise are to be made of eight sections of land on the banks of the canal, each section to be six miles square.

In 1835, when the project of the Nicaragua canal was first put forward in England, the cost was estimated at £4,000,000. This estimate, considered large at the time and rendered still more so now, in consequence of the depreciation of the value of capital and materials, will hardly be considered as under the mark. Taking the business done on the canal at 900,000 tons, and the toll then contemplated being 10s. for European and 20s. for United States vessels, the whole would produce about £600,000, which, after leaving two per cent. for maintenance and one per cent. for sinking fund, would yield a return of twelve per cent. on the capital.

These estimates are extremely vague;—too much reliance was placed on the change of route to India; and the proposed difference of toll on American ships would never have been tolerated. But since these calculations were made, the traffic with South America, Australia, and New Zealand has greatly increased, and, above all, California and its mines have been discovered.

While the Panama railway will take the whole of the passengers for the western ports of South America, the Nicaragua route by the distance it saves, must command the entire traffic with California. The increasing emigration to that country, the fact that the emigration is a shifting one, flowing and returning, the inexhaustible nature of the mines, the consequent profits of labor and the certainty that this colonization will continue until the value of labor there is lowered, all serve to prove the certainty of the successful operation of this work. The growing importance of Oregon must not be overlooked, nor the crowd of small steamers that will rapidly accumulate in the Pacific from the smoothness of its waters and the abundance of the easily worked coal of Vancouver's Island.

The distance from San Juan on the Atlantic, by the river San Juan, to the lake of Nicaragua is one hundred and four miles; from the lake to the Pacific there are three different routes, the best of which remains to be determined, though none of them present any great natural difficulty. One runs from the South-western point of the lake to the port of San Juan del Sur, the extent of which would be fifteen miles, with an elevation to be overcome,

in one part, of four hundred and fifty seven feet. Another route which has been proposed but not surveyed, is from the same part of the lake to the port of Las Salinas, lying within the boundary claimed by Costa Rica. This is about the same length, and presents no greater elevation than one of two hundred and seventy feet. A third proposal is, to proceed from the northern part of the lake by the river Tipitipa, twenty miles in length to the smaller lake called Lake Leon, and thence by a canal of eleven miles, through a district which offers no greater rise than fifty one feet, to the river Zosta, which communicates at eighteen miles distance with the port of Realejo. Should the impulse received from California give commerce a northward direction, this last route would be undoubtedly the most available one.

The certainty of these two routes of Panama and Nicaragua being speedily carried out in a more or less perfect degree, brings before the mind a glimpse of the great destinies of Central America. A strip of country scarcely one hundred and fifty miles in width, yet commanding the ocean intercourse with Europe on one side and with Asia on the other, favorable to health, and abounding, at the same time, with every natural product that can be found distributed elsewhere between Scotland and the tropics, containing besides two calm yet deep and extensive lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks in the centre of the world, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce,—and we are forced to find here the future seat of a vast dominion.

Central America, no one can doubt, possesses all the essentials to attract a dense and vigorous population. The researches of travellers show that it was once largely peopled by an aboriginal race of a remarkable character; and the size of its principal towns and its architectural remains, manifest comparative prosperity under the old Spanish rule. Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua was formerly very opulent, and contained 50,000 inhabitants; while now it has only one-third of that number, and the principal part of the place is in ruins. This is owing to incessant revolutionary contests, invariably got up by a handful of military vagabonds, who would be swept away in the course of four and twenty hours, if a hundred Englishmen or Americans were in the district to stimulate the well-disposed to confidence.

The health of Central America even now is decidedly above the medium order; and as the country is opened, and means afforded to the inhabitants to take advantage of its varieties of climate, there is little doubt but that, in spite of its tropical position, it will be more than ordinarily salubrious.

In point of riches it is hard to decide which of the different States has the greatest capabilities. In the plain of Nicaragua the fields are covered with grass, studded with noble trees and herds of cattle. Cocoa, indigo, rice, Indian corn, bananas and cotton are here produced, and mahogany, cedar and pine abound in the forests. There are farms on which are herds of from 10,000 to 40,000 head of cattle. It is thought that with the same labor sugar can be manufactured at one-fourth of its cost in the West Indies. Mineral riches abound in the mountains. As you leave the lakes and descend the San Juan, each bank of the river is covered with valuable wood of all sizes and descriptions, and the land is of prodigious fertility.

Surrounding Nicaragua are the States of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras. In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the soil is singularly productive; and all the articles peculiar to intertropical regions are grown in abundance, except cochineal, cotton, and the vine, which are liable to be destroyed by the periodical rains. Coffee is the staple export, and, as well as indigo, tobacco and cocoa, which are also produced, is remarkable for its quality. Woods, drugs, grain, fruits, poultry, form part of the commerce of this little republic. Mines of gold, copper, and coal have been found, though at present neglected. The population amounts to 100,000, 10,000 of whom are Indians. The trade is carried on almost exclusively with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. San Jose, the capital, is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and from this a cart-road of seventy-two miles leads to the port of Punta Arenas. Costa Rica is the only one of the republics of Central America, that for any lengthened period, has been free from anarchy, and the result is that she is steadily advancing to prosperity.

The State of Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but relatively the most populous, the number of her inhabitants being 280,000, and her natural resources and position on the Pacific is admirable. She has, however, been incessantly ravaged with internal discord, and the enterprize of her citizens discouraged by the exorbitant contributions to which men of wealth are subjected. The chief production of San Salvador is indigo, but she has also the highest capabilities for tobacco, coffee, sugar, and cotton. Gold, and rich silver mines, copper, lead, and iron ores, are found in different parts, and would produce abundantly with the encouragement a steady Government would give to their working.

The State of Honduras has a population of 236,000, and possesses excellent capacities,

both in soil and climate, but is chiefly remarkable as a mining district. It contains gold and silver mines, long neglected, owing to the ruin and insecurity occasioned by the constant revolutions. Lead and copper, also, in various combinations, as well as opals, emeralds, asbestos, and cinnabar. An abundance of timber and dye-woods is likewise found, and vast herds of almost profitless cattle range over its wild lands.

Guatemala has a population of 600,000, and nearly all the surface of the State is mountainous. From its salubrity, extent of available lands, and quality of soil and climate, it is peculiarly adapted for European immigration. Excellent maize, wheat, and rice, are raised; the tropical fruits and vegetables are good, and in great variety; while European fruits and leguminous plants are equal to those raised in higher latitudes.

CONVENTION WITH GREAT BRITAIN.—The following is a carefully digested abstract, prepared for this journal, of the articles of convention between the United States of America and Her Britannic Majesty:

The Nicaragua Treaty, as ratified by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain was exchanged and promulgated at Washington on the fourth of July, 1850. This treaty provides for the establishment of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by means of a ship canal, to be constructed by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua, and either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua or Managua, to any port or place on the Pacific ocean:

Article I. of this treaty provides that the Governments of the United States and Great Britain will, neither the one nor the other, obtain or maintain exclusive control over this canal; that neither will occupy, fortify, colonise, or assume dominion over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; and that neither Government will take advantage of any alliance or influence that either may possess with any of the states or territories through which the said canal may pass, to acquire for the citizens or subjects of the one, any privileges which shall not be offered, on the same terms, to the citizens or subjects of the other.

Article II. provides that vessels of the United States or Great Britain, traversing said canal, shall, in case of war, be exempted from blockade, detention, or capture by either of the belligerents: and this provision shall extend to such a distance from the two ends of the said canal as may hereafter be found expedient to establish.

Article III. provides that if any parties shall undertake the construction of said canal with the authority of the local governments through whose territory it shall pass, their property used for this object shall receive the protection, from violence or confiscation, of the Governments of the United States and Great Britain.

Article IV. provides that both Governments shall use their influence with the local Governments to further the construction of this canal. And furthermore that they shall use their good offices, whenever it may be most expedient, to procure the establishment of two free ports, one at each end of this canal.

Article V. provides that, on the completion of the canal, both parties shall guarantee its protection from interruption or unjust confiscation, so that the capital invested shall be secure, and the canal remain forever open and free, and its neutrality secure. But this guarantee of security and neutrality is conditional, and may be withdrawn by both or either of the Governments, should the persons or company controlling it make unfair discriminations in favor of the commerce of either of the contracting parties, or make oppressive regulations concerning passengers, vessels or merchandise. Neither party shall, however, withdraw such protection without six months notice to the other.

Article VI. provides that the contracting parties in this convention engage to invite every State, with which either holds friendly intercourse, to enter with them into these stipulations. They also agree to enter into treaty stipulations with such of the Central American States as may be deemed advisable, to carry out the more effectually the design of this convention; and to lend mutual assistance in carrying out such treaties; and should difficulties arise between the local Governments as to right of property over the territory through which said canal shall pass, and such differences should in any way impede the construction of the canal, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall use their good offices to settle such differences so as shall best promote the interests of said canal.

Article VII. provides that, to save time in the commencement of this work, the contracting parties shall give their support and encouragement to such persons or company as shall first offer to undertake the same, with the necessary capital, the consent of the local authorities, and on such principles as shall agree with the spirit and intention of this convention. And if any persons have already a contract with any of the local Governments, to the stipulations of which neither of the contracting parties shall have just cause of objection, and such persons have expended time and money in preparation, they shall have priority of claim, and shall be allowed a year from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, for concluding their arrangements, and presenting evidence of sufficient capital subscribed.

Article VIII. provides that, the object of this convention being not only to accomplish a particular purpose, but also to establish a general principle, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain agree to extend their protection to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, between the Atlantic and Pacific, and especially those now proposed to be established by way of Tehuantepec and Panama. In granting, however, their joint protection to such canals or railways as are by this article specified, it is understood that the parties constructing the same shall make no other charges or conditions of traffic than the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall consider equitable; and that the canal shall be open to the citizens and subjects of every other State, which is willing to grant such protection as the aforesaid Governments engage to afford.

ASSAULT UPON HAYNAU, THE AUSTRIAN BUTCHER, IN LONDON.—Yesterday morning, shortly before twelve o'clock, three foreigners, one of whom wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay & Co., for the purpose of inspecting the establishment. According to the regular practice of visitors, they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visitors' book, the clerk discovered that one of the visitors was no other than General Haynau, the late commander of the Austrian forces during the Hungarian war. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes; and before the general and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the laborers and draymen were out with brooms and dirt, shouting out, "Down with the Austrian butcher," and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the General. He was soon covered with dirt, and, perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bankside, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewer's men, coal heavers, and others, armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belabored the General. He ran, in a frantic manner, along Bankside, until he came to the George public

house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in, and proceeded up stairs into one of the bed-rooms. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the "Austrian butcher," but fortunately for him, the house is very old-fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open except that of the room in which the General was concealed. The mob increased at that time to several hundreds, and it was with great difficulty that the police rescued him from their hands, and got the General out of the house. A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken, and rowed towards Somerset House, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob.—*London Times*.

There are few that will read this account of well-administered Lynch law in England, without wishing well to the honest fellows that did good service to the cause of humanity. Haynau had carried out in Hungary the instructions of his vindictive Government. The Austrians, when they called upon Russia for assistance, had been completely checked and beaten back by the Hungarian forces. Both the Government and its General had consequently a private account of animosity to settle with this unfortunate people, and strictly did his sanguinary nature exact it to the last drop of blood. His career was watched with shuddering both in this country and in Europe. Deeds were heard of that would shame a North American Indian, for, even among savages, women were spared public punishment and torture.

But now thrust out of the presence of men, and in disgrace with his own government who have kicked aside their worthless tool, his fate serves one good purpose, as a sign of the times. Universal Peace Societies and the extinction of war, may be nothing, but the dream or amusement of philanthropists; but there is nothing Utopian in the fact that mitigation of the atrocities of war has kept uninterrupted face with the progress of civilization. From the Feegee cannibal who roasts and eats his foe, and the red man, more humane, who roasts without eating, up to the modern prisoner of war, who goes at large on parole, there has been a steady improvement in the treatment of captives. The cruelties of Russia in Poland, and of Austria in Hungary, made doubtful for a while the permanency, and even the reality, of this improvement. Not a cabinet Europe raised its voice against the barbarians that filled with desolation the plains of Western Europe, and repeated the dark days of the infancy of its nations; making true a second time the lament of the Slavonian poet, that its soil was "cut up by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones,—where sorrow grew abundantly."

But courts and cabinets are no longer the sole controllers of events. Humanity has at last learnt the republican lesson of fighting its own battles. From the unpremeditated nature of the attack on General Haynau, the rapidity with which a mob gathered when his presence became known, and the little sympathy shewn for the General by the British press, we have reason to think that if Lord Palmerstone had vigorously and peremptorily remonstrated with the Austrian Government for its treatment of the Hungarian insurgents, he would have been upheld by the voice of the whole nation. We have seen how his interference saved Kossuth and his companions from their clutches. And we see, from the present occasion, how a still more generous course would have given him a wider and more lasting popularity than any selfish policy, however successful, could have gained. Russia, however strong for the future, is at present hardly able to make good the bold and domineering attitude she assumes; for like all young countries, she lacks the sinews of war—money. Austria, always has been, and must be, a weak and ill-cemented monarchy;—and she is now completely impoverished by her efforts in suppressing the Hungarian insurrection. Backed up by Russia, she is tyrannical, as weakness always is when resting on the strength of others. But neither of these powers, nor both of them, would dare to stand out against the universal sentiment of the east of Europe; with revolutionary Germany between, eager to cast the sword into the balance.

We may find something then, in the spirit which prompted the coal-heavers and porters of London, to drive out from among them such a wretch as Haynau, which will teach a lesson to tyrants, and give uneasiness even to Czar Nicholas in the midst of his Tartar hordes.

The London Times endeavors to extenuate the cruelties of the Austrians in Hungary, and gives a list of the executions authorised by the Hungarian leaders, and of the excesses of the peasantry in the earlier days of the insurrec-

tion. The Times is the Government organ, and winces beneath the rebuke administered by this movement of the London populace to the lukewarmness of the Cabinet. For what parallel is there beneath the first ill-directed fury of an outraged people, bursting into revolution, and the organized and cold-blooded malignancy of its conquerors? The very fact of revolution bears complete evidence of tyrannical rule, for *nations* never fight for theories. Despotic governments may create armies, or a prosperous people may use the superabundance of its energies in war; but a truly national war, in which the whole population is aroused, and the father, the son, and the grandsire fight shoulder to shoulder, is never seen but for dire cause. Before the old man will leave his rest, or the man of middle years his ease, wrongs and insults must be piled high around every individual. He must feel the tyranny on his back, in his pocket, on his table, and in the pale faces of his children. Hope must forsake him, and death must wear a friendly face to him, and retaliation against the local instruments of his oppression will ever be his first thought.

But, were the crimes of the insurgents fifty times as great, (and we notice in the list no instance of the flogging of women,) it would give no justification of the subsequent inhuman treatment by the Austrians of a subjugated country. To decimate a whole people for the crimes of a small portion of it, is not punishment, nor even revenge, but the blind rage of a wild beast, which rends whatever stands in its path. The fact is, the course of the Austrians in Hungary is a feeble imitation of the terrible policy of Russia in Poland. To crush the life and heart out of the people by a steady, unrelenting severity, to cut down all who, by their talents, give promise of raising their countrymen from their bondage, to spread dismay and horror, and to check rebellion, by making too sure the dreadful reward of failure, is a lesson of barbarous expediency that Vienna has learnt from St. Petersburg.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Lorgnette; or Studies of the Town by an Opera-goer. Second edition, set off with Darley's designs. New York: Printed for Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

The author of this little work seems not only to have been an opera-goer but to have gone everywhere; and one of the few faults we have to find with his agreeable pages is, that he *shows* rather too much knowledge of Paris and London. An unexplained allusion to the Surrey Gardens or Boivins in the Rue de la Paix is unbecoming in an essay written for New York or Boston, and is so much of a departure from the purity of the Addisonian essay. The topics of this work are of such circumstances and phases of life as fall under the observation of a genteel travelled bachelor, living at his leisure from lodging to lodging, and dipping into various "sets" of society with a spirit of criticism not severe or ill-natured, but something betwixt the man of the world blazé, and the philosophic moralist degagé, or of no religion.

New York Ladies; Fashionable people; Lions; Modes of getting into Society; the Opera; Family and Ancestors, and the various polished follies of the town pass in succession before the *foci* of this gentleman's opera-glass; and he comments upon all easily, elegantly and sometimes humorously and wittily. He is well read, one might guess, in Theophrastus and La Bruyère, and has a copy of Rabelais in his book-case—perhaps. He is not unfamiliar with the classics, and is possibly an excellent French scholar, though to decide upon this point with certainty would be as impossible as to determine whether Addison was as well read in Greek as in Bayle's Dictionary. We are acquainted with but one writer, known to the public, whose style in the least resembles that of the author of the "Lorgnette" but there seems to be no impossibility that *two* such authors should exist together in the Universe.

Mr. Lorgnette has handled critics with such humor and delicacy and such an anticipative scorn, we feel nervous of meddling with him. He has not indeed abused us or our Journal, nor even named us slightly, a neglect for which, as small author and critic, we feel bound to show some little indignation, and do hereby formally discover it, as a matter of course.

The Lorgnette is a book written for men of taste and observation, and for ladies in good society, and we discover nothing to bar its popularity among polished and sensible people every where, unless it be a dash of moralism which occasionally makes its appearance and produces an odd sen-

sation such as one might feel at seeing Mr. Greeley in an opera-box. We unwittingly gave our promise to the polite and sensible publisher to say something good of his book before we had read it, but after reading two-thirds of it in an evening, with almost unqualified satisfaction, we confess ourselves in a mood of thanks for not having been obliged by a hasty promise to speak well of a work which we do not like. The Lorgnette we do like, both for its style and its intent; and believe that it will be as useful as a corrective and polisher of republican manners and morals, as it is agreeable for its ridicule of the follies and absurdities of the time.

Mr. Darley's illustrations, especially the one which represents a literary lion, the King of beasts, and prince of bores, writing autographs, are a worthy and humorous accompaniment for the essays.

Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations.

With a sketch of their popular Poetry: By TALVI, with a Preface by Edward Robinson, Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine." New York: George G. Putnam. 1850.

The contents of this volume are sufficiently indicated by its title. As we have by us, in manuscript, an elaborate review of it, which will shortly appear, it seems unnecessary for us to speak critically of it on the present occasion.

Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa: With Notices of the Native Tribes, and anecdotes of the chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By RONALD GORDON CUMMING, Esq., of Altyre: With Illustrations. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1850.

This very extraordinary book has been quoted without comment and apparently without suspicion,—whatever comes from England being of course above suspicion—by the most discriminating prints of the day. From internal evidence chiefly of a moral character, we judge it to have been written in London, by some author of much less skill and imagination than Dr. Mayo, the author of *Kaloola*, and who was perhaps never out of England. It is a narrative of most extraordinary adventures conceivable. Bruce's Abyssynia is nothing to it, and for impudent composure and audacity of narrative exceeds everything we have ever seen, even from the pen of the redoubtable

John Bull himself. Had the author been a Titan or a Centaur and his weapons furnished him from an armory of Dives or Genii, he could not have accomplished greater wonders in the destruction of lions, snakes and elephants. If the narrative of this author be true, he is the Nimrod of Hunters, if false, he is the Nimrod liars.

Lives of Eminent, Literary and Scientific Men of America. By JAMES WYNNE, M. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1850.

A moderate octavo volume, containing lives of Franklin, Edwards, Fulton, Marshall, Ritterhouse and Whitney. A volume well suited for country circulating libraries; comprehensive and cheap. The typography is elegant. We cannot pronounce upon the execution of the work.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Milman's Notes.

The House of Harper & Brothers have now issued the sixth volume of this magnificent and inimitable History. It is an elegant and satisfactory library edition; with a very full general index, and by no means expensive.

Margaret Percival in America. A Tale. Edited by a New England Minister. Being a sequel to "Margaret Percival," a Tale, edited by Rev. William Sewell. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850.

This seems to be a Protestant effort to turn the tables upon an English Puseyite; and defends the liberty of the American churches.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy; especially in the United States. By ELIAS LOOMIS, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the University of New York. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1850.

Professor Loomis is well known in the scientific world of America, as one of our most accurate and learned savans. It is a patriotic and creditable effort on the part of Prof. Loomis to show the present state of Astronomical science in America, and what has been done by our own faithful and ingenious Astronomers.

George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albania.

This is a reproduction of the history of Scanderbeg, by JACQUES LABARDIN, which was translated into English in 1596. Labardin's history, in the present work, has been concentrated by rendering the language more concise, and leaving out matters unimportant to the progress of the story. The hero, Scanderbeg, resisted, with a small army, twenty-three years, the power of the Ottoman Empire, under Amarat the Second, and his greater son. It is considered to be a part of genuine history.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By W. H. C. BARTLETT, L. L. D., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, at West Point. Section First—Mechanics. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati. 1850.

The present volume is the first of three, which its author is preparing for academies and colleges; and embraces the subject of mechanics,—the groundwork of Natural Philosophy. Everything has been added, in its preparation, to ensure a complete treatise of mechanics for college and library. It is a large octavo volume, printed in the improved style of American books. The type leaded, neat and clear; the illustrations finely drawn and simple.

Reminiscences of Congress. By CHARLES W. MARCH. New York: Baker & Scribner.—1850.

This work is, in fact, the history of the brilliant Congressional career of Daniel Webster, and his friends and antagonists, during the days of nullification. It is a work, in this country, unique in character, and, of its kind, unequalled in execution, and may be regarded as one of the most brilliant productions of the day. Every page of it is interesting, and the reader must not suppose that the extracts given in the daily prints on the first appearance of this book, being read, serve either to diminish its value or lessen its interest.

The Ichonographic Encyclopedia. RUDOLPH GARIGUE. New York.

Another number of this inestimable work, which we have already repeatedly and favorably noticed.

Dictionary of Mechanics and Engine Work.

This splendid work of the Appletons, has now reached the letter G., and continues, thus far, to maintain the unequalled elegance and value of its first numbers. No expense is spared by the publishers on illustrations.

Disturnell's Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Book. Being a Guide through the Northern, Middle, and Eastern States and Canada. Giving also the great lines of Travel South and West, and the Ocean Steam Packet Arrangements. With Tables of Distances, Telegraph Lines, and Charges. Lists of Hotels, &c., &c., together with a Map of the United States and Canada. J. Disturnell, 137 Broadway, and the Booksellers generally.

The publisher of this indispensable little work laid upon our table, a few days since, a new colored Map of the United States, including all the Territories, with the boundaries of Utah, Texas, New Mexico, and California, laid down tastefully and accurately, as the boundaries have been lately fixed by acts passed in Congress. This Colored Map of Disturnell's is the only complete one extant of our States and Territories.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Plays. Boston: Phillips, Samson & Co. 1850.

The twenty-third number of the Boston Shakespeare, with a splendid ideal Portrait of Queen Margaret, in Henry Sixth.

History of Pendennis. By THACKERAY. Harper & Brothers: New York.

The sixth number of Thackeray's best novel, which will be completed in seven numbers.

Domestic History of the American Revolution. By Mrs. ELLET, author of "The Women of the Revolution." New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

The object of this work is to exhibit the spirit and character of the Revolutionary period, to portray, as far as possible, in so brief a record, the social and domestic condition of the times, and the state of feeling among the people. It is a book of Revolutionary anecdote, digested in the order of History.

The Bible and Civil Government: In a course of Lectures. By J. M. MATHEWS, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1850.

The author of this work, an accomplished and dignified clergyman of New York, and sometime Chancellor of the University in that city, has discovered in its composition and style the same elegance and urbanity that mark his manners and his character. Of the importance of the work one may judge by the subjects treated of: Civil government among the Hebrews; Influence of emigration on national character; Education indispensable to civil freedom; Agriculture auxiliary to civil freedom. These lectures were delivered a year since before such a dignified audience as can be assembled only at the City of Washington. Dr. Mathews was encouraged in attempting his work by several distinguished statesmen who remarked to him on the injurious tendency of the age, which seeks to separate political and divine justice.

In the opening lecture the proposition is advanced, that not only is civil government the ordinance of God, but that "the essential principles of civil freedom carry the seal of his authority." In communicating the great principles of government to the Hebrews, through their prophets and wise men, the Creator of the world communicated the same to all his children; not indeed in any particular form, but in spirit only. Civil liberty is founded in divine justice. "The principles of stable and equitable government form one of the most complicated of human sciences. None but comprehensive and enlightened minds can fully understand them. The wise and great men who were the fathers of our Republic found the application of them long after they had been tried elsewhere, to be a work which tasked their powers as statesmen to the utmost." From the darkness and the

barbarism of the Hebrew people, our author argues that they must have come into the possession of their political freedom through the peculiar favor of God, communicated to them through his immediate servants.

The author dwells, in his third lecture, upon the happy and wise construction of the Hebrew Commonwealth, and of its favorable influence upon surrounding heathen nations. He compares our own people with them; instances our enduring strength and activity, our unity of sentiment, our elastic, enterprising, spirit, our consciousness of the great work in which we have been engaged; and indirectly inculcates the necessity of bearing steadily in mind the grandeur of our destiny and the real divineness of the principles which lie at the foundations of our state.

The fourth lecture dwells upon the means of education in the Hebrew commonwealth, and the importance attached to their literature by the sacred writers and rulers of the Hebrews. The Hebrews were, and have always been, since the foundation of their government, an educated people; for the most part highly and seriously educated. Our author makes application to ourselves, of much that is found in Scripture touching this point.

The fifth lecture treats of agriculture as an auxiliary to civil freedom, and as a source of wealth; the necessary foundation of national prosperity and strength.

He describes the rich and careful agriculture of the Hebrew people, from which they derived almost their entire wealth. It made their country like a continued garden; the very rocks being covered with mould to produce vegetation; and the hills tilled to their highest summits. He speaks of the care taken of the poor; of provision for poor debtors; of the "Exemption of the Homestead" as illustrated by similar provisions in the Hebrew laws. The general observations of our author, in this lecture, on the right kind of public economy and statesmanship, are given with a peculiar beauty and clearness of style, which indeed marks the entire work.

Billiards without a Master, illustrated by fifty-five copper-plate engravings, &c. By MICHAEL PHELAN. New York: published by D. D. Wissant, 71 Gold street. 1850.

Reader! Billiard-playing reader, dost thou know "Michael"—not the arch-angel, but "Michael"; the illustrious "Michael" who has discovered more knacks and ways of solving the problem of the "resolution of forces" than any man since the days of Archimedes; who beats Vauban hollow in giving circuitous motions to projectiles; who could teach Carnot the organizer, to shoot round corners, and who, superior to any statesman or warrior known to history or us, when the balls are flying about him is never without his cue? Well, Michael has become an author—laid down his white stick for the nonce, and pen in hand, proceeds with most artistic ease, to knock about paper bullets of the brain, to "canon," or as he will have it, *carrom* his ideas on yours, and the public's, if you or it have any, and

will pocket, we hope, many a literary ace thereby. An author, has "Michael" become indeed, and an author of no ordinary stamp. To him the whole universe, the rolling of worlds, "the music of the spheres," the fall of dynasties, the catastrophes of politics, all is a "game of billiards." From his infancy to this hour, his whole mind, and a mind it is of singular clearness and grasp, his whole soul, and a generous, good soul as ever was in the world it is, have been concentrated on four ivory balls and a white stick; and they have won for him, or he has won for them, immortality, celebrity transcendent, wide as civilization and infinitely more harmless. The immortality of the most exquisite billiard player in this or any other continent.

Here, in the book before us, we have his experiences. They are written in a clear, easy, fluent, and unpretending style, admirably suited to his purpose. As a scientific curiosity, the book is matchless. You could not, until you read it, possibly fancy how a man could discover so many extraordinary and out of the way modes of going direct to a point. You may throw your hat or coat on the table, build a wall of brick across it from cushion to cushion, or even drive a Shetland pony and carriage over it—he will circumvent the coat, make his ball leap the wall to descend after the fashion of Carnot's vertical fire, and roll it through and about, every foot of the pony with a single blow, and with a supreme and easy contempt for the difficulties which beset him. His plans and modes of doing so are here laid down before us, engraved and explained, so that the merest novice can, by the aid of this work alone, attain in a very short time, proficiency. In fact any man who will venture hereafter to call himself a billiard player without having read "Michael's" "Without a Master," deserves to be laughed at in a billiard room, and meet the scorn of a discerning public. We welcome Mr. Phelan to the literary world, and heartily commend his book to all our readers.

Three Years in California. By REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N., late Alcaide of Monterey, New York: A. L. Barnes & Co. 1850. Illustrated.

To us, this is the most agreeable book on California that we have yet seen. It conveys to our minds at least, a better account of the great phenomenon of the age, than any other, though we must confess to a knowledge of but a few of them. The work is in the form of a personal diary, commencing before the declaration of war with Mexico, or at least before it was known in California. It gives a better idea of the country and the preliminary operations to its acquisition than we have elsewhere seen. The capacity of the soil, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, &c., previous to the grand discovery of the precious dross that has absorbed all other considerations, are portrayed by Mr. Colton's lively pen in a most graphic and agreeable manner. The book is gotten up in a beautiful style and is illustrated by portraits of the more distinguished of the enterprising men who have given the new empire a start, as well as admirably drawn and lively sketches of scenes and

incidents of a humorous kind. The book is well worth possessing.

Auto-Biography of Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lovers of literature and literary gossip will find a rich treat in these two volumes. Hunt is the connecting link between the literary men of the present and the last generation, and there seems to be nothing better adapted to his character of mind, vivacious style, and somewhat egotistical habit of thought, than just such a personal and literary history as the one before us. Readers not carried away by the charm of his vivacity and unfailing *good-heartedness*, will perceive a somewhat ostentatious benevolence of sentiment, and a too ad-captandum method of insisting upon the theological dogma on which his intellect relies in support of his natural disposition. He will have numerous readers who need not be warned, that the great question has been otherwise settled.

Latter Day Pamphlets. Edited by THOMAS CARLYLE. No. 8. *Jesuitism.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This number of the *Latter Day Pamphlets* is a violent attack upon Jesuitism in every shape; which our author defines as a kind of moral pruriency, more insatiable and more wicked than even the grossest sensual desire, and which leads, by an inevitable result, to every degree of hypocrisy and falsehood;—as a system, or rather, as vice leading to a system, which ends in the substitution of the false for the true, and of slavery and baseness for freedom and sincerity, in every part of life. This pamphlet is marked by all the peculiarities of the author's style, and notwithstanding great brilliancy and power, wears by the excess of those peculiarities.

Unity of the Human Races Proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science. With a Review of the present position and theory of Professor Agassiz. By the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, D. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

This work is claimed by those who have examined it, to be a successful vindication of the assumed Scripture doctrine of the unity of the human race. We commend it to our readers, as the representative of that side of the question which it is held most important to defend. It is a small octavo volume; not expensive.

In arguing this question from the Scripture point of view, it is necessary,

1. To prove that the Scriptures of the Old Testament affirm, clearly, and undeniably, and conclusively, and with a view to the establishment of this very doctrine, the unity of all races of men; in order to establish which it is necessary to show, contrary to the opinion of many eminent Divines and Rabbins, that the story of Adam and Eve is a literal and not a parabolic narrative; and that the narrative of the Deluge is to be accepted, not as a poem or song illustrating the early dealings of God

with the human race, but as an exact and scientific history, written by a Seer, inspired not only with divine thought, but with a correct geological theory. The difficulties in the way of such a demonstration are immense. What success its defenders have hitherto met with, we leave our readers to determine, after an examination of the work before us. For our own part we will never admit, no, not for an instant, that the eternal salvation of the human race can be made to depend upon the skill of a Hebrew grammarian.

Poems. By H. W. PARKER. Auburn: N. Alden. 1850.

Several of Mr. Parker's poems, such as "The vision of Shelly's Death," "The Shadow," and that very beautiful piece, "The Loom of Life," having appeared in the American Whig Review, it is not necessary for us to say, that we think they will give pleasure to our readers. Criticism from us, under the circumstances, would be unbecoming.

The same volume contains several prose papers, entitled "New Wonders of the Mammoth Cave," "An Under-Ground Railroad," "Von Blitzen's Experiment," and others, with some of which our readers are already familiar. As a tale writer and a versifier Mr. Parker is equally successful. His manner is elegant and pleasing, his versification, and his prose, pure and harmonious. He is a writer, fanciful and sweet, and an amiable and kindly spirit distinguishes his writings.

Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America. By ROBERT BAIRD, A. M., Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

This work contains important observations on slavery and the slave trade in Cuba, and the British West Indies. To those who are interested in that subject, that is to say, to every intelligent man in the nation, this little book of Mr. Baird's containing the information collected in it may be considered important.

Travels in Siberia, with excursions Northward, down the Obi to the Polar Circle, and Southward to the Chinese Frontier. By ADOLPH ERMAN. Translated from the German by W. B. Cooley. In two volumes: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

Mr. Erman, as a traveller, has been classed by great authority with Humboldt himself. His observations are minute, and with all that form of accuracy and care which distinguishes the works of German Travellers. It is a book from which to increase ones Geographical and anthropological knowledge. It is moreover abundantly interesting in the narrative, and well stocked with pleasing anecdotes.

Turkey and its Destiny; the result of journeys made in 1847 and 1848. By CHARLES MCFARLANE, Esq., author of "Constantinople in 1828." Two volumes octavo: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

A sketchy and descriptive book of travels, which gives the personal impressions and feelings of the author, during a long residence and constant intercourse with the people in Turkey. There is no attempt in these volumes at breadth of style; everything is minutely related, and directly from the narrow front view. It raises a train of foreign and singular images, which pass before the eye like the movement of a motley caravan. The author endeavors to excite an immediate and personal interest to the persons, places, and things which he describes; and from a very superficial examination of the work, dipping here and there into it, he seems to us to have succeeded in his attempt.

The Illustrated Domestic Bible. By the REV INGRAHAM CODDEN, M. A., New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau st.

A magnificent quarto Bible, to be completed in twenty-five numbers. Some of these illustrations are the most useful of their kind that we have ever seen. They are beautifully executed drawings from the ancient monuments of Egypt and Mesopotamia, representing the customs and the manners of the people of antiquity. Others represent the scenery of Asia, Arabia, and Egypt.—Others are taken from Greek marbles, and all excellent and unexceptionable. It is an edition of the Scripture which we can safely recommend, for use in churches and in families.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Works. Philips, Sampson & Co's, Illustrated edition.

We have several times called the attention of our readers to this magnificent illustrated edition of Shakespeare's works. The 20th and 21st nos., lie upon our table, and are in no way inferior to those which have preceded them.

Appleton's Dictionary, of Mechanics, Engine Works and Engineering.

D. Appleton and Company continue to issue the successive number of their splendid and useful publication. We have already given our sincere opinion of its merits. We have received the 14th and 15th numbers—Price 25 ets. a number.

Miscellanies. By WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS. New York: Edward H. Fletcher, 141 Nassau st.

Mr. Williams, a well known Baptist preacher of New York, and for learning, grace and modesty of character, one of the great ornaments of his Church, has embodied in this volume several elaborate essays, of a religious and literary character. The one entitled "The Conservative Principle in our Literature," an address delivered before a literary society, has raised the author's reputation as

a writer and a scholar, to a very high rank among men of his order. The style is elaborately beautiful, a model in its kind; corrected with the most scrupulous care, and yet retaining great freedom and even eloquence. It shows almost unlimited learning, and a spirit aspiring and philanthropic, yet chastened with a remarkable modesty and earnestness. To those of our readers who are already familiar with the spoken discourses of this author, the above criticism will seem an unnecessary eulogy.

Mr. Dalton's Legatee—A Very Nice Woman. By Mrs. STONE. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

Although "Mr. Dalton's Legatee" properly belongs to a class of books for which we have no particular affection—the fashionable novels—yet it is one of the best of its kind. The plot is intricate and interesting, and the characters amusing and well sustained.

Stubbs Calendar, or the Fatal Boots. By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated by Cruickshank. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

A re-print of an old and amusing tale. The illustrations are of course capital, and the book beautifully got up.

"Europe Past and Present," a comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History, with separate descriptions and statistics of each State, and a copious index. By FRANCIS H. UNGEWITTER, L. L. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850.

This is, without exception, the most perfect and useful book of reference that we have ever met with in so small a compass. Every small State is described, and its history, form of government, cities, products, &c, carefully noted. To the editors of our daily papers, who have been lately introduced to a vast number of new names in European geography, this book must be of great value.

The promise held forth in the title page is fully sustained in the volume; and we may mention as a proof of this, that the index contains over ten thousand names. The "getting up" reflects much credit upon the publisher.

The Rebels, or Boston before the Revolution. By the author of "Hobomok." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

A pleasant book, introducing real characters, and describing real events in Boston, during the critical period which immediately preceded our Revolution.

Among the characters the noted humorist Dr. Byles holds a prominent place, and is made the organ of many good, and some extremely bad witticisms, a portion of which tradition has handed

down to us as the product of the Doctor's quizzical brain.

Although devoid of any pretensions to plot, the book is sufficiently amusing, and will repay the time spent in perusal.

Norvel Hastings, or the Frigate in the Offing. By a "Distinguished Novelist." Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

"Distinguished novelists" not being much in the habit of hiding their lights under a bushel, we are inclined to believe this a misprint, and that "distinguished," should read "extinguished." The "distinguishing" mark of the book is an extreme and all-pervading thinness in the characters, plot, and volume itself. It is of the "Ingraham" variety of the "yellow cover" species of light literature.

The Initials; a story of modern life. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

"Equal to *Jane Eyre*," says the publisher, upon the topmost verge of the odious yellow paper cover, which he has so inaptly imposed upon this admirable book—while between the two there can exist no comparison. The healthy tone of the "Initials," the delightful simplicity of many of the characters, the extreme purity of sentiment, differ as widely as may be, from the very dubious morality and unnatural excitement of "*Jane Eyre*."

In a short notice we cannot do justice to a book so deserving as the one at present under our consideration, and we can only heartily and honestly commend it to all of our readers, and at the same time advise the publisher to present it to the reading world in a more fitting dress and appearance.

A Treatise on English Punctuation. Designed for letter writers, authors, printers, and correctors of the press; with an Appendix containing hints on proof reading, &c. By JOHN WILSON. Boston: 21 School st. 1850.

The American and English Press have not hesitated to give its merited praise to this work. The careless punctuation of American writers is a sufficient proof that no such work as this has hitherto been in popular use. It contains all the necessary directions for self-taught writers and editors, a very large class in this country, and is a book of a kind absolutely necessary to be read by every type-setter and proof-reader who intends to be a master of his art.

Every person who intends publishing his own productions, or those of others, should have Mr. Wilson's book upon his writing-desk—unless he is already to compose such a book for the use of others. A great deal of very excellent writing is spoiled by the want of proper punctuation, and many a tolerable article, as we know by sad experience, has been entirely ruined by the ignorance of the proof-reader.

Rural Hours. By a Lady. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850.

It is seldom that any author has made a debut before the American literary world under such advantages as Miss Cooper. The prestige of her father's name, and the acceptance of the book in England, combined, have attracted our unwonted, but not our unmerited attention.

There can be no doubt but that, unaided by such adventitious circumstances, great merit would have ultimately gained for the work its present proud position in public favor.

To those of our readers who may be so unfortunate as not to have met with "Rural Hours," we would say that, in plan and idea, it is similar to "Howitt's Book of the Seasons," or Miss Martineau's "Year at Ambleside," but, in our opinion, superior to either.

We copy one of Miss Cooper's delightful cabinet pictures:

"What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and the turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid these balmy branches, and the sunshine

falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild breath of the forest, fragrant with bush and berry, fans the brow with grateful freshness; and the beautiful wood-light, neither garish nor gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit. The view is limited, and the objects about us are uniform in character; yet within the bosom of the woods the mind scarcely lays aside its daily bitterness, and opens to higher thoughts, in silent consciousness that it stands alone with the works of God. The humble rose beneath our feet, the sweet flowers, the varied shrubs, the great trees, and the sky gleaming above in sacred blue, are each the handiwork of God. They were all called into being by the will of the Creator, as we now behold them, full of wisdom and goodness. Every object here has a deeper merit than our wonder can fathom; each has a beauty beyond our full perception; the dullest insect crawling about these roots lives by the power of the Almighty; and the discolored shreds of last year's leaves wither away upon the lowly herbs in a blessing of fertility. But it is the great trees, stretching their arms above us in a thousand forms of grace or strength, it is more especially the trees which fill the mind with wonder and praise."



P. M. Doughty

J. Cheney

Edward Everett.